PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

LETTERS

OF

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

TO

PANIZZI.

EDITED BY

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LETTERS OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

CLXII.

Paris, June 27, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The Empress, the Emperor, and the Prince Imperial have all three on separate occasions, especially *in extremis,* by which I mean the moment of parting, enjoined me to give you their kind regards. Madame de Rayneval and Madame de Lourmel give me a similar commission. The latter sends you her portrait. Is that tender enough?

Your information about the English Ministry coincides with what my host told me. In all probability you will not see Lord Palmerston in office; the Queen does not wish it.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will send you a line to-morrow evening.

CLXIII.

Paris, August 5, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

My Odyssey was in no way tragic. The sea was like a mirror, and only three ladies were ill; about a score changed from a roseate to a greenish-white hue, whilst, as for myself, I smoked tranquilly. But the devil, who persecutes me as he ever does those whose names are noted on high, so arranged matters that between Boulogne and Rue the piston of our engine refused to work. It was put to rights. In ten minutes' time it was out of order again. We were under a blazing sun without the least shelter, with the prospect of being run into by the train due to leave Boulogne after us. This state of things lasted for an hour and a half. Then a spare engine arrived on the scene, and pushed us on peacefully from behind as far as Rue, where we were enabled to get rid of our useless locomotive and procure another which took us along at such a pace that we were only an hour behind time. I regretted more than once that I had not put in my pocket a few sandwiches of that excellent

corned beef I left behind me at the British Museum.

"When the cat is away the mice will play." Whilst Cæsar was at Vichy the Minister of Interior committed *delle grosse.* You know, or you do not know, that ever since a certain decree of the Republic, the newspapers are not allowed to publish reports of press trials. They can only publish the sentence and the terms of the judgment. Well, the *Moniteur,* which is manufactured in the workshop of the Minister of Interior, was inspired a day or two ago to publish the report of a press trial. It was at once summoned to appear before the Public Prosecutor. This, by what I see in the newspapers, is giving rise to much scandal, and shows in what stupid hands the carrying out of details is left.

On my arrival here I found a letter from Vienna, where they appear to entertain the same feeling of affection for the Prussians that rats have for cats. You may have seen the speech made by M. de Beust in the Saxon Chamber. It is very amusing and does not hold out very much hope of the great *teutonique Verein.*

Madame de Montijo is better, I am told, and hopes to see you at Carabanchel this autumn. She is beginning to write your name more correctly, for she calls you Pañisi instead of Panucci. But the Tuscan "z" is a terrible stumbling block in the mouth of a Castilian.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, make a point of going to Brooks's* every day on your own feet, and lay my homage at those of Lady Holland.

CLXIV.

Paris, August 10, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I found M. Fould in good health and preparing, after the *fêtes* are over, to go to preside over the *Conseil Général*, and enjoy a little repose at Tarbes. He asked me to remember him to you and Mr. Gladstone. He is now, as far as I can judge, in high favour with both *Monsieur* and *Madame*, and, moreover, engaged in conciliating colleagues who have no love for him and never will have any. To all appearance the

* The Liberal Club in St. James's.

result will be a patched-up state of things which will last, God only knows how long.

You may, perhaps, have heard of the new version of the Mortara affair which has been current in Rome during the last few days. It concerns a little Jew, named Cohen, nine years of age, who was baptised against the wish of his parents. They should have been burnt alive, but instead of that they were only sent to the right-about. This appears to have had a bad effect among our officers, who have, with few exceptions, read the impious works of M. de Voltaier.

I am told that their Majesties will not go this year to Biarritz; why, I know not.

Disturbances are expected at Madrid. Prim is ruined and is seeking to regain his position at all hazards. Olozaga and he are not particular about the means to be employed. A conspiracy has been brought to light in one regiment, and other discoveries are anticipated.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Let me hear from you.

CLXV.

Paris, August 22, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

I was anxious to give my letter to Mr. Taylor,* but I fear he has gone. I showed him the library, and gave him tickets for the lions. He will tell you all about the stupidity of Labrouste in connection with the Library. There is no improvement. The large room is nearly finished; the architect had sense enough to borrow from you, but he wanted to improve upon you and he has failed dismally. You have to go upstairs to get to each room, which shows but little appreciation of the wants of a library. The cupboards are too high, and the shelves ridiculous. The catalogue gets on slowly and contains all the old errors.

I went to Saint-Cloud on Friday. There was some dancing, but melancholy of its kind. The Empress had her eyes swollen. She had just received news of the death of the Princesse Czartoniska, daughter of Queen Christina. The Emperor wished to countermand the ball. The

* Mr. Taylor was a friend of M. Panizzi.

King said that there was no necessity for thus disappointing the ladies. Madame de Lourmel and Madame de Rayneval asked particularly after you. Madame de Lourmel expected to receive your portrait in exchange for her own; see if you can manage it. I asked when the Court was going to Biarritz, but my question seemed to be inconvenient. Nothing appears to be settled yet. Perhaps they will not go. If they do not go there they will undoubtedly go somewhere else, for, as you know, the Empress cannot bear Saint-Cloud. I should not be at all surprised if some voyage or other were meditated, but whither? *Chi lo sa?*

I am sure that they are on the eve of disturbance in Spain. The Ministry is weak and has no Generals. The Minister of War is said to be a creature of O'Donnell's. The Conchas have little affection for the present Cabinet. On the other hand, the *Progresistas* have for their leaders two men, Prim and Olozaga, who are not without talent but are utterly unscrupulous. It is by no means impossible that advantage may be taken of our presence in Madrid to afford us the spectacle

of a *pronunciamento*. It is an amusing sight and worth seeing. I hope that will make you decide upon coming.

A number of conjectures about the journey of Prince Humbert are afloat among the few bipeds who are still in Paris. Some say he is coming for the Princesse ——, and that the Pope will find her *dot*. I do not believe that, but, as you know, I am a sceptic.

The one thing which appears to me to be certain, and which must have given rise to the *canard*, is that people are displeased with his Holiness. Montebello, who has arrived here, tells all sorts of tales about him, and says that he is being made to play a part very little to his liking. The conversion of little Cohen has put the army in a very bad humour, and has also, I fancy, made an impression in high places.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. We are waiting to hear that M. de Bismark has chucked the Chamber out of the window. Prussia and Austria are very bitter towards each other, and great irritation reigns in the petty States, but nothing comes to maturity among such people. If France

and England were really united they might catch fine fish in these troubled waters.

CLXVI.

Paris, September 5, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Whilst you are *in villegiatura* I am coughing and being suffocated. If people want me to live they must give me a country residence on the banks of the Nile. My contemporaries might very well club together to pay me this compliment.

You make me laugh with your aristocratic indignation against the possibility of a *mésalliance* in the house of Savoy. I told you at the time that I did not believe it, and I believe it still less to-day, but, in my capacity as a plebeian, I do not see anything so very dreadful in it; indeed, I should deem it very advantageous to the house aforesaid, if to sweet eyes and a skin which should be soft were added the *dot* you wot of. That would make it worth one's while to marry a negress.

Everybody believes that an insurrection, if not a revolution, is on the eve of breaking out in Madrid. In Spain a long sword alone can secure obedience, and there is not one in the new Cabinet. There are plenty outside it. There is O'Donnell, Narvaez, the two Conchas, and Espartero. The actual Minister of War is a poor wretch, a creature of O'Donnell's, who can do nothing by himself. If Prim and the *Progresistas*, who have, it seems, made many recruits, attempt a *pronunciamento*, it is quite possible that the Cabinet, and the chaste Isabella with it, may go to the devil. There are in Madrid more than twenty thousand Frenchmen, artisans, labourers or refugees, who in the event of a rising would make admirable professors of barricades, as anyone might have seen during the last revolution. This is the direction in which efforts towards the improvement of international communication frequently tend. Each one catches his neighbour's disease.

There is nothing in this to prevent your coming with me to Spain. Foreigners have not anything to fear on these occasions; they see and have a good

view of everything, and improve their minds and their courage.

I imagine that M. Fould will have hard work to bring together his very disunited colleagues. What is to be the programme of the coming session, resistance or concession? That is precisely what nobody knows at present, very probably not even he who decides in the last resort.

The recent speeches of Lord Palmerston appear to me to be senile. *Solve senescentem!* Very much like the last years of Louis Philippe, when out of his failings he involved a theory of government. Lord Russell is said to have written to the Germans with his own particular ink, which is in all probability not the best mode of arranging matters in that quarter.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Whilst you are in the country either write or walk.

CLXVII.

Paris, September 20, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Mr. Childe, whom I once introduced to you, will explain how it is that he has left the

abode of King Mausolus. He will, no doubt, ask you for a letter of introduction to Sir Richard Mayne. As he is a man of observation and a great traveller, and is very fond of knowing *what's what*, he would like, in company with as solid a policeman as you can find, to see the nocturnal curiosities of London, and to ascertain the utility of helmets.

Good-bye. I will write to you before starting.

CLXVIII.

Paris, September 22, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

What do you think of the Treaty, the existence of which has just been revealed to us? To judge by the fury of the clericals, it has displeased them mightily. The Treaty has several things against it, among others the fact that neither France nor Italy can carry it out in its entirety. The good feature in it is its being in reality neither more nor less than a notice to the Holy Father to pack up. At all events, the priest's party look upon it in that light. The

Italian Legation asserts that it is favourably regarded on the other side of the mountains.

The coincidence of this affair with the Schwalbach excursion has led to the remark—*Ergo propter hoc.* I do not believe it. The excursion, in all probability, was connected with internal disorder, very annoying, but not affecting politics in the least. You know the situation; the most lamentable part of it is that the demands of the idlers are enough to wear out the patience of one who, of a surety, is the most patient man of this century.

X. is at Schwalback; rumour has it that he is going to marry Mademoiselle ——, who is too dainty a morsel for a boy of his age.

All the Spaniards I meet guarantee, not a mere disturbance, but a regular revolution, in a very short time. Narvaez appears to be pushing matters to the last extremity, and to be making a direct attack on the party of progress. The return of Queen Christina is of itself an open defiance. If Narvaez has the army well in hand, which I doubt, he may suppress the first revolt, and will only succumb through want of money, an accident which, in my opinion, is rather imminent. But

is the army loyal? Has Narvaez still the energy he had at Ardoz? All this appears to me to be very doubtful.

The *Times* a day or two ago published a somewhat cowardly article about Canada. I think the English Cabinet has arrived at the point reached by Louis Philippe at the end of his reign—that of boasting of his cowardice, and setting it up as virtue. It has made a great mistake, in my opinion; it never does to abase ourselves to too great an extent, for fear other people should take us at our word.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have hired a house at Cannes for the winter, but you will not trouble yourself about that.

CLXIX.

Paris, October 2, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

How did you like your Museum and its learned dust on your return from inhaling the air of the most aristocratic of countries? You must have renewed the sensations of your school days, when you used to go back after the holidays.

I purpose going to Madrid, remaining there until the middle of November, and then returning to Cannes, where I have secured my old house, without passing through Paris, unless indeed, a very improbable contingency, I am summoned to put in an appearance there on the 15th of November. I am rather sorry to give up old customs, and to have to dispense with a *fête* in honour of the Saint of that day; but, on the other hand, I must take care of my lungs, and my last sojourn was so melancholy that I have no taste for seeing the same things which you wot of, over again.

On Sunday last I went to Saint-Cloud to breakfast, after having been to high mass. You were enquired after as usual. The Prince is suffering from toothache. He is otherwise in very good condition, not growing very much, but laying on muscle. The Empress is only middling at Schwalbach, which she likes, notwithstanding that she still suffers as much from sickness as she did before her departure.

The tales told, and the nonsense talked, about the excursion are marvellous. More than that,

sober-minded people, and those who have the reputation of being so, actually believe all the lies that are circulated. Among other reports there is one about a visit of her Majesty to Mademoiselle ——, to request her not to live any longer at Montretout, on account of the annoyance experienced by the sight of her house from the windows of Saint Cloud.

Severe measures of repression seem to have been taken at Turin. A hundred and sixty persons, of whom five were soldiers, were killed. The streets are straight, and conical bullets travel far. It seems, moreover, that the Ministry behaved with great imprudence throughout, and did nothing to prevent the outbreak. As far as I can see, it was caused by the ultras of the two camps, who complain of the Treaty. I believe that if it is carried out in good faith, it will make the place too hot for the Pope who, however, will, in all probability, die before the term agreed upon expires.

The Ministerial changes which are expected will not take place. Drouyn de l'Huys has gallantly changed his old opinions, and there is no longer any excuse for making war upon him. I do not

hear when the Session will commence, probably towards the month of February. It promises better than its predecessor which, nevertheless, was not so bad. Thiers has become almost a Republican, apparently because he hopes to be elected President in his turn. I look upon him as committed to a deplorable path, out of which he can only emerge by means of some catastrophe or other.

A certain M. X., very well known in Paris, was set upon the other day by a set of urchins, some dressed up as women, some as priests, and one as a bishop. He is reported to have taken to flight.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will write you once more before starting.

CLXX.

Madrid, House of Her Excellency
the Condesa del Montijo.
October 11, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

Here I am at Madrid, where I have only been a few hours, and whence, as I cannot

sleep, I am writing to you. The journey is really no longer the fatiguing undertaking it once was. No more passports, and a good railway which brings you from Bayonne here in sixteen hours. When the railway servants know their duty better, the journey should be done in ten hours.

From a political point of view, matters are better when looked at closely than they are from a distance. The Mon Ministry, which was a coalition, fell before another coalition. The Narvaez Cabinet has a solid appearance, and his old reputation for energy has had its effect on the ultra-*Progresista* blusterers. The next question is, how will he bring that energy to bear, and how will he conduct himself before the Cortes? He has two months for preparation, and here, as in every constitutional country, there are methods to ensure the voice of the people being heard in the elections—*vox populi vox Dei.* Narvaez flatters the newspapers and the place-hunters. It is not a bad road to success. Whatever else may happen, I no longer look forward to seeing a *pronunciamento* out of my windows.

Before I left Paris, on Friday last, I saw our

friend of Biarritz. I had a chat of four hours with her, the subject of which you can divine. She needed *sfogarsi.* Everything is very sad, more so even than you can imagine, but do not say a word to anybody. I have given good advice, I believe, though I did not forget the proverb about not putting one's finger between the tree and the bark; whether my advice will be followed is quite another question.

The Condesa is in better health than I expected to find her. The country has done her much good, and in every way she is better than she was last year. She regrets your absence exceedingly, and accuses you of having stayed away in consequence of your English prejudices against Spain. On my assuring her that you were in bad health, she said that change of air would have done you much good, and that the air of Madrid, after that of Carabanchel, is the very thing to cure obdurate rheumatism.

I only passed through Madrid, but it seemed to me to be considerably beautified. The shops are very handsome, there are plenty of new houses, and trees and water everywhere. With the water

and the sun one may do anything in this country. One change I noticed particularly, I mean the dress of the women, who are becoming more and more Frenchified every day. As a matter of fact, it is as impossible for a Spaniard to wear a bonnet as for a Frenchwoman to adorn her head with a *mantilla.*

CLXXI.

Madrid, October 24, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Your letter has arrived, and I am pleased to see that you are going on pretty well, and are making head against the first cold weather. I wish I could say as much, but I caught a wretched cold in this diabolical Carabanchel, where we are detained by illness. We leave it for good next Tuesday, to settle in Madrid, where I have been to-day to recruit myself and see the world.

The Countess whom you saw at Biarritz, has an attack of erysipelas in the face. As you know, it was never medium-sized, so imagine what it must be now. Never was there a pumpkin to equal it.

The excitement in connection with the ap-

proaching elections is very great just at present, and nothing else is talked about.

I have had news from Saint-Cloud more cheering that those I gave you. In mind and body there is an improvement. For a moment I confess I was anxious. Now everything is passably satisfactory. Opinion here is very much against the Treaty of the 15th of September. There is a certain disposition to protect the Holy Father. But the monetary question here, as in every other country, has a cooling effect on religious zeal.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I think of leaving Madrid for Florence towards the 10th of November.

CLXXII.

Madrid, November 12, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

You make me uneasy with your abstinence from bread and farinaceous vegetables, and I do not quite understand that style of treatment. Have you any symptoms of diabetes? It is quite the fashion now-a-days, and our doctors

discover it everywhere. I know a shoal of people who are perfectly well, but are tormented with a regimen. The thing to cure you, better than all the drugs in the world, would be a long rest in a country warmer, and not so damp as the one you inhabit. Could not the British Museum do without you for three or four months? Think of it, and remember that *la moule de pourpoint*, as Rabelais calls it, is an important thing, and ought to be considered.

The Infanto, Don Enrique, was yesterday placed in a railway carriage and packed off to the Canary Islands. It seems that he has been writing some impertinences to the Queen on political matters. He subsequently begged for forgiveness, but he has been sent to the right-about. You know, perhaps, that he is one of the candidates for the hand of your friend the Princess.

I gave a dinner yesterday to some bachelors and their female companions. There was one very pretty girl whom they call *Pepa la bandarillera*. I was introduced as an English bishop, charged with the conversion of the Catholics. The dinner

was execrable, as all hotel dinners are in Madrid, and the girls stupid enough. Pepa alone showed signs, both in word and deed, of Andalucian ferocity, which amused me. In my capacity as an Englishman and a priest, I noticed that all these ladies drank water. On the score of religion, they appeared to me to be very tolerant, and they told me that they did not burn candles to St. Francis.

All traces of originality are disappearing from this country. In Andalucia one might possibly find some, but there are too many fleas and too many questionable localities there, and, above all, I am too old to go in search of them.

The weather is wonderfully clear, and there is not a cloud in the sky; but it freezes every night, and the air is so keen that one might be breathing needles. The Guadarrama is perfectly white, and I am afraid of being frozen on the way.

There are a great many books published here. Have you a copy of the edition of Don Quixote recently printed at Argamasilla by Ribadeneyra, two huge fat quarto volumes? Has anyone made you a present of the *Chronique rimée d'Alonso*

XI? It is not sold, but given away by her Majesty.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Let me hear about your health soon. I do not half like your giving up bread. Take exercise, and you will find it do you good. I leave you to pay my farewell visits.

CLXXIII.

Cannes, November 27, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

There is opportunity of getting some rather curious wine. It is a light champagne which does not effervesce, red in colour, and can be drank with or without water. It raises the spirits, and is not intoxicating. That is incomprehensible to Englishmen, but when you are dining alone, I think you would let a bottle of it trickle down your esophagus with a certain amount of satisfaction. The opportunity being difficult to seize, *calvus comosâ fronte*, I have written to Du Sommerard to send you a *feuillette* of the wine in a double cask, and with all possible care; there are about a hundred and ten or fifteen

bottles in it. When you have tasted it let me hear how you like it. Do not imagine that it is nectar. It is merely a very agreeable wine, excellent for ordinary drinking, and particularly suited to rheumatic people.

The news you have heard is two long months behind time. Harmony reigns in the household of our friends; after the clouds which might have brought on a storm, fine weather has reappeared.

I am equally sure that the information you have received about the health of *Monsieur* is inexact. He is tolerably active, and, moreover, attends to his doctors. His sole fault is that of being fonder of the *cotillon* than is becoming to a young man of his age, and looking upon every woman as an angel from heaven. The greatest philosophers teach us, on the contrary, that to pay too much attention to woman is incompatible with freedom and application to the study of the sciences.

I am delighted with the success achieved in Italy by the Treaty of the 15th of September; still more so with the vigour displayed by La Marmora, who is not afraid of giving a repetition

of Aspromonte. It is the true method to *escarmentar* the fools who would set a light to the powder train. All the discussions in the Press and the Chamber on the Treaty were very absurd. Those people in France and Italy who love their country ought to be silent.

One great point gained is the evacuation of Rome by the French. What is the use of giving explanations about, and taking precautions against future eventualities which will, perhaps, never come to pass? I think, and I have reason to believe, from what I hear from people on whom I can rely, that Italy will let the Pope make a fool of himself, and play his own game. She has no need to interfere. The wiser she is, the more foolish will he be. You know the clerical breed, and you know, too, what to expect from it.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers send all sorts of kind messages. They are preparing a *fête* in honour of your coming.

CLXXIV.

Cannes, December 5, 1864.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Please to notice that I am writing to you with my window open, and that the English dare not venture out without an umbrella, blue above and white below. This sun—to which you owe your figure and breadth of back, both so respectable—this altogether Italian sun, you will find here, together with a post-office, which will allow of your writing your instructions to Mr. Jones twice a day. I omit all mention of the telegraph in case of need.

As regards your bad temper, and your fear of wearying your friends, permit me to say that you are cutting off your nose to spite your face. We will take care of you, and coddle you to the best of our ability. If you are too cross we will leave you in your corner. We will not compel you to knock down fir cones with a bow and arrow, or to scale mountains three thousand yards high; you shall be free to follow your own bent. The only things we offer you are bad dinners and equally bad breakfasts, with a chat now and then,

whist and picquet, and two ladies who will take care of you, and are preparing a *fête* in your honour. Tell us plainly whether it will suit you to come, and let us know a little in advance, so that we may get a lodging ready for you. I think I told you that we have a room, but it has a northern aspect, and is not worthy of your merit. On one side of us is a very quiet hotel, the proprietor of which is under certain obligations to me. You can have a room there, and one for your valet. By knocking on the wall we can let you know when the soup is on the table, but we must know a little in advance.

Up to this time we are in a tolerably good state of preservation. M. Matthieu (de la Drôme) has predicted awful storms. We have had the most lovely June weather that you can imagine.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, or rather, *au revoir*. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers expect you, and *languish* for you, as they say in the dialect of this country.

CLXXV.

Cannes, December 24, 1864.

My Dear Panizzi,

M. Cousin begs me to ask you the exact meaning of this phrase, which he has found in one of Cardinal Mazzarin's letters—*Senza far lunarii.* From the context it would appear to mean, "Without having recourse to astrology; without attempting to prophesy." Is it a common expression? And what is the precise meaning of *lunarii?* We have not a single Italian here who is in a condition to solve the enigma. Be our Œdipus.

In spite of the mildness of the climate, I have caught a severe cold through going to see our *doctrinaires* of Cannes, the Duc de Broglie and his daughter. He has also a son, a naval officer, brought up at the Ecole Polytechnique, who hears three masses a day and assists at two. I have been confined to the house for two or three days with a horrible cough, but I have not been bothered with my asthma during the time.

Our philosopher,* instead of offering me any

* Victor Cousin.

consolation, tries to prove to me that I shall undoubtedly be asked to succeed Mocquart,* which is far from cheering, as you can imagine. However, the appointment is made, and the choice is, in my opinion, a good one. I do not believe, moreover, that anybody thought of me for a moment. Nevertheless, at all hazards, I have my reply ready, in case I should receive any proposition detrimental to my repose. I should have accepted the post, but refused the title and the emoluments, so as to secure the right, after a certain time, of saying that I could do no more, and of begging that I might be allowed to return to my former mode of life. Fortunately, the necessity for having recourse to this extreme measure has not arisen.

In the *Times* of last week there was a very violent article against the Emperor, on the subject of the military expenditure of all Europe. In addition to several allegations, absolutely false both in manner and in matter, nothing could have been more spiteful. You ought to talk to Mr. Delane † on the subject, and tell him that, by

* Private Secretary to the Emperor.

† Mr. Delane was then the political editor of the *Times*.

thus embittering the old animosities, he does the greatest injury to both countries. It appeared to me, moreover, that the article was of French manufacture, and I should not be surprised if it were a translation from Rémusat or Prevost-Paradol.

I have had news of Madame de Montijo, who has caught a very severe cold whilst selling knick-knacks at a charity fancy fair. She is better now, and I see that she has been entertaining the new ambassador of France.

The Pope seems to me to have lost his head completely. Have you seen the last Bull, just published, condemning a heap of rash propositions which are shared in by all the world, and another Bull adding half-a-hundred saints to the calendar? I am sure the people of the sixteenth century would have laughed at all these follies. We of the nineteenth swallow everything.

Have you received the sixth volume of the *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier.?* I do not know whether the new President of the Committee, who has never been very celebrated for his politeness, will continue to send the work to

those who have already received the earlier volumes.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you a pleasant ending to the year. Do not eat too much Christmas dinner, and remember me to our friends.

CLXXVI.

Cannes, January 12, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Divine Providence has sent us a *pâté de foie gras* from Strasbourg, which has made us regret your absence particularly. I have seldom eaten such a good one, and the truffles which embellished it were excellent.

The Pope is perfectly ridiculous, and the bishops who take up the ball are no less so. I give you a matter of detail of which you are ignorant, but which possesses a certain historical value. In the eyes of you political gentlemen, the Encyclical of the Vicar of Jesus Christ is looked upon as a reply to the Treaty of the 15th of September. It is nothing of the sort.

We have here a philosopher of our acquaint-

ance,* rather too clerical for you and me, who, two months before the Treaty, was visited by an *auditore di rota*, a Frenchman and a tolerably lax priest, whose purpose was to ask him to abjure certain errors contained in one of his recent books, *L'Histoire de la Philosophie*, adding that by refusing he would lay himself open to being included in a censure then in preparation by the Sacred College. Our friend told him that he would retract nothing, and that he would advise the Pope to leave philosophy, and other things that did not concern him, alone. The Encyclical, you see, is an old offence.

For some days I have been destitute of news from Paris, and rather uneasy on account of a report that the Emperor has been ill. Although I attach little credence to this rumour, it has made me somewhat anxious because the life he leads is not quite the thing for a man of fifty-six, if I may believe all the reports, unfortunately only too exact, about him. If anything were to happen to him it would be a terrible misfortune for the country, especially now that the Encyclical and

* Victor Cousin.

the approaching meeting of the Chambers are causing a certain amount of excitement.

The affairs of our friends, the Confederates, seem to be going on badly. As the good God always sides with the strong battalions, it is only too probable that they will succumb in the end.

The *Times* has published an account of a small infernal machine, destined for the destruction of a fort, and probably for the slaughter of all its defenders, by means of seven hundred thousand pounds of powder. When we see machines of this description brought into operation, we may well ask whether we are living in the nineteenth century.

I suppose Newton has come to Paris for the Pourtalés sale. Did you buy the head of the Delian Apollo? It was the finest thing in his possession, and I should have very much liked to see it remain in Paris, but, if it must go, it had better be in your keeping than elsewhere. There was also a handsome bust of Crispina, the wife of Heliogabulus, and a quantity of jewels and very interesting though less important objects.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Good health and

prosperity to you. The news about the Emperor's health worries me in spite of myself, and I am looking out impatiently for the newspapers.

CLXXVII.

Cannes, January 27, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You will have read the extremely clever pamphlet by Monsignor Dupanloup. He explains very clearly that when the Bull says black we are to understand white. That is the perfection of the Jesuit's art. The clever heads, or the least hare-brained, of the Sacred College appear, however, to have made the Pope listen to reason, and have persuaded him to afford certain explanations in the sense of those set forth by Monsignor Dupanloup. This *erratum* of the Holy Spirit will, I imagine, be accepted, and may, perhaps, suffice to allay the quarrel until the opening of the Session causes it to break out again more violently than ever. Thiers intends to pose as the champion of the Papacy, and will make a vigorous attack on the Treaty of the 15th of September.

Have you read the skit by About in the *Opinion Nationale* of the 22nd January, in which he treats of *our friend* in a very happy vein, and unfortunately, with telling accuracy. It will not prevent him, in the least, from acting foolishly, on the suggestion of fair ladies and his old enemies the *doctrinaires*. Read it, and I fancy you will laugh.

Paris was just beginning to be tired of talking about the bestowal of the Dukedom of Montmorency on M. de Périgord when a fresh scandal came, in the nick of time, to create a diversion. The eldest daughter of Madame de X—, some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, married a certain M. de Z—, by whom she had no children. She consequently consoled herself with the Marquis de L—, by whom she had a son. This child came into the world clandestinely, the husband having been abroad for two years. This husband is dead, but the son is alive and of age, and, relying on the axiom, *Is pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant,* he demands the name and title of Z. You may imagine the charming effect this has produced.

Lord H— is aging rapidly, and, between ourselves, I doubt if his brain is all right. When he was told of the death of his wife, he said, "Well, I hope she will soon be better." The next thing he did was to hoist a flag, with his arms emblazoned on it, on the top of his villa, to let the young ladies know, I believe, that he was once more a free man.

Cousin, too, is by no means well, and causes me some anxiety. He suffers from noises and buzzing in his ears, and is growing lamentably thin. Nevertheless, he is as vivacious and intelligent as ever.

As for me, I am tolerably well, although I have recently had a return of my difficult breathing. The very mild weather we are having is doing me much good. To-morrow we are to have an *al fresco* breakfast in the country. I do not suppose you can breakfast in your garden yet. I should like, if possible, to stay here throughout February, but I may possibly be obliged to return for the Address, especially if the Clericals give battle. I am still hoping that everything will pass off quietly.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not fall into any of the twenty-four condemned errors.

CLXXVIII.

Cannes, February 15, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have a shocking cold, and am horribly annoyed at the prospect of having to take part in the battle the Clericals have in store for us. I am all impatience for the Address, which was to be brought forward this morning; but it will be some days yet before I can know when the debate will commence and I shall have to start. The accounts I hear of the weather in Paris do not at all incline me to be in a hurry.

Cousin is here, suffering from neuralgia and unable to get any sleep, for which you will pity him; he is much thinner, is in low spirits, and I am very uneasy about him. The other day he was taking a walk in a wood near Cannes with his secretary, who was reading the newspaper to him. A country-woman who was passing said to

her companion, "Fancy an old gentleman like that not being able to read!"

I hear fabulous tales about the Pourtalès sale. If it ends as it has begun you will have to fumble for your purse.

I gave your message to Lord Glenelg. Mistress Norton is here, pretty and pleasant as ever, and paid us a visit the day before yesterday. She made a complete conquest of the ladies. Her grand-daughter promises to be as pretty as she is, and her eyes are already calculated to play havoc with the human race.

I have never read anything more insipid than the Queen's Speech, and I am told that it is not even good English. If our friend in Piccadilly is at the helm much longer, God only knows what bitter pills he will make a respectable public swallow. He appears to me to wish to die in peace, and every noise worries him, even though it be the noise of a great peril which he would have time to avert.

If, as appears very probable, the South is crushed, you will see how the North will show its gratitude to England for the surrender of the

St. Albans raiders. To my mind that was a piece of gross meanness on the part of the Governments of Canada and England.

These people are, undoubtedly, thieves; but how did Sherman in Georgia, Butler and many others behave? Putting that on one side, Europe, I imagine, will be punished quickly enough. The Americans have such a sovereign contempt for all morality that I can only compare them to the Romans of old. They have all their greed and audacity, and five years of a terrible war have converted them into formidable soldiers. They will pay their debts by becoming bankrupt, and will supply themselves with money from the lands of their neighbours.

I have no news and am rather uneasy about the health of Madame de Montijo, who has had another attack of fever. I hear that the Empress is better, but that she is living a very retired life and is nearly always alone. The Emperor is quite well.

Monsignor Chigi is said to be very much abashed and angry about the publication of his two letters,

so wanting in consistency as to the meaning of the Encyclical.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Write to me here until I give you notice of the removal of my household gods.

CLXXIX.

Paris, March 14, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi.

I left Cannes a few days ago in great suffering, and I reached this place in a still worse state. I propose remaining here until the end of the debate on the Address, and then returning to Cannes. My health makes me uneasy. My fits of suffocation increase in intensity and recur at shorter intervals. In a word, the animal is out of order ; what is to be done?

I went to see the Empress yesterday. I found her very well, but very melancholy. She realizes all she has lost by the death of M. de Morny. I say *she* personally, and I need not tell you why. The Emperor is in deep distress. It is, indeed, no easy matter to find a man of talent and tact

such as de Morny was, full of good sense and decision. There is some talk of replacing him in the Presidency of the *Corps Législatif* by M. Baroche, but his appointment is surrounded by difficulties, and I am not sure that it is even possible.

Almost at the same time that you receive this letter you will have a visit from a friend of mine, the Comte de Circourt. He was a great friend of Count Cavour. He is a very learned man, too learned, for he has the most extraordinary memory I ever met with, and knows everything. In other respects, he is polite and anti-clerical, although by reason of his birth, family, and habits, he lives in the midst of clericals. Perhaps that is the reason why he cannot bear them.

To-morrow, we shall in all probability have a curious sitting in the Senate. The Cardinals, M. de Bonnechose excepted, are fools and do not know how to speak two words. But de Bonnechose is very clever, and, on the other hand, our old Generals are frightened of the devil. They say to themselves, "If only five per cent. of what is said about that gentleman be true!" Add to

these sage reflections the number of mothers and daughters who are devout, all women now-a-days, including the worst characters, being strictly so. Rest assured, it will be no means easy to rid ourselves of the hydra after having allowed him to put forth many more than seven heads.

Although the speech of M. Rouland was not of the best or the cleverest, it has made its mark. He might have been asked, "Why, seeing that you were aware of the danger, were you so weak when you were Minister of Religion?" But, after all, better late than never.

I see by the newspapers that Lady Palmerston has been seriously ill, but I have no further news of her. I hope she has recovered. When you see her, find an opportunity of saying something kind to her from me.

Is old age predominant in the British Cabinet, or is it the calculating spirit of men who have made a big hit on 'Change and are unwilling to run any further risk? However that may be, your Ministers make too bold a show of cowardice. Nothing is more stupid than boasting, but it is dangerous, not to say ridiculous, to pose as a

coward. It is one way of having all the bullies at one's heels.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Health and prosperity. I shall stay here until the end of the week.

CLXXX.

Cannes, March 26, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I do not believe there is a word of truth in the report that Madame de Montijo is going to Rome, still less to England. In her last letter, seven or eight days ago, she told me that she intended being in Paris in May, and that does not sound like paying a visit to the Holy Father and Madame ——. I do not think it at all probable that she will go elsewhere than to Paris. In Rome and London she would find herself placed in an embarrassing position in some ways, and deprived of her freedom of action, which is precisely the thing on which she lays most stress.

Lord Glenelg is still here, dividing his leisure time between reading novels and saying his prayers.

Cousin is getting ready to return to Paris to immortalize himself. I leave that entirely to him, and purpose staying here throughout April so that I may put my damaged lungs into some sort of order, for they stand greatly in need of repose and care.

When I left Paris the debate on the Address in the *Corps Législatif* was not expected to be any more lively than its predecessor in the Senate. The Opposition is divided, and to all appearance will devote itself chiefly to questions of home policy. It was doubtful whether M. Thiers would speak on the Convention of the 15th of September, so as to humour his political friends, scarcely as Papal as he is. The less said about the Treaty the better. I think that if we are determined to observe it literally, the Court of Rome will return to a healthier frame of mind. Not the Pope, perhaps, because he is half mad and has peculiar aspirations in the direction of martyrdom. But he has around him a large number of rascals in red, violet, and black, who are by no means disposed to be martyrs, and are ready to accept any conditions which will allow of their retaining

some portion of their present revenues. These people will probably bring some influence to bear upon the conclusions to be arrived at by their Sovereign. We have yet to see if his obstinacy will outweigh the very intelligible interests of his small establishment.

I congratulate you on getting possession of the Justiniani Apollo. Newton, whom I saw on the eve of my departure, abused it, which persuaded me that he was very anxious to get it. I do not think you have paid too dearly for it, and it certainly was an acquisition to be secured whenever opportunity offered.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Post-time is at hand and I have only time to close my letter.

CLXXXI.

Cannes, April 13, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

Before writing to you I waited until I was well enough to send you news of my health and my plans; but the former makes no progress, and the latter, which depend on it, are as vague as they can be. I am always coughing,

I neither sleep nor eat, and I feel weak and going down hill rapidly. Sometimes I accept my lot philosophically enough, at others I worry or distress myself about it—a state of mind very like the alternations of thought which must pass through the brain of a man condemned to be hanged.

You appear to me to be rather hard upon the *Vie de César* which somebody has sent you. Would you have had its author, instead of recounting things after a plain, unvarnished fashion, do as did the Teutonic historians, who, to avoid following the beaten track, chose the most absurd and winding bye-paths imaginable? Nevertheless, I should have been glad if the author had followed the advice I took the liberty of giving him, which was to confine himself to reflections on history instead of plunging into a narrative wherein there is nothing new. It is unquestionable that reflections, coming from a man occupying a stand-point such as no literary man could occupy, would have contained elements of originality and great interest. The striking fault of the book, in my opinion, is that the author may be said to have

placed himself before a looking-glass in order to sketch the portrait of his hero.

You, too, seem to be rather contemptuous on the subject of your head of Apollo. With all due deference to Newton and other connoisseurs, I think it a first-rate work, such as few Museums possess. I do not consider that you paid dearly for it. What do you say to our Louvre giving a hundred and thirty thousand francs for a portrait of Antonello of Messina? Our powers that be go to work like amateurs, which is much to be regretted. If I were able I would exchange with you—I would give you Antonello for Apollo and not ask you for the difference in price.

I had a letter from Madame de Montijo yesterday. She does not say a word about going to London, but she promises to be in Paris towards the beginning of May. The Countess is better, she says, although fatigued after the winter season. Her house being the refuge for all the idlers in Madrid, she is the victim of her duties as mistress of the house. She never goes to bed until it suits these *tertulianos*, and so she will continue to until she is seriously ill. Neverthe-

less, she sends her *memorias* to *Panucci*, as she persists in distorting your lordship's name.

What have you to say about the debates in Parliament on Canadian affairs? I should like to know what the shades of Pitt and Lord Wellington think about them. But what passes my comprehension is the spectacle of a Government taking the trouble to inform foreigners that its longsuffering is great, and that it will meekly put up with all the slaps in the face which may be vouchsafed to it. Is it, perchance, a fact that men become cowards as they grow old?

Cousin left for Paris three days ago in an unsatisfactory state. He told me he should halt by the way and not reach Paris until Saturday. I fancy he does not wish to set eyes on his old political friends again before the conclusion of the debate on the Address.

It seems to me that we have more politicians and fewer talkers in the Senate. The Opposition, by bringing forward such a string of amendments, have merely succeeded in wearying the public; that is the impression produced in Paris and on my mind.

You should read a somewhat curious book which has just appeared, *L'Immortalité selon le Christ* by Charles Lambert. It contains a new reading of Jewish history which, in my eyes, has all the appearance of being true. Now that the clerical party has become so powerful and so intolerant, books of this class appear in shoals and sell like bread. The end of all this may be to a certain extent fatal to our holy religion, if the women do not come forward to ensure its triumph by refusing to have anything to do with men who are immoral enough not to keep Easter.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you were here to fast to-morrow. I intend leaving for Paris, if I am able, early in May.

CLXXXII.

Cannes, April 22, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am a little better, though still rather melancholy. I purpose being in Paris on Sunday week. I hope to find the Countess de Montijo there, and should be glad to know that she is in France now that shots are being fired in Madrid.

. . .

She has the misfortune to possess a house which is in itself a strategic position, and has already on several occasions been occupied by the military; during the last outbreak, fortunately whilst she was absent, her friend, General Concha, was compelled to lay siege to it. The Government and the *Progresista* party are at daggers drawn, and war between them is the only thing possible.

It amazes me to see the party of progress accusing Narvaez of being a Neo-catholic, which, by the way, reminds me of the following anecdote. On the last occasion but one that he was in power he came to a rupture with our Holy Father the Pope, and, being a clever man and aware of the weak point in the Papal armour, he began by taking possession of what is called Peter's pence, in other words, the money sent to Rome by Spain to secure an indulgence from fasting. The whole of the money, which amounted to several millions, went to enrich his creatures, among whom were all the pretty girls of Madrid. One of these last-mentioned, an intimate and very religious friend of mine, had a pension of eight thousand reals for *public services.*

Everything now depends upon what the army will do. In the last outbreak this month it fired right and left on the respectable public, and if it remains loyal there will be no revolution, but if not, we shall have the chaste Isabel in Paris.

So it is all over with the Confederates, or, at all events, very nearly so. The next thing to do is to pacify the country, and what measures will Mr. Lincoln adopt to effect that? With a Parliament composed of riff-raff, like that of the United States, and a Senate presided over by a drunken tailor, who can say what follies we are destined to behold? The worst feature in the case is that these asses are in reality very powerful, and display on all occasions an amount of mulish obstinacy and an utter absence of conscience worthy of your petty Italian tyrants of the sixteenth century. There are plenty of elements of success over there in an age when Providence obstinately refuses to work miracles. If I were in the place of the Emperor Maximilian, I would lose no time in at once enlisting every Irishman and German in the Federal Army, in addition to all the other rascals who have a taste for fighting.

That, I think, would be an admirable method of gaining the respect of his subjects, and leading them to civilisation by the shortest road.

What do you think of the speech of M. Thiers? He pays for the dinner given him by the Emperor of Austria by seriously proposing the Austrian alliance to France as the most useful to her. Thiers has a singular faculty for forgetting all he has said and done as soon as passion takes possession of him. He is thoroughly sincere, and is as absolutely convinced of his own infallibility as ever was the most obstinate of all the Popes.

I am no better pleased with M. Rouher's speech but it affords you a proof of how immensely powerful clerical ideas are in France. Everybody who argues against the temporal power of the Pope is looked upon as an Atheist. There are some people, very honest and very enlightened, like M. Buffet for instance, who take that for gospel. Then come those politicians, or so-called politicians, who accept it as an incontestible fact that any diminution of Papal territory would be a European misfortune, and an occasion of universal war. If this sort of thing goes on, you

and I stand a very good chance of being burnt at the stake in the market-place.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Will you keep me posted up as to your plans for the holidays—*your* holidays I mean?

CLXXXIII.

Paris, May 4, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I saw M. Fould yesterday, and he seemed tolerably well, and not very displeased at the march of events. The Orleanists, the Republicans, and especially the Legitimists, are still in ecstasies over the speech of M. Thiers. He is, say they, the foremost statesman in Europe. So much for passion. I do not think he ever said anything better calculated to prove that he is entirely destitute of political sense. I may add that he does not shine any more brilliantly in the matter of moral sense.

My information about the health of Lord Palmerston coincides with yours. Lord Cowley told me that he is suffering merely from an attack

of gout in the hands, and that he does not appear in public because he will not let anybody shave him but himself. Diplomatists, as you know, are not reckoned among the most veracious of mankind. In case the gout lasts or assumes formidable proportions, who will be Prime Minister? I am told, but I doubt it, that the Queen sent for Lord Clarendon, who declined the honour, and suggested Lord Stanley.

Do you not think that too much fuss is being made about the death of Mr. Lincoln? He was, after all, only a *first second-rate man*, as the Yankees say, whom you probably would not have cared to employ in the Museum; but he was worth more than the majority of his fellow-countrymen, and seems to me to have gained by dint of being obliged to live amid great events. The eulogies pronounced over him in Parliament show how afraid people are of America, and the result achieved will be to make these boors more impertinent and overbearing than they are by nature. Rest assured that no very long time will elapse before England has to regret her policy at the beginning of the Civil War.

Mr. Booth and his accomplice are hardened miscreants who could give Müller any number of points in the game. Ed. Childe told me that for a whole month Booth practised pistol shooting in every position. He thinks that he was not connected in any way with the Southerners; nevertheless, his Latin quotation, *Sic semper tyrannis!* is the motto of Virginia. In all probability we shall witness some queer doings at the hands of the drunkard who is Lincoln's successor.

Everybody here is displeased with the Emperor's trip to Algeria. Seeing the sights that he will see is too great a risk. The wisest plan would have been to have left it all to Marshal MacMahon, who is a very honest and sensible man—two rare qualities as times go.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope you are having your share of the lovely weather which prevails here, and that you are strong and cheerful. I wish I could say as much.

CLXXXIV.

Paris, May 12, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Last Monday I breakfasted with our hostess of Biarritz and her son. We three alone. She asked after you. She is well, and the boy is extremely gentlemanly and well brought up. The whole way of the house seems changed to me. They are less gay, but more calm. I fancy that during the last year she has learnt much about men and things. A rather clever sculptor* has executed a rather clever portrait of the boy, which has imbued the latter with a desire to dabble in clay, and he has produced a portrait of his father, which is a tolerable likeness. The moulding is villainous, but the appreciation of proportions is really extraordinary.

M. Bigelow, Minister of the United States, has made a somewhat favourable impression here. He says very frankly that they wish to be at peace with all the world, and that, as regards the Mexicans, they will leave their neighbours to choose whatever sort of Government they prefer. The

* Carpeaux.

Empress asked him what the President meant by saying, "If England deals justly with us." M. Bigelow replied that the justice they expected was the reimbursement of a hundred million dollars, the sum at which they value the damage caused to Federal commerce by the Confederate cruisers fitted out in England.

Now that so much fuss is being made, and so many complimentary things said, about the death of Mr. Lincoln, now that the Queen of England and the Empress are writing to his widow with their own white hands, what do you suppose will be the presumption of these queer mortals, who already look upon themselves as mustard-makers to the Pope? You may expect all sorts of monstrous insolence. Lincoln was a poor devil, not destitute of common sense, who in four years had learnt a thing or two. You may take it for granted that the weakness of Lord Palmerston and his ridiculous fears will soon be keenly felt and dearly paid for. This senile policy, which consists of living from hand to mouth and postponing all great questions, invariably ends tragically.

Thiers is evidently leaning towards a separation

from his friends, and a closer connection with the Clericals and the Faubourg Saint-Germain. He is, like most people of humble origin, very amenable to the flatteries of the aristocracy, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain does not let him have them cheap. He is courted assiduously, and people who would probably hang him if they came into power again, flatter him in the most shameful way. He is puffed up with it all, and his women-folk are still more so. The common people are beginning to shrug their shoulders over his theories, and call him a dotard. I doubt his being elected for Paris in the event of a fresh election. As for me, I never heard anything more stupid than his argument in favour of the temporal power, based on the liberty necessary for Catholicism. Catholicism needs a foreign Sovereign; *ergo*, the Pope must be a Sovereign. But, he might be answered, the Romans, unfortunately, do not possess a foreign Sovereign. In short, the whole thing is foolishness, and yet it passes muster and holds good with plenty of idiots.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Get better, and keep up your spirits.

CLXXXV.

Paris, May 19, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

Madame de Montijo has arrived here suffering from a severe cold, and her sight is worse than when you were at Biarritz. For any one as active as she is, that is a great misfortune; but she bears it courageously, and manages so well that many people are quite ignorant of her infirmity. The Conde de las Navas and his wife are with her, both in good health, and making many enquiries about you.

What do you think of the hundred thousand dollars offered by President Johnston? These wretched Yankee cads will shortly treat both you and us to some fine spluttering.

There is a growing idea that the *Corps Législatif* will refuse to pass the budget for extraordinary works. Fould, who was very strongly opposed to the measure when it was brought forward, has committed the blunder of subsequently seeking means to put it in operation and render it possible.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You know that

Libri is a man of the sixteenth century who trusts nobody, resembling in that respect Benvenuto Cellini, who turned all the corners of the streets *all 'largo.*

CLXXXVI.

Paris, May 23, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am very sorry to hear your account of Lady Zetland. She was—for I fear she must be spoken of in the past tense—one of those women of whom none are left, distinguished, interested in everything, and speaking well on all subjects. Although I saw very little of her, I liked her far better than many with whom I was on more intimate terms. When you see Lord Zetland, or any of the family, tell them, please, how thoroughly I sympathise with them in their misfortune.

I have always forgotten to reply to your question about the journey of Madame de Montijo to England, principally because I do not believe in it, and shall not until it takes place. But it is true that there is some talk about it. She wishes

to spend a week in London, and then a fortnight at some castle, I forget whose, in Scotland.

Before leaving this subject, tell me, *between you and me*, frankly what you think of the journey and the following circumstances. She is to spend a week at the house of Madame ——, in London. Madame —— is very rich, but, if I am not mistaken, does not move in the best society. Her husband has a Jewish look about him which is not prepossessing. She is not wanting in intelligence, but is a horrible gossip. Of all houses, this, to my idea, is the very last I should wish her to choose. Nobody can enlighten us on this point so well as you can. However, I do not think the journey will come off; in the first place, her daughter will not be in a hurry to let her go; secondly, she probably shares my opinion on the matter; and, lastly, if the Court goes to Fontainebleau, Biarritz, or elsewhere, that would be a very natural way out of the difficulty.

The only thing talked of here is Prince Napoleon's latest freak, and his speech at Ajaccio, which has been so strangely commented on by the *Opinion Nationale*. The Regent is blamed

for not having held him in with a tighter rein. She feared lest she should seem to be judging her own cause, but she should have remembered that, in addition to her cause, there is that of her husband, her son, and ourselves. What opinion can be formed of us abroad, and what explanation can you give of the fact that the first Prince of the blood unfolds intentions and preaches a policy diametrically opposed to that of the Emperor and the Empire?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I will pay you a visit as soon as I can; but you know that I do not go to London for the dinners and entertainments of society.

CLXXXVII.

Paris, June 2, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I had not much difficulty in making Madame de Montijo understand that, if she went to London, she would do well to choose another *posada*, and I fancy she will give up all idea of the journey, on which, by-the-way, she has not yet consulted her daughter. M. de Flahaut,

whose advice I asked, thoroughly agrees with you.

What do you think of the Emperor's letter, the Prince's, and the whole affair? Almost everybody is jubilant; some because they detest his Highness, others because they think that the family quarrel weakens the Empire. For my part, I agree with the idea of the First Napoleon, that dirty linen should be washed at home, and I regret that the Regent did not in the first place keep a tight hand on the Prince, and, further, that the Emperor did not call upon him to resign his post of Privy Councillor by means of a letter which should not have been published. This combination, it seems to me, would have set everything straight, and would not have caused such a scandal as has been brought about by the method actually adopted. But what is the use of talking of what is done and over?

How will the elections go? Will Lord Palmerston win the day? Will he stay in office if he has a majority in the House? Are you aware that the claim of the United States is none the less disagreeable because it is polite, and that it

may have a tragic ending so far as concerns those fellows who are besieging the Congress.

Our Mexican business does not improve, and the peace declared in the United States is not calculated to aid in settling it. Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Johnston's Minister, is most pacific, and promises not only not to support intervention, but even to prevent it. So long as filibusters alone have to be dealt with, the evil will not be serious.

With us, so far as the interior is concerned, there is something like a subsidence, or, at least, a tendency towards moderation, on the part of the two extremes. The Orleanists and Legitimists are showing a disposition to combine only with the Clericals, and the "Reds" look like converting themselves into a troublesome, but not a factious, Opposition. It is by no means certain that the Government will be the gainers by this, for they are on an incline where to stop is difficult, and, whatever they may do, it is probable that parliamentary influence will continue to increase. Will that be an advantage, or not? I do not know. Thiers is cajoled by the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and his women-folk are in ecstasies

over entertaining duchesses. I am not without hope that one of these fine days everybody will flock to Easter Communion, by way of showing a title to nobility.

I see by your last letter that you are not very well. I am in much the same state. We have had a succession of thunder storms, which have fatigued me.

The decline of England goes on apace. We hear that a French horse has won the Derby at Epsom. It is also reported that a respectable public endeavoured to do for the victor; but precautions had been taken, and he was escorted by a set of pugilists at so much per fist.

CLXXXVIII.

Paris, June 5, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

You know that I am not wanting in the will to pay you a visit, but I fear our Session will be rather more prolonged than I anticipated. I run the risk, moreover, of an invitation to Fontainebleau. Nothing is yet decided about this latter trip.

The Emperor appears to have derived so much benefit from his outing that he is in no hurry to come back. He has pushed his excursion as far as the desert, for the purpose of having a look at the Roman antiquities, and having his boots cleaned by the beards of the Arabs. He is not expected in Paris before the 14th of this month. There are people who believe that, when he does come back, he and Prince Napoleon will embrace each other, and all will either be over or arranged. The Prince, more than anybody else, appears to think so. If such a thing should come to pass, as is not impossible, taking into consideration the good nature of the Emperor, it would be deplorable policy, and would render the publication of the letter more than ever regretable. However, just now, I do not think such a conclusion possible; but it may, unfortunately, be probable in a few months' time.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not worry yourself.

CLXXXIX.

Paris, June 7, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

If you go to Italy, halt here on your way. You will find mine but an indifferent house wherein to stay, and we shall live like students and drink tawny port. Should you come to Paris at the beginning of July, you would do well to bring a pair of trousers in your portmanteau, so as to be in readiness for Fontainebleau, whither you are sure to be invited. If you care about my society, I shall be ready to go with you to Italy, especially if you are willing to pass through Switzerland or Germany. What do you say to that?

I went to a ball the night before last, and chatted for a quarter of an hour with the Regent *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis;* I found her very determined. I hope the Emperor is equally so. Plenty of people doubt it, and predict a reconciliation between the cousins. If that should come to pass, it would be the most deplorable and most ridiculous thing in the world.

The circular of Lord Russell on the subject of

the Confederate cruisers seems to me to be wanting in dignity; but the Yankees are decidedly pre-eminent—*the* great nation. All the others sing small. Lord Russell treated the Emperor of Russia to epigrams at the time of the last Polish insurrection. He is more polite with the most boorish people in the world. What next?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Madame de Montijo has not come to any decision as regards her journey—at all events, not officially. When I first spoke to her about it, she told me that she had given up the idea, but that she did not want to say so too soon. Besides, when the Emperor returns, she will probably go to Fontainebleau for a few days. She wishes to be at Carabanchel for August, so, you see, she will have to make haste if she intends making any stay in London and Scotland.

CXC.

Paris, June 14, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Here nobody believes in the Prince's accident. They will have it that he has invented

the fall for the purpose of inducing the Emperor to go and see him. Bixio assures me that he really has had a fall. It appears certain that the Emperor has written him another letter—not for publication this time—which is worse than the first.

I am writing in a great hurry, so as not to miss the post. Thanks to the fine weather, I have been tolerably well for some days. I hope you are equally so, and that your idea of retirement is not yet final.

CXCI.

Paris, June 23, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

The day before yesterday I dined at the Tuileries with the Grand Duchess Marie de Leuchtenberg, daughter of the late Nicholas. Ten years ago she must have been the most perfectly beautiful woman imaginable. She still has a profile like a medal of Syracuse. She is very charming, and spends a lot of money.

The master of the house is as strong as a horse; he is ten years younger, and in capital

spirits. He was so on Wednesday, at all events, though he had seen his cousin on the previous evening. The most evident result of the interview is that the aforesaid cousin has received permission to go and make hay in Switzerland. He is reported to have dismissed part of his household, as if he intended to take to a philosopher's life. Let us be thankful for small mercies.

Your favourite, the Prince Imperial, whom you would not recognise, so much has he grown and filled out, has a most extraordinary talent for sculpture. An artist, named Carpeaux, who has plenty of talent, executed a bust of him. When the Prince saw him moulding it out of the clay, he naturally wanted to have a finger in the pie, and did a likeness of his father, which is atrociously like him; but, though it is put together like a doll made out of bread crumbs, the regard to proportions is remarkable. He has also done a combat between a cavalry man and a foot-soldier, which is full of movement. You can see at once that he knows how to manage a horse and has learnt the bayonet exercise. But his most

extraordinary work is the portrait of his tutor, M. Monnier, whom you like so much. You would recognise it, I assure you, from one end of the court of the British Museum to the other. Not only has he hit off the features, but he has caught the expression. The genius of the man is thoroughly revealed in his eyes, nose, and moustaches. I am certain that there are few professional sculptors who could have succeeded so well.

The Emperor has given us a full account of his trip, which seems to have enchanted him. Do you not think it extraordinary that, after having had four or five thousand men killed by the Christians, after having had many of their women outraged, after having lost their independence, and I do not know how many other *items*, the Arabs should have given such a cordial reception to the leader of the people who have done all this. His Majesty went into the desert with twenty Frenchmen at most, and stayed forty-eight hours in the midst of from fifteen to twenty thousand Saharians, who let off their guns about his ears (their mode of salutation) and

cleaned his boots with their beards. Not a single one among them showed any inclination towards revenge. Oxen roasted whole were presented to him; he had ostriches, and I know not what other impossible beasts to eat, and everywhere he was received as a well-beloved Sovereign. He is very proud of it, and pleased withal. He asked after you.

CXCII.

Paris, June 26, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Catherine de Medici said to Henry III., after the death of the Duc de Guise, *Bien coupé; à présent, il s'agit de coudre.* To tell you the truth, I shall not believe in your resignation until it is accepted, and, without flattering you, I do not believe that the Minister exists who would not go out of his way to retain you. Mr. Gladstone—who, I believe, is your Minister—will exert himself more than anyone, and the more so because you do not leave behind you a single person who can replace you. I repeat, for there is no such thing as flattery between us; I

repeat, and you know it as well as I do, that you have nobody who can possibly replace you—to say nothing of there not being in the three kingdoms another man who stands so well with society and is in such favour with all parties. I do not see what reply you could make to Mr. Gladstone, were he to say to you—"You are placing us in a great difficulty. Have patience, and educate a successor for us." My hope is that, in this struggle—in which, I confess, I shall not be sorry to see you worsted—you will lay down certain conditions which will enable you to have more play and less work. You have quite as much right as a bishop has to a coadjutor. In any case, I await news of you with impatience.

I forget if I said anything to you about Madame de Montijo's eyes. She is threatened with cataract, and, besides that, with another disease called glaucoma, or glaucosa. We have here a very clever oculist, the inventor of an instrument by means of which you can see into the interior of an eye as easily as you can look at a plate. He says that, if she does not submit to an operation at once, she will be incurably blind.

She received this sentence much more calmly than we anticipated, and I think that she is resigning herself to it with a good grace. Her general state of health, moreover, is good. Here you have one more plea against the English trip; but, in any case, it was useless, as you know.

I am reading that frightful history by Carlyle, and I am continually tempted to throw the book out of the window. It bears evidence of research and labour; but its pretentiousness is unbearable, and its presumption is overweening.

The managers of the *Journal des Savants* have upset all my calculations by asking me to write an article on *L'Histoire de César*. I am in the same fix with these managers that you are with your trustees. They appeal to my feelings, and ask me for the article in question as a service to the *Journal* and themselves. I am, consequently, compelled to give way *dimittendo auriculum ut iniquæ montis asellus*. Can you tell me whether a good article on the work has appeared in any English Review, or, at all events, any article which has made a sensation in the civilised

world? And, in that case, will you kindly point it out to me? You will be doing me a great service.

M. de Flahaut left for London three days ago. I do not know whether he intends staying any time there. He asked me to go and see Scotland with him, but that is rather a "far cry" for an asthmatic individual.

CXCIII.

Paris, July 3, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I dined on Friday last at the Tuileries, where their Majesties made many enquiries after you. The Empress had heard something about your retirement, and questioned me very closely. She wished to know if you had any cause of complaint or displeasure. I replied that I knew of no reason except that you had been hard at work for many a long day, and that it was only natural that you should wish for repose; that, apart from this, so far from being displeased, you were "monarch of all you surveyed" in the Museum; that you carried your points after the

most despotic fashion, even to banishing the gorilla, under the pretext that you did not consider him good-looking enough. Varaigne also made many enquiries about you, as did Madame de la Poèze.

The Emperor is remarkably well, and looks five years younger. He has just written a very interesting pamphlet on Algeria. He has sent it, almost mysteriously, to several people. It is a very lively, thoroughly well reasoned, and, as far as I can judge, unanswerable criticism on the policy pursued in Algeria, and the administration of the war in connection with the Colony. It can only be answered in one way. Why say that your valet is no longer able to do his work? Engage another and tell him what he has to do. Moreover, both as regards style and logic, he has never done anything better.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and keep up your spirits if you can.

CXCIV.

Paris, July 9, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Emperor leaves on Wednesday for Plombières, and the Empress will in all probability betake herself at the same time to Fontainebleau, but quite alone. Later on, when the Emperor has finished his inspection of the Camp at Châlons, she intends, so I hear, to go to Biarritz.

Paris is emptying quickly; the heat is tropical, and if you have to cross the bridges you must carry an umbrella as at Cannes. I suppose the temperature of London is much the same, and you must find the evenings pleasant enough in your garden.

Mademoiselle Marguerite Libri writes to tell me about the stupefaction produced in the British Museum by the announcement of your retirement, and the hopes and fears caused by your probable successors. The most important point is to prevent yourself regretting your workshop overmuch, and, for that purpose, you should set to work as soon as possible on some book or other—

"History of My Own Life." "England and the English." These are two works I suggest to you, or else make a collection of sonnets, or a treatise *de omnibus rebus et quisbusdam aliis.* The great difficulty is the passing from slavery to freedom, and the transition must be carried out with care. You have only to turn your eyes towards what is taking place with the negroes in the United States.

You appear to be bent upon living in England. Although it is a matter open to much discussion, I am inclined to agree with you, because, with your habits, you will be at home there. I am not sure that you would be comfortable in Italy or elsewhere. And, besides, people who have arrived at our time of life are not very fond of agitation, and I have my doubts about the peace of Europe during the last years of our lives. Revolution has nowhere said its last word; that it will cross the Channel I firmly believe, but that will not be for many a long day, when we shall be past caring about it.

Lord Palmerston does not seem at all disposed to resign. He wants to die with his portfolio

under his arm, and I fancy his wish will be realised. It is a pleasant life, but there are other things pleasanter. I fear he will get up from the table too late and at a time when he will not be regretted.

You do not mention the elections. I anticipate a House almost similar to that which is dead and gone, a little more cowardly, perhaps, and a little fonder of money and peace.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am going to the Library to-morrow to discover the whereabouts of the portrait of the Infante of Portugal.

CXCV.

Paris, July 16, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I shall leave on Tuesday or Wednesday, and shall be in London towards eleven o'clock at night. If I can get away on Tuesday I will write to you to-morrow so that you may receive my letter on Tuesday morning. In any case you may rely upon my appearing on Thursday.

I spent last evening with the Condesa de Montijo, who is going on well. She no longer

wears a black bandage over her eyes, and she is allowed to remain in her room and talk. Greater courage and patience than she has displayed would be an impossibility.

The Prince Imperial has been and, I fear, is not at all well, which has caused the Emperor and Empress great anxiety and has compelled them to postpone their journey. He has been suffering from a feverish attack, but I am told that the fever has abated, and that he was much better last night. I am going to see the Countess directly and I will send you the bulletin in a postscript.

Prince Napoleon is either in Ireland or on his way thither, on board a fine man-of-war. However, he pretends that he is no longer a Prince, and he has dismissed his household. He has not lost one farthing of his personal emoluments, so that the economical fit seems rather extraordinary. A Prince ought not to be too steady, more especially when he has ambitious views.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I leave all gossip until our first *tête-à-tête,* which will be very soon.

P.S.—The news this morning is not unfavour-

able. The Prince is almost free from fever, and is beginning to show signs of an appetite. Nevertheless, I do not think that there is any certainty about his being in a convalescent state. I will give you the latest news to-morrow, but do not say a word about the illness. The Countess continues to make rapid progress.

CXCVI.

Paris, September 3, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I spent the whole of Thursday at the office of the *Journal des Savants* and at the Academy. The report of Ponsard's* illness was a fabrication, and if death does not put in an appearance among the body of immortals within twenty-seven days, I shall be well out of the business. I could not catch Madame de Montijo on Friday. Yesterday I went to dine with her, and did not forget to give her your compliments.

Here is the invoice of the Neuchatel accident:

* By the Rules of the Academy, the acting Director, when any of his colleagues was on the point of death, was charged with receiving the successor of the deceased. Mérimée was then Director of the Academy

Madame de Montebello, a broken arm; Mademoiselle Bouvet, one rib and her collar-bone broken, to say nothing of spitting blood, which has been going on for several days. She is out of danger now, but is ordered to keep her bed for a fortnight or so. The footman who prevented the carriage in which these ladies were seated from coming into collision with that of the Emperor (which would have toppled over down a declivity of fifty feet on to the roofs of the houses in Neuchatel), this footman sustained a compound fracture of one foot, and at first there was an idea of amputating it, but Nélaton managed so well that the poor devil was spared that, and will be let off with about six weeks' enforced rest, his leg being meanwhile encased in an inflexible boot made of dextrine. The Princesse Anna got off more cheaply than the others, her injuries being confined to a contusion on the cheek and another on the temple.

M. de Talleyrand recommended an absence of zeal. The people of Neuchatel displayed any amount of it. They gave the Emperor fresh horses which had never been driven, and instead of putting coachmen on the box, some gentlemen

handled the reins. It was purely by a miracle that they were not all precipitated sixty feet into space when the whistle of an engine caused the horses to take fright. The Empress returned to Fontainebleau to-day with the Princesse Anna. I believe the others who are hurt will remain at Switzerland for some days. They are, however, going on well.

I am both sorry and glad, my dear Panizzi, that you miss me. I assure you that my lonely dinners are very dull. I hurry through my repast in five or six minutes; and, whilst on the subject of eating, I cannot help saying that I think you are cruel, after having fattened me up as they do geese, by taking advantage of their greediness, to reproach me with not having done justice to your *cuisine*, which is worthy of Balthazar. Besides, all my friends consider that I must have done ample justice to it. During my absence Miss Lagden has procured me the bow of a Tartar chief, who was unlucky enough to be killed at Palikao. In strength and stiffness it is a worthy pendant to the bow of Ulysses. Well, thanks to your corned beef, I bent it at the first essay.

You will have seen that M. de Walewski has been appointed President of the *Corps Législatif.* He was elected almost unanimously for his Department, but his election was not verified by the Chamber, and it seems to me that, constitutionally speaking, he is not yet a Deputy. But he needed both the residence and the salary, and to ask is to have now-a-days.

There are a few cases of cholera in Paris, but not of an epidemic character. The heat is dreadful during the day, though the nights are very cool. The melons and peaches are excellent, and there is no difficulty about getting a stomach-ache. A word by the way. It appears that the cholera at Marseilles is not one whit more virulent.

My article in the *Journal des Savants* has been passed, *nemine contradicente.* It will appear on the 1st of October. Cousin was very much pleased with it. I saw the Duchesse Colonna the day before yesterday, and she desired to be remembered to you.

Madame de Montijo's sight is rather better. She goes out without spectacles and is well pleased with her slight improvement.

The *fêtes* at Brest and Portsmouth are not relished by the Opposition. Its stalking-horse is the re-establishment of the old Provinces and the destruction of the very useful work of the Convention, which, when it invented the Departments, strengthened the national unity. It could not perpetrate anything more foolish or ridiculous, but hate is blind. Broglie, Guizot, *e tutti quanti*, are hand and glove in this brilliant idea. Thiers lets them have their way without signifying his approval.

All the Ministers are out of town. Their Majesties also. There is no longer any government, but everything is perfectly quiet. The Emperor will leave for Biarritz on the 5th or 6th, and on the 12th the Queen of Spain may, possibly, ask you for a bed. As for me, until I have corrected my proofs, I am not a free agent.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am afraid of becoming too poetical or too *missish* if I were to tell you how much I think of you, of our present solitude, and of our past pleasant evenings.

CXCVII.

Paris, September 6, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I received your letter this morning. The footman, who saved their Majesties, and in whom you were so much interested, died the day before yesterday. The Emperor, as well as the Empress, was very much affected by his death. They leave for Biarritz this evening. Mademoiselle Bouvet is not going on very favourably, and there is much uneasiness felt on her account. Madame de Montebello is better, but is still in great pain.

At Fontainebleau they are in good health, and persevering in their good resolutions. The upshot of the line of conduct which has been laid down is as follows:—No more Eugénie, nothing but the Empress. I regret and admire. In addition, a renewal of confidence and friendship on both sides.

The alliance of the hostile parties is becoming closer and closer, and so long as destruction is the order of the day, they will be on the best of terms. The recent elections were carried by a combination of the Legitimists, Orleanists, and

Republicans. The three minorities won the day. It must be added that Persigny, by filling the cup to overflowing on the occasion of the last general election, put Government candidates almost out of the field. The moment you tell a Frenchman to do a thing, he refuses, although it may be the very thing he most wants to do. I am told that M. de la Valette has written a very remarkable memorandum to the Emperor on this subject. To point out the evil is easy; the difficulty is to discover a remedy.

There seems to be much uneasiness in Italy in connection with the elections. Mazzini and your friend Garibaldi are reported to be preparing some stupendous folly, which may turn out to be disastrous. Seeing that France and England are more united than they have ever been, it would be just as well if they both used the same language in Italy. Do not you think that if the electors follow the same tactics as in France, that is to say, if the Mazzinians and the Papists unite, a very dangerous Chamber may result? Is it true that M. Lanza retired because of a proposition to conclude a secret Treaty with Austria

on the basis of mutual disarmament? Sartiges, who arrived in Paris a few days ago, has great expectations of the evacuation of Rome being accomplished without obstruction, and of the Pope becoming tractable at the last moment.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I said all that was proper on your behalf to the Comtesse de Montijo and her nephew and niece. Everybody, including the Duchesse de Malakof, is going on as well as can be expected. I leave you to correct my article.* I am told that I ought to have a special proof pulled for the perusal of his Majesty? What do you think? This kind of thing to me savours of familiarity, but we are living under a democratic monarchy.

CXCVIII.

Paris, September 10, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You will be glad to hear that the Emperor's footman is not dead, as I was told at the Ministry of State. He is better, and amputation will not be necessary. The remainder of

* On the *Vie de César*, for the *Journal des Savants*.

those who were hurt are going on as well as possible. The Princesse Anna is in Paris. I went to her house to write my name, and I added a line to say how sorry you were to hear of her accident. Have I done right?

Another Princess, the Princesse Mathilde, with whom I dined on Thursday, desired to be remembered to you.

What you tell me about Lord Palmerston is very sad. But why does he wish to die on the field of battle? Do you think his glory will be the greater for another Session? Perhaps he imagines that his presence will be a support to the Liberal party. That reminds me of the poem of "Antar." When the hero dies his friends tie the corpse on his horse's back, and thus frighten their enemies. I am much obliged to you for having mentioned me to her ladyship.

The Conde de las Navas has left for Madrid. I do not know yet what the Comtesse de Montijo will do; I think she will go to Biarritz on the return of the Queen to Zarauz.

There is not a native cat left in Paris, but, by way of compensation, foreigners swarm all over

it. At every turn one is asked the way to the Palais-Royal in German or British gibberish.

M. de Goltz, the Prussian Minister, is at Biarritz, as great a fire-eater as ever. I cannot understand his being received after his Minister's nephew having broken the head of a Strasburg man, your Queen's cook. In days of yore the manner in which justice is dispensed in Prussia would have brought about some curious complications.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and drink nothing that is not cold; it is decidedly the best form of happiness as times go.

CXCIX.

Paris, September 12, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I went yesterday with Madame de Montijo to see the Princesse Anna. Her cheeks are symmetrical once more. She has still a red mark on the cheek-bone which received the blow, and one of her eyes is slightly discoloured. She gave us a very charming account of the accident. She cannot remember how she fell; she only recollects having seen the Swiss Colonel, who was

driving the horses, up in the air far above her head. When she was picked up she was on her knees holding her head between her hands. She was then carried into a shop, where Duperrey found her, and she afterwards walked to where the Empress was, and spoke to her; at least, so she was told, for she was not conscious of what she did, and it was not until three or four hours after the accident that she realized what had happened.

The Swiss doctors took it into their heads to change Mademoiselle Bouvet's dress, and in so doing they displaced the collar-bone which Nélaton had set. It is feared that she will always have a slight swelling just at the top of the bust you saw and admired so much. She is going on tolerably well, however, and there is every hope of her being able to be brought to Paris in a fortnight's time. Madame de Montebello also is on the high road to recovery. The Princesse Anna will probably go to Biarritz in a few days.

The brother of the Comtesse X., a young man of about thirty, and, I think, your companion in the ascent of La Rune, cut his throat the other

day. He was about to be married, and had himself made choice of a rather pretty girl. He took the precaution of receiving the sacrament, and then went to bed with a crucifix in his left hand, and in his right the razor with which he did the deed. *Salute a noi.*

I presented M. Cousin to Madame de Montijo, yesterday. They appear to have been mutually pleased with each other. He is still of the right way of thinking, and deplores the follies of his whilom friends.

What takes M. de Bismark to Biarritz? There is no doubt about his going there. The Alsatians considered themselves all outraged in the person of the cook whose skull the Comte d'Eulembourg broke. They are drawing up a petition to the Senate, which will be embarrassing. If we were younger the outcome of all this might be serious. In my opinion, if the Emperor would only speak sharply to M. de Goltz, so as to render the Prussians uneasy, he would score a great success among the populace.

I saw M. de Sartiges yesterday. He is afraid of the Romans and the Mazzinians making fools

of themselves as soon as ever the evacuation has taken place. According to him, everything depends upon the forthcoming elections, the result of which, he thinks, is rather uncertain. The great misfortune is a want of men, a failing which appears universal in the nineteenth century.

Rumour has it that the verification of Walewski's election will be strenuously opposed, and that it took place before he had resigned his post as Senator. The beggar is so fond of money that he did not send in his resignation, lest, if he were not elected, he should lose his thirty thousand francs.

The Comte X., recently deceased at Rome, and Cardinal of I do not know where, has left all his fortune to his Secretary, whom he loved as Shakespeare loved the Count of Pembroke. Immense disappointment on the part of his sisters.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have placed you at the feet of Princesses, Countesses, &c., &c., all of whom send their compliments and thanks.

CC.

Biarritz, September 21, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I was summoned here by telegram, and I had so many things to do before starting that I was not able to write you a line. I travelled with M. de Persigny, who is on his way to Spain.

Everybody is well, except the Empress, who still suffers slightly from her throat. I am afraid the sea air is not very good for her. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial are perfectly well. The Prince has grown, and his face has become rather longer. He is still as active and as gentlemanly as when you saw him last. He enquired after you, and so did their Majesties, who also have a hundred and fifty times asked the "reason why" of your retirement. I told them that you had turned lazy and a philosopher, but that the change would not prevent your coming to pay your respects whenever you passed through France.

Madame de Labedoyère and Madame de Lourmel are in waiting, with Varaignes, de Caux, &c. The Princesse Anna is expected to-morrow or the day after.

The weather, which was lovely when I arrived, is unsettled to-night, and we have had some rain to-day. We should have been baked alive if it had not fallen. M. Fould has arrived, and is occupying your room.

The —— are in the town, and have asked after their travelling companion up La Rune. Their daughter is going to be married very soon to a Secretary of Legation, six feet high. The brother of the Comtesse —— at Madrid was also going to be married, and the prospect, or the reproaches of a former mistress, made him cut his throat after having been to confession and taken the sacrament, a precaution which you, in all probability, would have neglected under similar circumstances.

The Court is here, I imagine, for the remainder of the month. Then there are all sorts of projects, God knows what. A sea voyage, perhaps, as the doctors say that a trip on the ocean for a few days might be beneficial to the disordered bronchial tubes. M. Fould was cured in that way after he had been given up by the faculty as hopelessly consumptive. As for me, I think of being in Paris at the beginning of October.

The cholera appears to be tolerably lively at Toulon, and it may possibly travel to Cannes and Nice. As far as I am concerned, I am not in the least afraid of it, because I am persuaded that, by taking simple precautions, it may easily be avoided; but, as you know, I have others dependent upon me, and I do not know what I ought to do. However, according to every probability, the disease, even if it should penetrate among our mountains, will have said good-bye in November, and we shall possibly reap some benefit from it in the shape of a diminished influx of visitors. Up to the present time, the epidemic has not got beyond Toulon. After the exceptional heat of August and September, it is not at all wonderful that many people should be suffering from dysentery, which, by the aid of imagination and fright, becomes cholera.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. What is the meaning of *paladansentum?* There is no Forcellini here; the Emperor says *cloak;* I say *cassock, cuirass, armour.*

CCI.

Biarritz, October 3, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We shall leave Biarritz for Paris on the 7th or 8th of this month. Their Majesties are in very good health.

Emile de Girardin's daughter has just died of diptheria. The Empress sent her own doctor in spite of the danger, and even went to see the sufferer, a child of five years of age. Girardin seems to have been deeply touched by this mark of interest, which was more generous than prudent. I hope no ill results will follow.

The weather is still lovely, and I have never seen in summer anything to compare with the last month.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not forget, before passing the Rubicon, to leave a bridge standing. The morning mail is just leaving, and I close my letter in haste.

CCII.

Paris, October 13, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I arrived here last night with their Majesties, who met me at the Ivry station, whence we started with them three years ago. They are quite well. I have passed a wretched night, in a state of semi-suffocation, a thing which has not befallen me for several months. It is my welcome from my native land.

The Emperor and M. de Bismark had a long conversation, but neither of them has informed me of the purport of it. My impression was that he was received politely, but with a certain amount of coldness. He appeared to me to be a man *comme il faut*, with more wit than is common among the Germans, and something like a diplomatic Humboldt.

Madame de ——, as a German, admired M. de Bismark immensely, and we teazed her by threatening her with the boldness of this great man, whom she seemed to encourage. A few days ago I painted and cut out a very good likeness of M. de Bismark, and this evening their

Majesties and I went into her room. We put the likeness on her pillow, a bolster under the clothes to represent the protuberance caused by a human body, and then the Empress arranged a handkerchief over its forehead in the shape of a nightcap. In the dusk of the room the illusion was complete. When their Majesties had retired we managed to detain Madame de —— for some time, so as to allow the Emperor and Empress to post themselves at the bottom of the corridor; then we all pretended to go to our respective rooms. Madame de —— went into hers, remained there a short time, then rushed out in hot haste, and knocked at Madame de Lourmel's door, calling out in a pitiable voice, "There is a man in my bed!" Unfortunately Madame de Lourmel could not keep her countenance, and the laughter of the Empress from the other end of the corridor spoiled everything.

The best joke of all we heard subsequently. One of the Emperor's footmen went into the bedroom and, seeing the head, retired precipitately, mumbling out profuse excuses. Then he went and told everybody that there was a man in

the bed. Some hazarded the suspicion that it was M. de ——, who had come to stay with his wife, but that was scouted as improbable. Eugène, who had seen me manipulating the likeness, prevented a general rush to get to the bottom of the affair.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Write and let me know the day of your arrival.

CCIII.

Paris, October 17, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

I guessed rightly, including the objection you have raised. It does not seem a serious one to me. Lord Wellington had a pension from Spain, and probably from other countries, and nobody reproached him. It is by no means likely that any question will arise in the Italian Senate during our lifetime which would place you in an embarrassing position. England is withdrawing herself more and more from continental affairs. Even supposing that such a question should arise, and you were reproached on the score of your pension, you would have a capital

reply, in true Ciceronian style, ready to your hand. "*Verumenimvero*, you proscribed me, you hanged me; England received me, rewarded me for long services, and, during my exile, I have very frequently had to share British gold with many of you," &c., &c. You would wind up with this peroration which, though not to be found in Cicero, is none the less apt,

"*J'ai raison et tu as tort !*"

From my point of view, the great advantage you would gain from being in the Senate would be occupation. As you know, I dread the effect of idleness upon you after your lengthened period of work. You would find there something serious to do, as well as the opportunity of being useful. You have learnt many things among the English which are needed on the Continent. You will import these things into your own country, and will do your best to naturalize them. Lastly, and, perhaps, first in importance, you will be able to support prudent measures, and withstand the follies against which the Italian Government will have to guard itself for many a long day. For all this, it seems to me, you are eminently

fitted, and you could do it without killing yourself.

One point remains to be considered. You have settled down in London too soon. You would have done better, perhaps, to have waited for that curule chair which so many people saw looming in the future for you. All this is so much money thrown away if you go to Italy. It would be almost impossible for you to keep up your head quarters in London and to live senatorially at Florence. I would not advise you to adopt such a course. It would be more difficult to defend, possibly, than the pension, if the force of circumstances did not compel you to reside in Italy. But will you not regret your rooms, your club, and your English friends? If I were in your place my only difficulty would be precisely that change of habits.

If you were more addicted to intrigues than you are, I should call your attention to the circumstance that M. d'Azeglio* is talking of retiring, and you are the very man the King of Italy ought to have in London, if he would be really

* M. d'Azeglio was the Italian Minister in England.

and usefully served. I am afraid you are destitute of political ambition, and have no taste for Courts and etiquette. As regards the answer which has not reached you, I am less surprised than you are, because I have lived with ministers and know their want of punctuality. If his Excellency, who wrote to you, has some newspaper or other at his heels, if he is in the midst of some political botheration, or if the ballet-girl, whom he has, no doubt, under his protection, requires her quarter's salary, that is quite enough to impair his memory. Or perhaps his silence is only due to his having to consult the King, who is always on the move and not easily caught.

The Emperor asked me, a few days ago, whether you were going to sit in the Italian Parliament? Does he know anything, or did he ask me because he thought it a step you ought to take? *Nescio.*

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. All you have to do is to sleep on both ears and reflect upon the *commoda et incommoda*, pending the receipt of the reply which cannot be very long in coming.

CCIV.

Paris, October 24, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The death of Lord Palmerston is a good death, such an one as I should wish for myself and my friends. He was the most fortunate man of the present century. He did almost everything he liked, and his likings were for things good and beautiful. He had any number of friends. He leaves a great name behind him, and an ineffaceable memory among those who knew him. If you can find an opportunity of mentioning my name to Lady Palmerston when you see her, you will be conferring a favour upon me. You may tell her that the press here has been unanimous in its praises. Plenty of historical and other blunders have been made, of course, among others the statement that Lady Palmerston is dead, &c., &c.; but there has been no display of spite in any quarter, and a tone of respect has been observed among all parties, a rare homage in France, as you know. The Emperor and Empress have expressed much regret privately, and I believe they have written to her ladyship.

We have yet to learn what posterity will say. In my opinion, he will be severely blamed for his conduct in connection with American affairs. If he had concluded the projected treaty with France, he would not only have saved the lives of many hundreds of Yankees (not a source of much regret), but would also, for many a long day, have warded off from Europe a detestable influence which may one day become active intervention.

The cholera is still playing its pranks. It has got hold of the drunkards and is making great havoc among them. During the last few days it has had many victims among children. But, taking it altogether, the results are not very serious—nothing like the cholera of 1832. The majority of those who are attacked get over it. I give you my theory on the cholera. People only die when they are disposed to die, or when they are compelled to work, either from motives of duty or for their daily bread. The cholera will very probably pay you a visit. I command you in the most emphatic manner to go to bed and read Ariosto from beginning to end when you feel

the first symptom. There is nothing to hinder you drinking tea or light punch. When you have reached the twelfth or thirteenth stanza your interior economy will be once more in thorough repair, and you may resume your epicurean mode of life.

I see by this evening's paper that the elections in Italy are favourable. You are decidedly a reasonable people, such of you as are neither Popes nor priests. Why have they deprived me of my Mérode? Do you know anything about it? The regiments to leave Rome are named. M. de Montebello is starting to wish them good-bye. His wife has now recovered almost completely from her accident, and Mademoiselle Bouvet also.

There never was anybody so spoiled by the women as you are, except old Ellice. I cannot conceive of the audacity of the Countess ——.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and remember me to your friends. Present my compliments to Mr. Gladstone, who will be Prime Minister before a year is over. Lord Russell is not likely to last so long.

CCV.

Paris, November 2, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Your friend the Princesse Anna Murat is going to be married. She is to marry the Duc de Mouchy, who is one of the best of the young men of the present day. He is a fortnight or a month younger than she is, has an income of a hundred thousand *livres*, and a pleasant face ; he is very polished and much more natural than *cocodès* are as a rule. The funny part of the business is that he is allied or related to all the most rabid Legitimists in the country. The Duc de Noailles is his uncle. Will he go to the wedding? *Chi lo sa?*

At Biarritz we thought the Infante Don Enrique was the lucky man. It is true that his great uncle had our grandfather shot, but these are old considerations which, according to the clever ones of this world, ought not to be taken into account in modern politics. And now what position will the Princesse Anna and her ducal consort take at Court? Perhaps you, who are so clever on matters of etiquette, will kindly answer me that.

M. Fould professes himself satisfied with his finances. All the economies he proposes, and they are considerable, appear to be agreed to. He is loud in his praises of the *master*, and especially of the Empress, who has backed him up vigorously. If, as I hope, our finances are restored to a healthy condition, and if nothing unforeseen crops up, I do not quite see what tune the Opposition will have to play. Everybody is beginning to be tired of the variations on the freedom of the press.

There is still a rumour, though I do not put much faith in it, that the troops will return from Mexico this summer. It would appear as if the United States would in that case recognize Maximilian, and as if he were strong enough to hold his own.—*Amen!*

I am not pleased to see Mr. Gladstone in the Russell Ministry. He seems to me to expose himself to, and run the risk of, being made a tool. This appears to me to be the situation; the fractions which compose the majority, having no longer the skill, knowledge, and conciliatory spirit of Lord Palmerston to keep them together, will fall, some one way and some another. If Lord Russell

brings in a Reform Bill he will, perhaps, be beaten, and the Whig party will tumble very nearly to pieces. If he pigeon-holes the Bill, for which nobody is very anxious, the Radicals, the Irish, and the fools among the Liberals will abandon him, and he may sustain a defeat on the first political motion that is brought forward. Mr. Gladstone will, however, have to bear all the brunt of the debate as well as all the responsibility of the struggle, and if he succeeds he will only add to Lord Russell's importance. *Sic vos, non vobis.* I am inclined to think that, if he had just now a slight attack of gout which would prevent his sitting down for some time, he would subsequently only have to stoop to pick up the portfolio of Prime Minister.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I saw his Majesty at Saint Cloud on Monday. Mademoiselle Bouvet is quite well again. The Empress has a severe cold. I think they will go to Compiègne towards the 10th or 12th, if the cholera comes to an end, as it has every appearance of doing.

CCVI.

Compiègne, November 16, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have been ill for some days, but, nevertheless, instead of being at Cannes, where I should have preferred hiding myself, here I am. I am taking advantage of a hunt to which everybody has gone, to write to you. We are a tolerably aged set here, not knowing each other, and not taking over much pains to become better acquainted. We are serious into the bargain—to which I do not object in our hosts, who frequently allow the people whom they invite to amuse themselves too much.

We have here the Turkish Ambassador, Saffet Pasha, who speaks French well for a Turk. He sits on the right of the Empress, and yesterday at dinner he said to her, "A very ridiculous letter on Algeria has appeared in the newspapers." You must know that all the newspapers have published the Emperor's letter to Marshal MacMahon. The Empress turned very red and, anxious to give the poor Turk a loop-hole for escape, said, "You know who wrote the letter?" "No, I do

not, but I do know that he must be an idiot!" All who heard the conversation were ready to explode with laughter. "But it was the Emperor!" exclaimed the Empress. "Not at all," replied the Ambassador; "it was a priest who wanted to convert the Mussulmen." And, as it turned out, some priest or other had written a letter which was published that very day, but had escaped notice. You know the Empress's face and the mobility of her expression, and can easily picture to yourself the scene.

The formation of your Ministry does not proceed very rapidly. You may well say that you do not think it will be a robust one. In the first place, a Prime Minister can never be very comfortable when he has a second in command more powerful than himself. You know how Agamemnon got on with Achilles. In the second place, the most important qualification for a Prime Minister is conciliation. I do not think that it is so with Lord Russell. He is more like virjuice, which turns every sauce sour. We have yet to learn of what the Tories are capable. Probably they are in a worse position than the Whigs.

Among us economy is the order of the day. The army and navy are being reduced. All the Ministers are turning adrift their hard bargains. I think this will do great honour to the Emperor and M. Fould, and much good to the finances of the country.

When in Paris M. de Bismark commissioned Rothschild to propose to M. de Müllinen, the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, the cession of Holstein to Prussia, he, Rothschild, advancing the funds. The proposal was received by the Austrians with a very bad grace, and has given rise to considerable scandal. M. de Bismark does not speak in high terms of the reception accorded him in Paris.

The King of the Belgians is reported to be in a dying state.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself. You ought to get a cat by way of completing your *personnel*. Shall I get one for you?

CCVII.

Paris, November 22, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I found their Majesties, as well as the Prince Imperial, in the enjoyment of perfect health at Compiègne. We spent our time rather soberly without charades or any similar amusement. The only thing we had was a Chinese lantern, displayed by M. Leverrier, the astronomer. He showed us photographs of the moon and the planets just as the seven wonders of the world are exhibited at a fair. The Turkish Ambassador, who probably expected to see Caragueuz or some other Anacreontic spectacle, almost protested, and declared that he did not believe one word of what had been told him about the sun.

Military men are crying out against the reduction of the army, but the step has the approval of the mass of the public. I see by the English newspapers that it has been favourably received on your side of the Channel. M. Fould appears to be on the best of terms with the Emperor, and, for the moment, nothing is thought of but the reduction

of the budget. If we could only get rid of the Mexican business all would run as smoothly as a billiard ball.

Reports say that the state of Jamaica is serious, and that Ireland is not improving. Fenianism is very like our *Marianne*, less dangerous, I imagine, on account of the good sense of England, who knows how, when repression is needed, to put sentimentality out of sight. We should never hang people as they are being hanged in Jamaica now.

I have just been sent for and have only time to say good-bye. I shall be at Cannes on Sunday evening.

CCVIII.

Cannes, December 2, 1865.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

A week ago the weather here was magnificent, very calm and almost too hot, but for the last three days we have been having storms. Yesterday it thundered from six o'clock in the morning till night fell. It is a sign of the change of season and the beginning of winter, in other words, the incoming of the fine weather, dry,

with warm days and cold nights, a very healthy time when the whole day may be spent in the open air. Edouard Fould is to arrive towards the 15th of this month with Arago (Alfred). We are also expecting Queen Emma, whose cannibal chest needs ass's milk to restore it to its proper condition. At the present time there are not many people in Cannes, and few, if any, French. The majority of the hotels are deserted. The cholera has not reached this place, and has entirely disappeared from Naples.

The day before yesterday we had a visit from Prince Napoleon and the Princesse Clotilde. They are on their way to Paris; I do not know whether they will go to Compiègne during the visit of the King of Portugal. When I left Paris there was a rumour that the Empress had invited the Princesse Clotilde, and that Prince Napoleon had been asked to resume his post as President of the Committee of the Universal Exhibition. The truth of the matter is, that, since he resigned, everything has been going to the devil. On the other hand, to hark back and restore him to a position which he can abuse is too great a risk.

A goodly crop of minor evils seems to be falling to the lot of the new Cabinet; the American claims, Chili, and the Fenians. There is one good thing about the Fenians—they will make the English understand what a Red Republic is, with us, unfortunately, a more serious affair than in Ireland.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Remember me to our friends. I had some question or other to ask you, but I have forgotten it since I began my letter. A sign of old age.

CCIX.

Cannes, December 18, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

We are having extraordinary weather, even for this country. Up to the present time the winter has been so mild that the oak trees have not even shed their leaves, nor have the latter changed colour. All the other trees are either in leaf or in flower, and we have had anemones already. But what will interest you more than all is the news that excellent white truffles have reached us from Genoa. Yesterday

Fould and I had a large dish of them, just warmed and seasoned with the virgin oil of this country and a little citron juice, or, what goes even better with them, the juice of bitter oranges.

A catastrophe is expected in Spain. The *Progresistas* have reached the last degree of irritation, the dynasty the last degree of contempt, and, judging from the tone affairs have taken, the *dénouement* can only be an appeal to arms. It is, moreover, I think, the only chance of safety for the Queen; O'Donnell is just the man to put down any rising with as much rigour as the Governor of Jamaica has shown. It will add a few more years to the existence of the throne of her Catholic Majesty.

Can you explain to me what is going on in Italy, for I do not understand it in the least? Where is the majority, and what does it want? Is Parliament to witness a war of portfolios or a war of principles? I am very much afraid of some piece of stupidity or other being committed in the direction of Venetia or Rome, with the special object of preventing the completion of the evacuation.

I like the Jamaica business immensely. England invariably finds men of energy who rise to the level of circumstances, and who possess not only energy, but sufficient devotion to enable them to risk committing the greatest atrocities, if such things be necessary. It appears to me that more people have been hanged than ought to have been, and some, perhaps, who ought not to have been; but the insurrection has been stopped, and the example will stand even if the Governor falls. That is the proper line of policy, unfortunately never practised and, perhaps, impracticable in this country.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am all impatience to have news of you.

CCX.

Cannes, December 27, 1865.

My Dear Panizzi,

The death of Bixio has distressed me greatly. He died calmly and courageously. On the evening before his death he talked as clearly as possible to Pereire, Biestat and Salvador for four hours about affairs connected with their Com-

pany. One of his old college friends came in and told him that he was looking well. Bixio replied with a smile, "You are as great an old fool as you have been ever since I knew you; do you not see that I shall be dead in a few hours?" He said to Villemot, "You are afraid of dying; I assure you it is no great thing after all; see me do it." After he had taken leave of all his friends, and said good-bye to his children, he turned his face to the wall and remained for some hours in the agonies of death, without speaking, and, as far as could be judged, without much suffering. Dr. Trousseau went into the room and called him, raising his voice as he did so. The dying man lifted up his head and replied, "I am ready." He died an hour afterwards. He formally desired that there should neither be any pomp or any speeches at his funeral. No church either. There was a great crowd of all parties at his funeral. Prince Napoleon came express from Prangins. Death is no respecter of persons. *Salute a noi*, as they say in Corsica.

The weather here is extraordinary, even for

this country. For nearly twenty days we have not seen a cloud; from nine o'clock to four it is as warm as in the beginning of June. I see by the newspapers that Paris and London are enveloped in fogs as thick as mustard.

I think, as you do, that Italian affairs are in a bad state. However, good sense is more common with you than in the rest of Europe, and that is a hopeful sign. The general indifference is, in my opinion, the worst symptom. Never have the electors been less in earnest, or more indifferent as to the result. That state of things is only permissible in a country where all the great questions are decided, and where the point is, not what a Minister will do, but who is to be a Minister. In England alone have they attained to that happy state where Ministers and Opposition have but one and the same policy. I am very much afraid the Mazzinians will take advantage of the universal apathy to commit some fresh folly. It is just in such moments as these that a mere handful of hot heads may impel the foolish and indifferent into doubtful paths and over precipices.

My letters say that the reforms introduced by

M. Fould have given sore displeasure to the army. This is but natural, but I do not see anything serious in it. The army is always well disposed, thanks to discipline and the honour of the flag. M. Fould appears to be in high favour with the *master*. Let me know whether his report has been well received in England. He seems to be content with the financial situation, and I fancy he has got all he asked for, which means a little more than he expected.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you a happy New Year, in which the ladies join me.

CCXI.

Cannes, January 7, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Did you see the great fire in St. Catherine's docks from your observatory? I remember all Captain Shaw's boasting about his steam fire-engines, and I see that it took ten days to get the better of the fire! If you see him, congratulate him for me on not having been suffocated. I see by the newspapers that he had a narrow escape.

I am very uneasy about affairs in Spain. The same measure that O'Donnell has meted out is being meted out to him. The whole question turns upon whether the army, or the greater part of it, will remain faithful. If that question is answered in the negative, rest assured that on the other side of the Pyrenees there will either be a Republic or anarchy very much resembling one, the proximity of which will do us no good. If Prim is caught on the hip or shot, as he deserves to be, the chaste Isabella will have a few more years to the good.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The ladies send you all sorts of complimentary messages and good wishes. The weather is magnificent, and we are enjoying a sun such as you in London only see at the opera.

CCXII.

Cannes, January 24, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am puzzling my brains over this question—whether, with a new Parliament, in which Mr. Gladstone will have greater freedom,

and will be probably listened to with more attention than ever, the logical reorganization of scientific and artistic institutions will not have a great chance of success. Your retirement, in itself, will furnish an argument, for nobody can say that the new system (the honour as well as the responsibility of inventing it cannot fail to devolve upon you) has been invented to serve any personal end. Among us, and among you, too, I imagine the mere idea of anything of that kind makes Members of Parliament look upon the very best measures with a certain degree of suspicion. Your *finale* will be an admirable one, and I should be the first to entreat you to be patient during the interval necessary to ensure success. I should be entirely of the opposite opinion if there were any question of driving the machine after the old erratic fashion. Unfortunately, all this is dependent on the success of the new Cabinet, a very problematical success according to many people. Whatever may come to pass, I advise you to consider thoroughly, *quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*, and not to wear yourself out in your devotion.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Newton. Archæology has sustained a severe loss. When you have an opportunity, say a word to Newton for me. I have not written to him, because I did not think he would care very much for any expression of condolence from me, to say nothing of my being a very bad hand at composing such common-places.

Our Session has commenced in earnest. I am rather pleased with the Speech from the Throne, which is promising on all important points. The Emperor appears to be bent on satisfying actual needs and conceding practical liberty, being careful at the same time to refuse the theoretical concessions which are demanded by the Opposition, but for which, in my opinion, the country is very ill-prepared. I do not believe that such freedom of the Press as exists in England could be established in France without its being followed by a revolution. In France there neither are, nor will be for some time to come, any juries courageous enough to find our Fenians guilty. On the other hand, if you read our newspapers you may well ask if the freedom of the Press

does not already exist! Any man who knows how to write, and has gone through a course of rhetoric, can always find means of saying everything that seems good to him; the restrictions of the Press, in fact, only apply to the vulgar and the foolish, whose literary aspirations it is worse than useless, I think, to encourage.

I have seen Lord Brougham constantly during the past few days. He is like a walking mummy. Yesterday I lunched with Lord Glenelg, my neighbour, who asked particularly after you. He seems hale and hearty, and, judging by the way in which he eats, he is likely to last for a long time yet.

I see that Lady Palmerston has refused a Peerage. I was pleased, though not surprised, to hear it. When you see her, make an opportunity of remembering me to her.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The ladies send all sorts of kind messages.

CCXIII.

Cannes, February 2, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am very like a fish out of water. I live simply from day to day, and make no plans. I see that you have not yet arrived at that sublime point of practical philosophy, and that you are mapping out a trip to Italy. I do not see any great harm in that, but you ought to lay down your plans after a clearer fashion. You tell me that you want to go to Kissengen, and you add—" I mean to go to Italy from the beginning to the end of that month." This sentence lacks precision. To what month does it allude? If it alludes to the month which you will spend at Kissengen, the matter at once becomes serious and smacks of heresy, by reason of your allowing it to be understood that you could be in Germany and Italy at one and the same time—an attribute which belongs only to *M. L'Être*. Mind you do not get into a scrape with his vicar, with whom you do not stand over-well as it is. However, if the mysterious month of your trip coincides with my holidays, I shall be delighted to while it away

in your society, and in eating macaroni. But where are you going? Italy is large, and we could not possibly see the whole boot in a month.

It appears to me that our *Corps Législatif*, with its interminable verification of powers, is affording Europe a tolerably ridiculous spectacle. If any estimate can be formed from this commencement, the debate on the Address will, in all probability, last for a month at least. There exists still the same mean, petty spirit which characterises the Legislative Assembly and the Republic; still the same ignorance and incapacity for dealing with serious matters; still the same insatiable appetite for words—*verba prætereaque nihil.*

Report says that the Government will allow of no discussion on Mexican affairs, for the very good reason that the negotiations with the United States are pending, and that a debate might be injurious. If this be so, the Opposition will have no other stalking-horse than the reduction of the army.

I meet plenty of people here who do not like the way in which your Session is going on. They all

regret that Mr. Gladstone should have tied such a mill-stone as the Reform Bill round his neck, and they assert that he will not be able to extricate himself. I imagine that, if the Cabinet were to be altered, you would regain your absolute freedom, and this consideration makes me indifferent as to what sort of a Bill will be introduced.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am pretty well, though I have a cold. Take care of yourself, and think of me sometimes.

CCXIV.

Cannes, February 13, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I see by the *Times*, which I read religiously, that there is a great question of reorganising the British Museum. I am afraid they will set about it after the French fashion; I mean, that they will turn everything topsy-turvy instead of introducing gradual and prudent improvements. And, first of all, is it possible to suppress the Trustees? Would it be possible to

thank the representatives of those who have bestowed gifts on the British Museum, and get rid of their *surveillance*, without infringing the testamentary dispositions of the original donors? Again, in the case of an institution which must spend a great amount of money, would not an independent company, having within itself the influential men of all parties, be the best combination for procuring funds? Lastly, although trustees may often turn out to be idle, meddlesome, or stupid, will not they, after all, be better than a Minister who is very busy, and, from the exigencies of politics, in the power of the Bœotians, with whom England abounds. I tried, but in vain, to introduce trustees into the re-organisation of the Imperial Library, and, in doing so, I had evidence of the jealousy and touchiness of the Government, who are opposed to the surrender of the least of their attributes so long as a protectorate of any kind is attached to it. The very moment the appointment of under-strappers is vested in the hands of a Minister, you may rely upon their being chosen less for their skill in the performance of their duties than for the effect which

their appointment will have on the vote of Mr. This or That.

I have been very much struck by the manner in which the newspapers, for some time past, have spoken of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Is the old English loyalty, like the aristocracy, dying out? She is blamed, I know, for her German proclivities; but of what importance can they be in the case of a constitutional Queen hedged around as yours is?

I have not had any direct news from the Comtesse de Montebello for some time past; but I know that she is pretty well, and that her eyes are no worse. I wrote to her a little time ago, and told her about you, and sent her your respectful compliments. In her last letter she asked me to pay a visit to Spain with you—a severe trial for one who is fond of good living.

I have no idea of going back to Paris just yet. In the first place, I have managed to catch cold, in spite of the fine weather, and I do not care about confronting the fogs and cold winds of Paris at this season. In the second place, the debate on the Address is not a great event among

us, and it lasts so long and is of so little real importance, that I have no wish to take part in it. I purpose returning for the discussion on the organ * question, of which I am the reporter, and which I intend to oppose. As far as I can judge, I shall not strike my tent until the end of this month.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not work too hard. Remember me to our friends.

CCXV.

Cannes, February 22, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have just read the report of the sitting in the House of Commons in which the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* was agreed to. I do not think very highly of Mr. Gladstone's speech or the discussion on the whole. It is clear that nobody told the whole truth, and yet everybody appears to be convinced of the danger. If I had been Lord O'Donoghue (by the way, why is he called *the* O'Donoghue, and not *Mr.?*), I

* See letter of April 26, 1866.

should have contrasted the gravity of the proposed measure with the miserable little facts cited by the Minister. Sir G. Grey said that he had found a list of three hundred conspirators, who possessed four swords, one revolver, &c. But the great beauty of the Parliamentary *régime* is that nobody tells the truth. All is pure fiction, and, nevertheless, it is thoroughly understood, despite the mysterious language employed, that everybody knows what he is talking about. I do not quite see why.

The proceedings in Ireland ought to open the eyes of the English and the French, who wonder at their own institutions, on the difficulties of government in France. We, too, have our Fenians, a hundredfold more dangerous and more numerous than they are in Ireland. Give these people the liberty they demand, and which M. Thiers declares is necessary for all nations, and you would have a revolution in three months. The greatest misfortune, in my opinion, which could befall a nation, would be the possession of institutions in advance of their intelligence. Before bestowing English institutions upon Frenchmen,

they must needs be provided with the good sense and experience which would render those institutions practicable.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself always, and continue to live virtuously, because it suits you. I am pretty well, in spite of a bad cold, and I am much better than I was this time last year.

CCXVI.

Cannes, March 2, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have just read in the *Times*, which reached us yesterday, that Lord Russell has resigned and has recommended Lord Somerset to the Queen to form a new Cabinet! Is that a fact? I do not think that Lord Somerset has the reputation—I do not say the talent—necessary for so heavy a responsibility. Our papers do not mention this piece of news, which the *Times* gives as unquestionable.

Thiers seems to me to have made a *fiasco* the other day in the *Corps Législatif*. I like the impudence of a man, who has been Minister of

Interior and has managed elections, getting up and telling the House that the Government ought not to have any candidates. The disingenuousness of these gentlemen is marvellous. However, it seems to me that it will soon be time to say to him, *Solve senescentem*, and, if he continues to look upon the *salon* in the Rue Saint-Georges as the whole world, he will wind up with some tremendous catastrophe or other by no means agreeable to his *amour-propre.*

Du Sommerard has been here for the last few days; but the weather, which up to then had been lovely, has turned to rain—a great nuisance for us *ciceroni.* We are like hosts whose joint has been burnt, and who have nothing to put on the table in its place.

We are invited to witness some private theatricals at Mrs. Brougham's next week. I think we shall stay away. His Lordship is like the ghost of Guy Fawkes, with his huge white hat and his marvellous cravat.

Du Sommerard tells me of a light, non-effervescing champagne, which he says is excellent. On my return, after having verified the fact, I shall

report fully to you on the merits of this liquid, which might be a change for you from the wine of Riceys, and assist you to continue in your temperance *régime.*

Send me the news about the Ministerial crisis, in which I am interested. Tell me if Mr. Gladstone is to form part of the new Cabinet. I think he would do better to remain in his tent for a few months, so as to come in when the doors are wide open.

CCXVII.

Cannes, March 16, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have forwarded your letter to Cousin. The visit of Du Sommerard has prevented my writing to you, seeing that I have been continually on the move with him. We have been eating *non-nats (pisces non-nati),* which are positively as good as white-bait, and fresh green peas. I hope that, despite your modern principles of contempt for culinary affairs, you will experience some regret at not being in a country where such things are

eaten, and where white umbrellas are necessary to ward off the sun's rays.

The devil fly away with me if I understand the new Reform Bill one bit. It has, apparently, taken everybody by surprise. In a country where electoral corruption flourishes, I imagine the clause which gives a vote to depositors in a Saving's Bank will afford rich men great facilities for getting into Parliament. This deplorable idea of universal suffrage is going the round of the world, and will end, undoubtedly, in upsetting it.

I am here still, thanks to the dilatoriness displayed in discussing the Address in the *Corps Législatif*. Thiers has made a startling *fiasco*. He is very like the *emigrés* of our youth, who rejoiced in ideas half a century behind the age. In these days, when ideas grow old more quickly than of yore, those of Thiers ought really to be placed in an archæological museum. Besides, he makes a great mistake in talking upon subjects about which he knows nothing. What right has he, who has never even planted a cabbage, to deliver a lecture on agriculture?

Among the pleasures of Cannes, I ought, before

everything else, to mention Jenny Lind, with whom I dined the other day, and who sang, if not with all her former voice, at all events, in delightful style. She is a very good woman, and is free from the vice with which Horace reproached singers!

Ut nunquam indicant aminum cantare rogati.
She is going to give a grand concert on behalf of the sick in the hospital. The unfortunate part of the business is that there are no sick; in this country everybody is in good health.

Shall you—I was going to say shall we—have any corned beef this year? The pork-butchers in France appear to be ruined, and nobody cares about eating ham any longer. Moses must certainly have foreseen trichinosis. Great philosophers never have sufficient justice done to them. You are probably too high and mighty a philosopher to have read the speech made by Guizot before the Academy in favour of our Holy Father the Pope. He looks upon him as the Pope of the Protestants and leans towards him as a *confrère*.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do you know that

I am thinking of buying a house here? The devil of it is that they are so dear.

CCXVIII.

Cannes, April 2, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have not written to you, taking it for granted that Easter has been absorbing your entire attention, and fearing lest I should disturb your religious exercises! I start for Paris at the end of the week, very much put out at having to leave this country just as it is at its best. In addition to that, I am not very well, and have been more broken-winded than ever during the last few days.

Is everybody going mad? The question frequently suggests itself to me when I am reading the newspapers; and I am alluding, in making this remark, to those people whom I have been wont to consider as the possessors of the greatest modicum of reason accorded to human nature. The Reform Bill business in England seems to me more and more incomprehensible, and I am truly sorry that Mr. Gladstone ever had anything to do

with it. Whether it succeeds on this occasion or not, I do not think the old *prestige* of England can survive such an ordeal. She is like some old vessel, still stout enough, but threatening to go to pieces as soon as any clumsy repairs are attempted. What strikes me most forcibly is the want of foresight, or, rather, the utter carelessness as to the future, which is displayed by your statesmen. It is precisely the *furia francese*, seeking only to satisfy the present moment. You seem to think that the Ministry will dissolve, hoping that elections carried on under democratic pressure may result favourably for them. If I can judge from the tone of the *Times*, which appears to be in despair, I should be tempted to believe that, even in the House itself, the majority is problematical, and that the present Ministers have an average chance of success. You mention Lord Stanley as the probable Prime Minister, and at the same time you speak of Mr. Lowe as bound to occupy an important place in the Cabinet. A coalition Ministry, then, will be the upshot, in other words, you anticipate a by no means strong Cabinet. Unfortunately, as times go, it is impossible to look

forward to anything strong. Write and tell me the news; I mean, of course, the news that does not appear in the Paris newspapers.

In the event, which I very much doubt, of the Germans cutting each other's throats, will Italy ally herself with Prussia? In the present state of her finances, I think that she would be wrong, at all events, just now, and that, before shaking the tree, she had better let the fruit ripen. If the advantage were to rest with Prussia at the commencement of the war, Austria might possibly sell Venetia on tolerably easy terms, certainly on better ones than going to war for it, to say nothing of the pull which Radicalism would get out of the business, and all the follies it would devise. As for us, I hope we shall simply be judges on the occasion, applauding whoever strikes hardest.

My honourable tailor, Mr. Poole, is having a row with his workmen, and how am I to get my clothes made now? Does not the organisation of these workmen's societies, in league from one end of Europe to the other, strike you with dismay? And is this the proper time to pave the way for them and surrender our outworks to them?

CCXIX.

Paris, April 15, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been reading in the *Times* the principal speeches made during the debate on the Reform Bill, and I am bound to confess that I do not care much for Mr. Gladstone's, putting aside my scanty liking for the measure itself. It is bitter in tone, and often wide of the mark. Lord Stanley's speech, on the other hand, appears to me to be clever and thoroughly statesmanlike. These are my impartial impressions. After all, I imagine that in England, as in France, questions are not decided by eloquence or skilful oratory. Every member arrives on the scene with his mind made up, and, most probably, on purely personal grounds.

I think I mentioned to you my idea of buying a house at Cannes. The purchase has not come off. The house was cheap enough for the country, although rather dear as far as my purse is concerned; but the main point against it was its being too large for me. I should have been obliged to let one story and turn myself into a

landlord, a *rôle* I do not care about. There are three stories in which I could have very comfortably lodged ourselves, the ladies and you included; but what was I to do with the remainder? And why saddle myself with the responsibility of property in such times as these?

German affairs continue to absorb the attention of business men, who have all sorts of abominable fears on the subject. Nobody knows what the *master* thinks, nor to which side he inclines. Opinion here is, to a certain extent, favourable to an alliance with Austria, but still more decidedly in favour of absolute neutrality. Should there be a war, that advice is more easily given than followed, for the infallible result will be a revolution in Germany and a rearrangement of the map. Everybody has so much to fear from war that I still doubt its breaking out.

I dined the other day, quite privately, at the Tuileries. The Emperor asked after you, and wanted to know when you would become a free man. I found the Prince grown rather thin, too reasonable, and too much the Prince for his age. The Empress is looking wonderfully well, and is

in high spirits. Mademoiselle Bouvet is going to marry a very rich man. Her neck is all right again, and as pretty as ever.

Have you ever read a quarto volume called "Baber's Memoirs," translated from the Turkish by Erskine? I am told that it is very scarce. I should like to get it. It gives a remarkable picture of the East in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the biography of a very extraordinary man.

CCXX.

Paris, April 26, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

A day or two ago I took the Comtesse —— for a walk through the Musée de Cluny and elsewhere. She may have given you a description of the devil which Du Sommerard showed her, emanating from Italy, where it was probably manufactured for some edifying purpose.

My physician, Dr. Robin, has returned from Italy, where he had the honour of being presented to His Holiness. He gave me one rather curious piece of intelligence. Cardinal Antonelli

has a cabinet of minerals, of which he is very proud, and which he showed to Robin, who is very learned on the subject. The stones are not classified, and are worthless. This, however, is only an excuse for having a small drawer, in which there are diamonds, rubies, &c., to the value of about three millions. Nothing could be easier for him than to fill his pockets with the contents and betake himself to plant cabbages far from Rome if evil principles should ever triumph.

The Doctor left Padua choke-full of Austrian troops, who are also in occupation of all the country houses in the environs; everything, nevertheless, is perfectly quiet. A report is current everywhere that the Pope and Rome are to be left to rot in peace. There is peace, too, in Germany—just what might have been expected from people who talk so big. This blustering is invariably a sign of the absence of war-like intentions. As for me, I persist in believing that, even in the event of a war between Prussia and Austria, Italy would do well to keep quiet.

I do not know whether I told you that I was going to have a pitched battle in the Senate with

M. Rouher and M. de Vuitry, with regard to a Bill on the subject of mechanical musical instruments. This Bill, whilst apparently dealing only with Barbary organs, narrowly concerns literary and artistic property, and, should it pass, would lay down the principle which the lawyers wish to establish, that is to say, that literary property is not property, but a concession. As you will have divined, I am undertaking the defence of literature and art, but I am very much afraid I shall be beaten, as I shall have all the *procureurs* in the Senate against me. I think the fight will come off on Tuesday. I am spending my time in making speeches, and am now engaged on my fourth—in my own room, of course. I do not want to read my speech, but to improvise it according to the method so familiar to M. Thiers and M. Guizot. You will be able to read me in the *Moniteur*, and tell me whether I have made a bigger fool of myself than usual.

I went to the Tuileries on Monday. There were any number of very pretty people, among others Madame de Mercy d'Argenteau, who is a beauty of the Olympic type.

CCXXI.

Paris, May 4, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

You will probably have read the speech of M. Thiers. As an Opposition speech it is very clever, but it is certainly as unpatriotic as it possibly could be. He tells the Germans that they have only one enemy, and that enemy is the Emperor. The Chamber, which is fond of hearing solos performed by a great *artiste*, listened with rapt attention, but without understanding that there was poison hidden beneath the flowers of rhetoric. When the sitting broke up, Madame de Seebach, the daughter of Nesselrode and wife of the Saxon Minister, carried off M. Thiers in her carriage.

I think I am in a position to state positively that the Emperor told M. de Metternich that he had absolutely no engagement with anybody, and that he had only one advice to give to all the world—peace. I do not believe in the undertaking of Italy not to attack, because circumstances may arise when an attack is merely defensive; but I fear the Germans will only fight

with their tongues, and that Italy will have to bear the brunt of the battle.

Our "organ" business has not come on yet. I think the debate will take place on Thursday, and that, although I am right, I shall be beaten.

There is some talk of giving M. Walewski a dukedom, probably on account of his having displayed such an amount of incapacity during the Session. Another rumour—his Majesty is said to be very enthusiastic in his admiration of Madame de ——, a very tall and very lovely woman. She was present at a dinner given last Monday week by the Duc de Mouchy, at which his Majesty was also a guest. I think her very pretty, but too tall for my taste.

CCXXII.

Paris, May 9, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I made my speech yesterday without the least emotion. I was listened to, and did not bore my audience to too great an extent. Unfortunately, I had prepared myself for a rejoinder, and I had in my pocket a few nasty remarks intended

for the lawyers who take the Senate for an Assize Court. I was anxious to make them a present of this quotation from Cicero—*Quum plurima præclare legibus essent constituta ex jure consultorum ingeniis corrupta et depravata sunt.* But the Senate grew so tired of the debate that I saw I had better not reply. Everybody, in reality, thought the Bill as bad as it could well be, but nobody wanted to give the *Corps Législatif* a slap in the face by rejecting a Bill it had passed, on the score of its being unconstitutional, besides which, it was dinner time.

The speech of Auxerre had just the effect which would be produced by a cannon being fired in the middle of a concert. I am convinced that he was not addressing Europe, but M. Thiers and the Chamber, who applauded the speech, first of all out of their love for peace, and afterwards from sheer foolery and a taste for fluent oratory. I think I may safely say that. I fancy we shall remain neutral until something unforeseen happens —for instance, the invasion of Milan by the Austrians.

I never saw a more curious sight than the ball

given by the Emperor on Monday evening. The faces of the foreign ministers were so long that they might easily have been taken for condemned criminals. But the longest of all was Rothschild's. He was reported to have lost ten millions the night before, but he has more left than you and I have.

The second volume of the *Vie de César* has not appeared yet. I am told that it will come out on the 12th. The day before yesterday the Emperor informed me that he would have sent me my copy if the publisher, who had the translations in hand, had not succeeded in postponing the publication until they were ready. You are sure to have a copy sent to you. If there is any delay I will not fail to see to it.

The Empress asked after you the night before last; she was dreadfully tired by her journey of the previous evening and the ball. The heat was terrible, and, as is her wont, she must needs say a word or two to every lady in the room.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hear on all sides that the week will not end without war. I am still doubtful.

CCXXIII.

Paris, May 13, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Still the same obscurity in the world of politics. M. de Goltz told a friend of mine yesterday that he still hoped there would be no war. I fancy the attitude of Germany causes the King of Prussia and M. de Bismark to reflect a little. Even Hanover declares for Austria. Moreover, the imprudent speech of Auxerre has had the effect of calming the Germans to a certain extent. I told you the other day what I thought of it—a movement of impatience directed against M. Thiers, against the Chamber, and against the foolish and unpatriotic lower orders. What can we possibly gain from war? The Rhenish provinces do not want us any more than Belgium does. If a re-arrangement of the map of Europe were to take place, I do not see what we could ask for except some alterations of unimportant frontiers. On the other hand, it is evidently against our interest to aid in the unification and unanimity of Germany. That is another reason for not interfering. I can only see one possible case in which we might

interfere, and that would be if the Austrians were to get very much the better of it. But I think they are more inclined to act on the defensive. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Prussia and Austria have shown themselves very hostile towards each other, and that it is impossible to make common cause with either the one or the other without endorsing an abominable line of policy. It is excusable in Italy to ally herself with Prussia, because she could not be blamed if she allied herself to the devil for the purpose of getting possession of Venetia, but, as far as we are concerned, kicks are the only things we are likely to get.

I do not comprehend the second Reform Bill to any great extent. I can only look upon it as a heavy blow struck against an old building. The result will be to lower the *quality* of the Members of Parliament, already far from brilliant. I see by the papers that there is great rejoicing over the sons of the aristocracy being deprived of the boroughs formerly at their disposal. In my opinion, this initiation of young aristocrats into political life immediately on their leaving the

universities was one of the bright sides of England. It was by this means that Fox, Pitt, and Lord Palmerston became statesmen early in life. In their place you will have manufacturers and merchants, in other words simpletons and narrow-minded men, to the systematic exclusion of everything great in politics. England will thus be made semi-democratic, inferior in many respects to the genuine and terrible democracy of the United States.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself and keep up your spirits so long as time and circumstances will allow you to do so.

CCXXIV.

Paris, May 23, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You are wrong in accusing me of being an Austrian. If the Austrians are not as great thieves as the Prussians, they have been their accomplices. I approve of the desire of the Italians to set Venice free, but I do not like their alliance with M. de Bismark; still less do I like the Volunteers and Garibaldi, and less still a

Chamber which imposes a tax on the funds in defiance of a treaty. All this smacks of revolution, which is my pet detestation. Here, not only among the Legitimists and the clerical party, there exists a very bad feeling against the Italian Government; the cooks and the small fry of Paris are all holders of the Italian loan, and are howling like wild beasts. I fancy the Senate will put a stop to this serious blunder, but it is an ominous sign.

Last night peace was in the ascendant. The Ministers I met were more reassured. My belief is that we shall not have a finger in the pie, *exceptis excipiendis*, for instance, in the event of Milan being invaded by the Austrians.

I have just met an officer who very recently saw both the Italian and the Austrian armies. He says there is great enthusiasm on the one side, despondency but determination on the other; the Italian commissariat, he says, is very bad; the Austrian very good. The Italian army needs six weeks yet to put it in proper trim. The fleet is magnificent and the sailors excellent. My informant thinks it would be possible to take

Venice, and to convey a large number of troops to the left bank of the Adige, with the effect of harassing to a very great extent the communications from the Tyrol and Carniola. The person from whom I have this information is a sensible fellow, very impartial and with good eyes of his own.

I went to the Empress's ball the night before last, and, to my great surprise, met Mr. Layard there. He appeared pleased with his visit. A circle was made round the Emperor, who was talking to M. de Metternich. The latter was very pale and gesticulated much; but what were they saying? M. de Goltz, on the contrary, was very red. Nigra was as black as his name.

I have just lost an old friend, Madame de X., who died in the full possession of her head, her intelligence, and her mind, which were of no common order. She leaves a rather large fortune to her nephew. Her other relations, it is said, are going to dispute the will for the sake of the money. They are opposed to giving anything to her old servants, not even enough to pay their expenses to Normandy to accompany the body of

their mistress. This is a way our aristocracy have got, and yet these people are very well off. When the upper classes live and behave themselves as ours do, when the common people are silly enough to imagine that M. Thiers is a sublime politician, and when the country is literally covered with very active and very intelligent secret societies, do not you think a revolution would be infernally dangerous? I do not believe in one all the same, but I sincerely hope that we may play the part of spectator for as long as possible.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Get well quickly and be careful of the cold nights.

CCXXV.

Paris, May 31, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

You ask me when I am coming to see you? The will is not wanting, believe me, but, in the first place, I must make a display of zeal until the conclusion of the session, and, in the second, I often ask myself whether I am in a fit state to travel, and whether I should not do well

to imitate a sick animal and lie down quietly in my den instead of running the risk of troubling my friends with the care of my carcase. It would be very indiscreet of me to entrust you with the task of administering the last sacrament to me and delivering my funeral oration. I often think that moment is approaching and I find the thought somewhat annoying.

People here are more and more pacific, and many of them believe that, when once the Congress has assembled, the chances of war will diminish still more by reason of the responsibility which will devolve upon whosoever declines to accede to the wish expressed by the majority. I do not quite see, however, how people like M. de Bismark and M. de Mensdorf are to be made to listen to reason. The most difficult task of all, perhaps, will be to keep Garibaldi quiet. I always regret that Italy should have had recourse to such instruments. It appears that the Prussians are the least warlike among the Germans. In some provinces, notably on the Rhine, the behaviour of the Landwehr has been scandalous, so much so as to give rise to considerable anxiety. They are

furious at having to leave their own business to attend to that of M. de Bismark, and if the Germans were a different people from what they are, the revolution would already be a fact. But a German has so many glasses of beer to drink before he can make up his mind to do anything!

M. Fould, with whom I dined on Saturday, sends all sorts of friendly messages to you. Des Varannes, whom you saw at Biarritz, is appointed to the Emperor's Staff, in place of Duperrey, who has taken command of a vessel on the coast of America. You will receive repeated visits from the Duchesse Colonna, who has some commissions to execute for South Kensington.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and send me a line when your wrist will let you.

CCXXVI.

Paris, June 6, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

On the subject of the Roman Legions, you will find in Forcellini, under the word *Legio*, a passage by Paul Diacre, quoting Festus, who

says that Marius increased the Legions from four to six thousand men. It is certain that the organization of Cæsar's army had nothing in common with that in the time of Polybius; Marius, in all probability, made a thorough change. The Legion no longer possessed light troops (*velites*, *rorarii*, &c.), and a few passages go to prove that the cohort consisted of six hundred men. There are also some inscriptions, but of the Imperial epoch, where mention is made of *cohors millenaria*. I have no doubt that Cæsar's legions, when they first entered Gaul, were at least six thousand strong, and I also believe that there were supernumeraries for the purpose of replacing casualties. But that does not make it correct to compute, in the course of Cæsar's campaigns, his legions at six thousand men each. Modern battalions are eight hundred strong at the commencement of a war, but they rarely muster more than five hundred by the middle of the campaign.

The main point in war, putting aside the spirit of a very warlike nation, is that the people should have faith in it and its history; which, I trust, will not stand in the way of their fighting well,

should the necessity arise. There is a report that Prince Humbert said to the Prince Napoleon, "Thank God, this time we can do without you." Upon which his cousin replied, "Don't talk nonsense. I wish, for the sake of both Italy and France, that you could do without us, but I fear the Prussians will not fight, or will be well thrashed, and that you will have more Austrians on your back than you can carry."

It is, also, very curious to see how the same Cabinet invariably falls into the same errors. Austria, who, in the first place, displayed more wisdom than Prussia, now kicks over the traces altogether; and, what is more curious still, after having refused to take any part in the Conference, she refrains from overwhelming Siberia with her superior force. She is doing precisely what she did in 1859, when she declared war, and, having declared it, instead of pushing on towards Turin, she confined herself to marching up and down the right bank of the Ticino for several days.

The faces pulled by business men are very sad and very lugubrious. The middle class are equally unhappy, and accuse the Emperor of fanning the

flame. The lower orders seem, on the contrary, rather pleased, and the Emperor, when he paid a visit a day or two ago to some manufactory or other, had a triumphant reception. The people who support Jules Favre and Thiers are at this moment very zealous Bonapartists. The Emperor certainly knows and manages the popular mind better than anybody else.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Your letter to Piétri was sent off ten minutes after it reached me.

CCXXVII.

Paris, June 8, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You say that you rely, for the interests of Italy, upon God and Napoleon III. It seems to me that one of them is getting ready. I have every reason to believe that M. Fould, whose financial plans would be ruined by a war, intends to resign. His retirement means a loan, and a loan means war.

The utmost aversion to war and the Prussians

exists here. The next question is—can the taste be gratified?

Good-bye. Take care of yourself, and let me know your final plans, and especially the dates.

CCXXVIII.

Paris, June 10, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

We are still waiting to hear the first shot, but these Germans never come to the point. I think the greatest danger lies in the King of Prussia taking up with some new form of foolishness, or dying of apoplexy, or in the death of Bismark. In either of these three cases, it does not matter which, the Prussians and the Austrians would embrace like brothers, and you would have to bear the whole brunt of the war by yourselves. There is a report that the Landwehr are displaying so bad a spirit that it is doubtful whether they will fight. As for us, we are not displaying any desire in that direction, but it is not impossible that *later on* our ideas may change. My conviction is still the same; that the Emperor will never permit Austria to regain possession of

Milan. I still believe that he does not like your mode of warfare; I mean, with volunteers in red shirts under the command of Garibaldi, who are seen to be too political, and will not fight like regular troops. Garibaldi writes to his friends at Nice to say that he will return from Venice to re-annex them to Italy. In a word, it is in vain that the Italian movement is so very national; there is something about it by no means reassuring to your neighbours, ourselves in particular. That will explain to you the scant sympathy felt here for the belligerents, whoever they may be.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Rest assured that I shall be very pleased to spend a few weeks with you—no matter where—this year.

CCXXIX.

Paris, June 25, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am rather uneasy about the course of events in Spain. They appear to me to be serious this time. I fear Madame de Montijo's house has been bespattered, for the battle was fought only a few yards from it.

The Germans are much less eager, and do not seem inclined to hurry themselves. The Prussians are still advancing, and, without striking a blow, have occupied positions which Frederick II. and Napoleon looked upon as of the highest importance. General Benedek may possibly find it out before long. I am neither Prussian nor Austrian; I do not believe that the Germans have immortal souls, and I should be quite content to see them devour each other like the Kilkenny cats; but here nearly everybody is Austrian. The other day, on a false report of a victory by the Imperial forces, the Luxembourg quarter was on the point of being illuminated, which appears to have displeased the Emperor. The fact that he is supposed to entertain a partiality for M. de Bismark is, perhaps, the reason why the students and the little men among the middle class have Austrian tendencies. *Semper maledicere de priore* is the motto of your Parisian.

The Emperor is said to have abandoned his journey to Alsace for the same reason which prevents a man going to see a house he wishes to

purchase—for fear the proprietor might raise his price. As far as I am concerned, I do no believe he has any intentions against the Rhenish provinces. They do not want us, and I do not see how we should gain in strength by annexing them. They might become a Venetia for us. Is it true that Garibaldi is ill?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope speedily to philosophize with you, *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*, in Bloomsbury Square.

CCXXX.

Paris, June 28, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

It is unfortunate that the commencement of the war should have been so disastrous, but the Italian army, if it was not cleverly handled, at all events fought magnificently. The young soldiers displayed plenty of dash and coolness, and came very well out of the trying ordeal of artillery fire. Prince Humbert has shown himself more fiery than even his father, and, as our African soldiers say, *il à fait de la fantasia* in the midst of the Austrian cavalry. I

have called on the Princesse Clotilde. Prince Amadeo's wound will not keep him away from the army for more than a fortnight. Here, where everybody is very Austrian, the effect has been good. Interest is now being taken in the Italians, and if that goes on public opinion will be what it was in 1859.

There is a vague rumour to-day of a defeat of the Prussians. I follow the operations day by day with Marshals Canrobert and Vaillant. We cannot make Benedek or the Prussians out in the least. The Germans are so deep that you cannot get to the bottom of them. It seems to me that, up to the present time, the Prussians have the best of it. They have a great portion of Germany with them, whence they draw money and provisions. Whatever happens, I fancy plenty of Princes and petty Princes will be on the ground when peace is declared. I should like to be in their place; they are sure to have pensions allotted to them, and they will have nothing to do.

I do not think the Tory Ministry will do anything prejudicial to our relations with England,

or that it will meddle with affairs on the Continent any more than its predecessors did. Cotton, whose praises Mr. Gladstone sang so loudly, has made England abandon her position and even her *amour-propre.* She has effaced herself for the time being. Perhaps some day or other she will resume her old habits. One thing is very certain —the Gladstone-Russell combination was by no means a happy one. One said, "Stand anything rather than fight;" and the other insulted everybody. The worst result of the change would be the withdrawal of Lord Cowley, who is very much liked and has great personal influence with the Emperor. He is not very fond of his post, and I doubt his being willing to remain in Paris with the new Ministers.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am delighted to hear that Jones succeeds you. Do not make your final speech until I come. I hope they will give you a dinner and turtle-soup. You know that I am disinterested in the matter.

CCXXXI.

Paris, July 2, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have this moment seen a telegram from Vienna. The Austrians have been compelled to abandon Königsgrätz. They hope to keep Prague. They attribute the success of the Prussians to the needle-gun. It is a repetition of the Seven Years' War, when the Prussians introduced iron ramrods for their muskets, whereas the Austrians had only wooden ones. They complain bitterly of the Federal Army, which is not ready.

I am afraid we shall be detained in the Senate longer than I expected. There is a report to-day that a very important *senatus-consultum* is to be brought forward. Its object is to replace the debate on the Address by freedom of interpellation in the *Corps Législatif*—a deplorable invention, in my opinion, and worthy of Grisbouille, who jumped into the river to get out of the rain. It is quite true that the debate on the Address in the *Corps Législatif* furnishes an opportunity to the Opposition to make a scandalous exhibition of

themselves, and to bring forward all sorts of general questions which, by means of a modicum of skill and eloquence, assume the form of a censure on the Government. But, especially this year, the Opposition have not had the best of the debate; all impartial people complained of the manner in which it was spun out, and not a few said that the deputies were amusing themselves instead of carrying on the business of the country.

On the other hand, why does the Emperor make a speech from the Throne? If he made no speech there would be no Address. It is rather amusing to find the Government wanting to speak, but refusing to allow any one to reply. As for interpellations, if they are not rendered very difficult, they will prove far more inconvenient than the Address. In fact, there will be a perpetual Address, in which each question will be discussed at boiling point. Lastly, the idea is all the more lamentable, in my eyes, because it resembles one of Bismark's plans.

However, the *senatus-consultum* is still in an embryo state. I sincerely hope it may never see the light. Keep it for yourselves.

Has the Derby Ministry managed to assume a definite shape? And how is it going to secure a majority?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The storm we have been having for the last few days impedes my breathing. Let me hear from you.

CCXXXII.

Paris, July 5, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

What do you think of the *Moniteur?* We live in queer times. But the Congress will certainly be in a state of infernal perplexity.

I heard a few curious anecdotes, from a reliable source, about Benedek yesterday. His Emperor wrote him a very polite letter, saying that military men of experience were astonished at his having given up the defiles of Bohemia, positions which might easily have been defended, &c., &c. Benedek replied simply, " That was not a part of my plan." After one of the engagements before Königsgrätz he turned an Archduke, who had displeased him, out of the army.

This would have been all very well if he had

won the battle, but to lose it after all this is too ridiculous. He is the same man who won the battle of Solferino twenty-four times over with blank cartridge, but who lost it the first time bullets were tried.

I should very much like to know whether these amusements will cause any alteration in your plans. Nothing definite as yet with regard to the *senatus-consultum* I mentioned to you.

After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion to play the part of a friend, and I have written the Empress a letter which is as remarkable for the force of its ideas as for the amenity of its style. I have described to her the effect produced in the Senate by the mere announcement of the proposal, and I have told her in a few lines all the reasons against the change and the moment chosen for carrying it out. I have not received any reply, but I feel sure my letter has been shown, which is just what I want. Tell me if you think I have acted rightly. As far as I am concerned, I have quieted my conscience, and, in my own opinion, have fulfilled a friend's duty.

You will have seen that Her Majesty went to Amiens to see the cholera patients. I am not sure that it was a prudent action, but it was a noble one. As for stopping her on such occasions, you know as well as I do that it is of no use even dreaming of that; and if you talk to her about danger, she will only expose herself the more.

There is a regular outcry in Paris for the manufacture of needle guns. Some thousands have been tried at the camp at Châlons with a new kind of powder, more extraordinary even than the powder of *perlimpinpin*, which is spoken of as being marvellous.

CCXXXIII.

Paris, July 7, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We live at the opera. Where else can you find such wonderful changes of scene? The reply of Prussia has arrived, and is, apparently, very polite and even affectionate. The armistice, if not actually concluded, is at all events recognised as a matter of fact. I do not think we shall

put forward any extravagant pretensions. The utmost concern we can have in the matter will be some territorial rectifications of minor importance. There is some talk of Landau and the valley of the Sarre. It appears to me to be a military question for consideration in connection with the security of the frontiers of France and Germany respectively. Nevertheless, God only knows what the Prussians may ask, and what may be the outcome of the intoxication produced by success. At all events, it is very evident to me that we shall not burn any powder this year.

You would, as I understand, like to see Venice purified. Why not go there now? Come here, pay your respects to Her Majesty, and perhaps I will go with you to Venice. That would be far better than waiting for me in London. We shall not be quit of the Senate for another week. I could not, therefore, be with you before the 14th or 15th, and I should find you with your steam up, all ready for a start.

We are having wretched weather; damp heat and cold rain succeed each other ten times a day, and I am very ill in consequence. The cholera

still rages at Amiens, but it is confined to that place. In a village about three quarters of a league away there has not been a single case.

I am glad you approved of my letter to the Empress. She has not replied to it, but you may have noticed that the *senatus-consultum* does not contain any of the provisions I dreaded. As it stands it is devoid of importance, but its having been proposed is a bad sign, and I am rather afraid I am in bad odour for having been the first to give my opinion against a step which was intended but abandoned. That was one reason why I voted for the *senatus-consultum* as it was brought forward yesterday, inoperative though it be, or, really, because it is inoperative; otherwise, I should have appeared sulky.

You can have no idea of the anger and despair of the parliamentarians. One cause of offence is the display, on the part of Europe, of an amount of consideration for the Emperor which was never accorded to Louis-Philippe; but if these people had any love for their country, they ought to be glad to know that she is saved from a war, and from even any excuse for war. This sort of

feeling is not in vogue among our great men, and M. Thiers will never forgive Europe for not having chosen him as mediator.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself. What is to become of the Museum?

CCXXXIV.

Paris, July 11, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I shall not be able to get away before the *senatus-consultum* is settled, which, apparently, will not be until after the end of next week. It will probably be passed at the same time that you are shutting up shop. But I see a very serious difficulty in the way of our journey to Italy. The war is not over, and there is nothing to show that it will come to an end speedily. It is undoubtedly a very fine thing to be a mediator, but nothing can be done with hot-headed or angry people, and there is, moreover, every reason to fear being dragged into the quarrel, instead of appeasing it.

The Prussian envoy, the petty Prince de Reuss, arrived yesterday, bearing propositions which are described as being extravagant. On the other

hand, the Italians reply to our propositions by demanding Rome and making Cialdini cross the Po. More polite action, I think, might possibly have been taken. There is a Piedmontese here, a great friend of the King, who tells me that Victor Emannuel has only two courses open to him—to allow himself to be dragged onwards by revolution, or to abdicate. All this does not hold out much hope of a very tranquil summer and autumn, and I am afraid we shall soon be compelled to take an active part in a duel in which we only promised to act as second. It is reported that Prince Napoleon has been despatched to Italy. He is the one Frenchman whom I should not have chosen. When such selections are made there is every chance of embarrassment.

The conclusion I have arrived at is that, for the present, it is impossible to form any definite plans. A journey to Italy now means running the risk of dying from the heat and going headlong into all the annoyances of a time of war and revolution. This last objection, however, weighs perhaps more with me than with you, and ought not in any degree to influence your plans or your

decisions. In four or five days the future may be somewhat less troublous than it seems just now. As we can neither of us stir, the best thing we can do is to wait.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am sorry I shall not be present at the solemn moment when you surrender the keys of the British Museum and say good-bye to the gorilla.

CCXXXV.

Paris, July 15, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

Yesterday, contrary to general expectation, but with the assistance of M. de Boissy, who made a speech which wearied and annoyed everybody, the debate on the *senatus-consultum* took place, and all was done and over in an hour instead of lasting for three or four days, as was anticipated. It follows, therefore, that I am free and that I can start for Bloomsbury Square on Thursday or any other day you please to name. On receipt of this letter let me know which day, after Wednesday, will suit you. Should you have any appointment in the country, a dinner

or any other little affair, the day is a matter of no importance to me. Tell me by what train I must leave, for you are a greater authority on these matters than Bradshaw himself.

Nobody here is surprised at Italy being restrained by her treaty with Prussia, but what people do not like is that the windows of the French Consul at Milan should be smashed ; that French Sisters of Charity should be insulted at Leghorn, and that the crew of a French merchant vessel should be maltreated in Sicily. I omit all mention of the display of Orsini's portrait at Milan and elsewhere. I do not for a moment believe that these amenities are concurred in either by the Italian Government or the nation. They are the work of the Mazzinist party, but the Government is too lenient and will end by getting into a scrape. As for believing that the Emperor wants to keep Venetia for himself, or even to sell it, *credat Judæus apella.*

The negotiations continue and so does the war, but the former with greater activity than the latter. Nevertheless, it is by no means improbable that there may be a battle with the

Prussians over Vienna. The great point is to find out what part the Hungarians wish to play. If they are not anxious to be shot in favour of the house of Hapsburg, the whole business will be finished in a fortnight by the collapse of Austria; otherwise, it may last a long time yet. The report to-day is that Prussia is more moderate in her pretensions. I doubt it. M. de Bismark would like to finish the business without a Congress, and he is right. I am not sure that we shall not ask for something on our own account, even if it be merely an unimportant rectification of frontier in the direction of Landau and the valley of the Sarre, but everything is still in a state of great uncertainty. The idea of sending Prince Napoleon to Italy has been very wisely abandoned, but a great mistake was made in even thinking of him.

I have obtained some curious details about the battle of Sadowa from an eye-witness. A Prussian regiment, three thousand strong, had only four hundred effective men left at night. A Saxon battalion of eleven hundred men, among whom was the son of Madame de Seebach, had

not more than sixty-six; young de Seebach was killed. The Princesse de Metternich's brother was saved by a miracle. Prince Charles of Prussia appears to have displayed all the talent of a great General. *Rara avis in terris.* As for M. de Bismark, he is my hero. He appears to me, although he is a German, to have understood the Germans and to have reckoned them up as being precisely the egregious fools that they are. The main thing now is to divine if all the upshot of all this is to be a revolution, or a new order of things, and what order?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I shall see you soon, I hope. The intense heat is doing me good, and I am getting on pretty well.

CCXXXVI.

Saint-Cloud, August 12, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

"Tell Mr. Panizzi that, if he passes through Paris, he will be obliged to go to an hotel, and that I shall be glad if he will give me the preference."

That is the message which the Empress yesterday charged me to deliver to you.

The Emperor has been much better since his return from Vichy. Being very nervous, and not having, since the commencement of the war, taken any exercise, he was feverish and excited. A day's fine weather will set him up. But, in lieu of fine weather, the Empress of Mexico has arrived. She came yesterday to St. Cloud *in fiocchi*. I was struck by her likeness to Louis-Philippe.

There are, apparently, a good many knots to untie in the German and Italian affairs. The order for the concentration of Cialdini's army was a clever euphemism to secure an armistice, and, consequently, peace. The pressing need now is to restore order to the finances and the Administration generally. A few leagues of territory are not worth the trouble of fighting for, or running any risk to gain.

Madame de Montebello's shoulders are still adorable. She appreciates your message, and thanks you for it. She was walking one day in the Bois de Boulogne with a dog without a muzzle

on. One of the warders wanted to confiscate the animal, as unmuzzled dogs are against the rules. Madame de Montebello looked at him with those beseeching eyes you know so well, and said, "Ah! sir, it is the Emperor's dog's wife!"

I have received an invitation for Biarritz, but I do not know when I shall go. My letter—the one I mentioned to you—had a good effect; for an aphorism, which had not been forgotten, was quoted to me. Talking of this, a curious thing happened to me. M. Rouher yesterday asked me if anything had been said to me about a matter concerning me. "Nothing. What is it?" "You are to have the star of a *grand officier*. It is, apparently, intended as a little surprise for you." I was rather stupified. I then said that I was very sensible of the honour, and the mark of favour it conveyed, and I added, "Would it not be better to make a *more political* use of this distinction? It would not alter my devotion in the least, whereas it might increase it in the case of others. Besides, I am the idlest and the most useless of men. I look upon myself as being a very happy man. I live in my shell and my

dressing-gown, and what should I do with a star?" Upon which, many empty compliments were paid me, and I was sworn to secrecy. The Empress has not said a word to me, and I have not dared to broach the matter. *Margeritas ante porcos.* What do you think?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The weather is simply abominable, and very bad for the farmers.

CCXXXVII.

Saint-Cloud, August 19, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am here still, and have never budged, not even on the 15th of August. The Empress regretted that you were not here to spend the morning with her, and wish the Emperor and the Prince many happy returns of the day. She would very much like to see you, and threatens you with an advertisement in the "agony column" of the *Times* if you do not pay her a visit in Paris on your return. The Emperor is much better; he has been out and about for the last two days. He has resumed his ordinary mode of life, although from time to time he has

slight attacks of fever. I think that, with the help of a little warm weather, he would be quite well again.

We are still very pacific. I do not think any fuss will be made on your side about a few slices of mountainous territory. The important point is to have a strategic frontier. A few years of peace will make you much more powerful than a war which would give you a few leagues of debatable and debated ground. For many a long day to come, I fancy the *ci-devant* Empire will give you no trouble. It is dislocated by war, and in all probability peace will dislocate it still more. The main thing is to put the finances in order, and to assimilate the military institutions of Prussia, which to-day appear to be τὸ καλὸν, to Italian customs. We ourselves have plenty of reforms to carry out in this direction, and much to learn. No easy matter, considering the love of routine which exists in this country.

I am invited to Biarritz, if there is to be a Biarritz, which depends on more than one contingency in the future. It is, however, very probable that, towards the beginning of September,

I shall be the ornament of the terrace you wot of. The weather, if not quite fine, is, at all events, once more tolerable, and we take long drives and walks.

Yesterday we went to present the prizes to the daughters of those *sous-officiers* who possess medals. They are educated at Loges, near Saint-Germain. They sang very much out of tune, and showed us specimens of their writing and book-keeping by double entry. There were two hundred and twelve of them, nearly all ugly. Her Majesty kissed one, but her courage failed her in respect of the other two hundred and eleven. The Prince presented the prizes to the laureates with admirable gravity and self-possession.

This evening we spent our time in reading and chatting. Not the least formality. We dined in frock-coats. We are threatened with a gala and a dinner to her Mexican Majesty. She will get something to eat, but I doubt her getting either money or men. I should not be surprised if Maximilian were to abdicate within a few months. Then would come a Republic, or, more likely, anarchy, followed closely by the Yankees,

Lynch law, and an Anglo-Saxon colonization. I am sent for to go out for a walk, and I have only time to shake hands with you. I have received the star I mentioned—or, rather, the patent.

CCXXXVIII.

Paris, August 28, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I left Saint-Cloud yesterday, for the purpose of making my final arrangements before going to Biarritz. I left everybody well at the *château*. There is not a soul left in Paris; everybody is in the country, or at the *conseils généraux*. Consequently, there is an utter dearth of politics.

The Empress of Mexico left Paris not very much pleased with her visit, and especially furious against M. Fould, whom she asked for money, and who would not give her any. She is going to Miramar, probably to prepare for her installation there. Nobody doubts that she will speedily be rejoined by Maximilian, who does not care about awaiting in Mexico the departure of the French

troops. Both husband and wife seem angry with Marshal Bazaine. It is asserted that he, too, wants to be Emperor of Mexico, and there are not wanting people who believe such a thing feasible, everything being possible among that race. Judging from the specimens I have seen at Saint-Cloud, they are mammifers more nearly approaching gorillas than human beings. The Yankees alone will succeed in subjugating them, by means of Lynch law and the civilising methods they are accustomed to employ.

Why has Mazzini been recalled? The step has created no good effect here, and serious difficulties are anticipated in connection with Rome. Is it true that the Pope and Antonelli himself have become more tractable? Tell me what state of mind the people are in, and if they are thinking of building up rather than of pulling down. When I spoke to *my host* of Saint-Cloud of the intention to present him with some *objets d'art* carried off from Venice, he deigned to laugh, and asked whence I got my information. As far as *we* are concerned, there is not a word of truth in it, and I very much doubt if it is true as regards anybody

else. The Austrians are much more ardent lovers of money than of pictures, and that consideration, I imagine, will secure the safety of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese in the Academy of Venice.

I dined on Saturday quietly with the Princess —— and her husband. She is very like the Queen; but she is well-made, very young, and seems good-natured. Her consort looks as if he would never set the Seine on fire. The Emperor was *in fiocchi*, and wore the Order of the Garter. The little Prince was very nice, and made violent love to the Princess.

We have had three days' fine weather, but today a storm has brought back the rain. I have never seen so dull a summer; I hope you are being treated better on your side the Alps. The Princess Mathilde is at Belgirate, on Lake Maggiore, and will remain there until the end of September. She says she hopes to see you if you are in her neighbourhood.

Tell me candidly where you would prefer to live—in Italy or England?

CCXXXIX.

Biarritz, September 8, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Will the peace last, and what will be done from the direction of Rome? Here, as you may well imagine, we know absolutely nothing. The resignation of M. Drouyn de Lhuys even is enveloped in mystery, so far as we are concerned. As far as I can see, the only probability is that we shall leave Rome, and the Clericals will cry aloud in sorrow. What are the volunteers going to do? I have not the most remote idea. The best course they could follow would be to remain quiet, and let the invalid die a natural death, a contingency which seems to me almost inevitable, whereas the slightest symptom of persecution might infuse a little vigour into him. It is invariably so with women and priests.

We are having some rather hot weather here, with storms now and then which only cool the air for a few hours. The Emperor is expected next week, and also the Queen of Spain, who is going to pay us a visit before returning to Madrid. Madame de Lourmel is at the Villa,

and, with Varaigne, desires to be remembered to you. We are eating plentifully of mushrooms with garlic, and gigantic peaches; we stroll on the banks of the Adour, and, in a word, lead a very comfortable and uneventful life.

When I am not asleep, I am reading a book, of which, unfortunately, I have only one volume. It is a work by Burchard, who deals too much with ceremonial, and not enough with manners and customs, private and public. Can you tell me how to set about getting the complete work?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not persuade yourself that you cannot live elsewhere than in London. I hope the beach of Cannes will not frighten you, and I guarantee it will do you good.

CCXL.

Biarritz, September 14, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

There is some talk of an ascent of La Rune to-morrow by a very (too!) large company. I hope we shall get back without any bones being broken. The Emperor does not appear very

anxious to join us. One day we hear that his arrival is close at hand, another that it is postponed to the Greek Kalends. For my part, I should like to see him here, because, though we are not amusing ourselves over much, we are not as serious as becomes such respectable people as we all are. In spite of everything that is said against "blue stockings," they have one good thing about them, and that is an abundance of resource wherewith to pass away the time. Although I acquit myself tolerably well as a courtier, I am occasionally inclined to fall in with ideas *à la* Bright, and I long to be able to live as a free agent in some sunny spot. We are promised a visit from the Grand Duchess Marie de Leuchtenberg, who may possibly bring with her a modicum of etiquette, though, at all events when she is travelling, she too dispenses with it.

The first volume of Burchard, the only one I have, is wearisome. It is one long ceremonial, with here and there an amusing passage, such for instance, as where he tells how Pope Innocent VII. was buried without a shirt, because the one he had on when he died was stolen.

CCXLI.

Biarritz, September 21, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

My remark about "blue stockings" was suggested by the inclination for unintellectual amusements which I deplore in a person I like. It arises from her education not having been literary enough. The great advantage of literature is that it implants noble tastes, which are becoming more and more rare in this sublunary world of ours.

The Emperor is quite well; he arrives to-day. I do not think that he has ever been seriously ill, but the nature of his indisposition renders him gloomy and morose. He is never very lively, and you know that any derangement of the digestive organs produces a great effect on the interior economy, but, I repeat, all is well now.

We started for La Rune last Monday, in the middle of a pelting shower. We were sternly resolute. When we reached Michel's, at Sare, the weather cleared up, and the sun shone out through the clouds every now and then. Michel, however, told us that the ascent was impossible,

and he took us to see some very curious grottoes two leagues from Sare. The party consisted of five-and-twenty on horseback, and five ladies in litters. I need not say that there were some upsets, and consequent damage to the litters. One of the grottoes is the bed of a subterranean stream, ornamented with bats, stalactites, &c. The other, of gigantic proportions, and bearing the euphonious name of Sagarramurdo, is a magnificient natural tunnel, with a river in the centre. Michel had engaged a dozen orpheonists, who sang very primitive Basque airs in chorus, accompanied by a species of shrill flageolet, the invariable refrain being *Viva Imperatrisa!* A storm saluted us on leaving. We were wet through to the skin, but Michel had a good fire ready for us, as well as some excellent sherry, on which, in all probability, he had forgotten to pay duty. We got back to the villa at midnight, and sat down to supper.

Next morning it was evident that nobody had caught cold. One lady complained of a bruise on her knee, another of having been hurt somewhere else, by the fall of a litter. I was not in a

position to verify either statement. I shall probably stay here another week.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. May Saint Anthony, your patron saint, preserve you from all ill, and from the temptations of the Evil One!

CCXLII.

Biarritz, October 3, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

We are still here, and there is no talk of leaving. The Emperor is well, and his illness, or rather, his series of illnesses, has never been alarming. He is very much preoccupied with a number of things, each one producing its contingent of embarrassments—Mexico, Venetia, Germany, the Pope, the inundations, the bad harvest, and needle guns. All these things have to be settled at one and the same time, and I fear the next Session will be a difficult one. M. Fould is here, and seems content with the state of the finances. He even goes so far as to say that, by practising economy in many useless items, he will be able to find money for those which are important and useful.

I saw a very curious letter in the *Times* on the insurrection in Palermo. The respect for property, and the forbearance exhibited by the insurgents are inexplicable. It reminds me of the barricaders of 1848 in Paris, who neither robbed nor pillaged, although those two methods of amusing themselves could not have failed to be agreeable to people who had scarcely a shirt to their backs. Have you any information about the Palermo business and the originators of the movement, which has escaped me? I see, too, that Mazzini has been elected Deputy for Messina, which does not please me at all.

The newspapers make me very uneasy about the fate of my cellar, which must have been invaded by the Seine. I wonder how my wine behaved itself in the midst of the disaster? I have no news of it. Happy mortal you, to possess cellars as vast as the subterranean caves of Persepolis, and to have them full!

The weather is improving slowly, but it is improving. The day before yesterday our august hostess, Madame de Lourmel and another lady were disporting themselves on the rocks near the

lighthouse, when they were surprised by two furious waves. They pretend that they only got wet up to their knees. I was a few paces from them, and was very much afraid they would be carried away bodily. If they had attempted to hurry over the rocks, covered with moist seaweed, they would have fallen, and then there would have been a pretty funeral oration in store for us. They all send their kind regards, and desire to be remembered to you. I do not think we shall return to Paris before the 10th of this month.

CCXLIII.

Biarritz, October 17, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We are making the best use we can of the time that remains to us, and long excursions are the rule every day. The Emperor has regained his activity, and, what is of more value, his spirits.

Yesterday we took a six hours' trip, by rail, road, and on foot, in the neighbourhood of La Rune. Talking of this, I must tell you that your grand equestrian exploit will lose much of its merit

in the eyes of those who may not have known this mountain as it was then. It is now traversed by a road, and the summit can be reached in a very short time in a carriage; that is to say, a road has been constructed from Sain Jean de Luz to Sare, which is both extremely picturesque and as easy as possible for men and beasts.

I fancy our return to Paris will be signalized by some important Ministerial modifications. It appears impossible to me that Marshal Randon, the present Minister of War, should remain in office. A heavy expenditure will be required for the reorganization of the army, especially for renewing the armaments and obtaining a supply of breechloaders. On this account I fear for our friend M. Fould, whose system of economy accords but badly with the necessity for paying both quickly and dearly for a large quantity of rifles. He would, I think, find the means of carrying into effect all indispensable changes in a short time, and without either borrowing or imposing fresh taxes; but neither delay nor any interruption in the public works will be tolerated. On the other hand, there are not wanting people who attack

him secretly and openly in the presence of the *master.* For some time past I have seen the storm brewing and gathering force, and I have warned him. I do not know what his determination will be. If he leaves the Ministry it will be a serious blow for the Government, for it is by no means easy to replace him, and those who have been mentioned as likely to succeed him have already given great cause for alarm. All this is very melancholy. The next Session promises badly, and the Opposition will assuredly hold good cards.

I sincerely hope things may pass off quietly in Rome. I know the Italian Government, as well as Ricasoli, has the best intentions in the world; but the Pope is sure to commit so many follies, he is so short of money, and his faithful subjects are so worked upon by Mazzini and his abettors, that I see no means of preventing a catastrophe. It will have an infernal echo among us, and will still further increase our embarrassment.

We leave here next Sunday, after High Mass, and shall be in Paris on the night of the 22nd. I

think of staying there for a week, and then winging my flight to Cannes. I do not see how a journey to Compiègne can take place this year; there are so many things to do! Come what may, I am determined to give up playing the courtier any more this year. You have no idea how fatiguing it is.

CCXLIV.

Paris, October 25, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

. . . . Talking of differences, it seems that there has been a serious one between his Majesty and our friend Fould. I believe that it is quite settled now, and I did all I could to arrange matters. It appears to me that everybody will be the gainer, especially the Master.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I came back tolerably well, except for a cold, which is a bad business in my case. The air of Biarritz is really very good. I am sorry I cannot say as much for the *cuisine*.

CCXLV.

Paris, October 28, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I think the Fould affair is completely at an end, and I am glad of it. The Session, I fear, will not be of the best, but, except as regards Mexico, I think we shall come well out of it.

I count upon leaving for Cannes as soon as my lodging is in order, in other words, about a week hence. I shall, therefore, not be in Paris when Mr. Gladstone arrives; but he will, doubtless, see M. Fould, who will esteem it a pleasure to present him. If you are writing to Mr. Gladstone, you might tell him so. I am sure the Emperor will be very pleased to see him.

A Belgian newspaper has appointed me to succeed Bacciochi, and a German one makes me Minister of Public Education. I shall not remonstrate until I am ordained a bishop.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am very sorry to hear you are ill. I should like to edify you on the subject of Cannes, but space fails me. I will resume the subject in my next letter.

CCXLVI.

Paris, October 30, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I went to Saint-Cloud to say good-bye, and found the *master* of the house, as well as *madame*, in excellent health and spirits. The Prince Imperial also is very sprightly. In all probability there will be no Compiègne this year.

Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewers left for Cannes this evening. They beg me to tell you, once for all, that you will be a welcome guest, and that they will take as much care of you as they do of me. I may add that we place Dr. Maure, a clever doctor and truly religious, at your disposal, and that there are two other doctors, one an English-man, and the other an Italian, Dr. Buttura, both intelligent, to say nothing of the sun, the sea air, the sight of the woods and the Alps, and some very prime saddles of mutton. There are carriages for those gentlemen who do not care about walk-ing; boats wherein to sail on a sea which is always as smooth as a mill pond, whilst the presence of Edward Fould and his cook, a sublime artist, and thrushes *aux baies de myrte*

at Dr. Maure's, complete my picture of Cannes. The drawbacks are the absence of pretty women, little if any society, and an absolute dearth of books.

I have let M. Fould know of Mr. Gladstone's coming. Not only will M. Fould be delighted to receive a visit from him, but I think he would be much disappointed if he did not receive one.

CCXLVII.

Paris, November 2, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The Pope is in a fair way to make a fool of himself once more. It is precisely what might have been expected from him; as a plum tree bears plums, so does a fool bring forth folly. He talks about running away before anybody has even hinted at turning him out of doors. He evidently has a taste for martyrdom, but where will he go? I cannot conceive of the English Government having any interest whatever in attracting him to Malta. That would be like introducing rats into one's house. Nevertheless, our Opposition politicians here believe that Mr.

Odo Russell has been labouring for that end for many years, and they say that it would be a serious misfortune for France. As far as I am concerned, I consider that if His Holiness were to take up his abode among us it would be a far greater misfortune. He would be a most inconvenient guest. I do not quite see what Mr. Gladstone can have had to say to him. Perhaps the conversation was literary rather than political.

I meet several Englishmen here, Lord Cowley among others, who are very much alarmed at the progress made in England by reform. You may remember that we long ago noticed what strides democracy was making in your country. It is now no longer advancing by slow degrees; it is making great breaches, and God only knows where it will stop. To me it is like looking at children playing with lucifer matches in a house full of tow.

I am very sorry to hear of Lord Ashburton's illness; is there any hope of his recovery, or is a fatal termination expected? There would be some hope even in that. I pity his poor wife from the bottom of my heart. The accident

which has befallen your club friend is not nearly so sad. Next to a cannon ball, which makes a splendid end of you, his fate was the best that can fall to the lot of any honest man. I do not think that there is anything so annoying as grief, and it is a grand thing to be able to avoid it, always supposing that one has time to say an *in manus*, or has an absolution *in articulo mortis* from the Holy Father in one's pocket.

To leave this wretched topic, I am delighted to see that you do not utterly despise my Cannes legs of mutton. We are going to sally forth at once in search of a room proportionate to your size.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Report says that the Blacas collection is to be sold. Is the British Museum well enough off to buy it? There are plenty of lovely things in it.

CCXLVIII.

Paris, November 7, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Your letter has arrived, and has worried me for many reasons; firstly, on your

account; secondly, on my own; and thirdly, because I am sorry to see that your original character has been modified, and, allow me to say, slightly perverted through contact with the English. Nothing can be more disagreeable than to suffer from the complaint you mention, but to make yourself ill by trying to conceal your illness is the worst thing in the world.

I have rather bad news from Rome, where there is considerable agitation. The Pope, for his part, never loses an opportunity of saying or doing something stupid. The general feeling, apparently, is one of dread that a revolution may break out immediately on the departure of the *corps d'armée.* It is the one hope of the Mazzinians, and there is in Rome, so people say, a party bent upon operating in the same direction. Here it is asserted that Ricasoli is doing all he can in aid of the movement, impelled thereto as much by his sympathy with it as by a spirit of personal hostility against the Emperor. I should say that this is an exaggeration.

Should any catastrophe happen we shall be in a most difficult and most dangerous position, for

that *papisme* is the rule here is as unfortunate as it is true. Voltaire made a *fiasco solenne*, and you may have noticed that all the deplorable inspirations which are infused into the Pope's mind reach him from France.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Let me hear from you speedily. I start this evening. The Empress has a very bad cold; the Emperor is quite well.

CCXLIX.

Cannes, November 18, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I know your disease, and I believe it to be easily curable. You must choose one of two things; either a doctor, a man of common sense and patient enough to listen to you. They are very rarely found, clever doctors, as a rule, attending only to serious cases. The alternative is to be your own doctor, after the fashion of your fellow-countryman, Tiberius, an Emperor who was calumniated by a newspaper rascal, called Tacitus. What you have to do, and it will be worth your while to pay serious attention to it, is to find out what does and what does not suit

your constitution. You may rest assured that, after a month's trial, you will have discovered the regimen you ought to adhere to, and after that, it is a simple question of perseverance and obedience to your self-prescribed laws, laws which can only be transgressed under pain of relapsing into a series of petty ills which really are very distressing, although no one ever pities you for them.

I sincerely hope that what you tell me about Ricasoli may be true; I thought he had a grudge against us, and especially against the Emperor. It is quite natural that he should act in the interest of his country; the only request that can be made to him is that he should not gratuitously cause others embarrassment which can be of no advantage to himself.

As far as can be judged from the latest news, it would appear, however, that the Italian Government is quite in accord with our own on the Roman question. He wishes to obviate any disturbance in Rome during the Pope's life-time, and that, I imagine, is what everybody must desire in the interests both of France and Italy.

You know what my ideas are on the subject of the Pope and the priests. Every day I regret that Francis I. did not become a Protestant. But since we are unfortunate enough to be Catholics, we need ten times as much prudence to enable us to live in peace. If a religious agitation were to be added to all the other sources of ferment we possess, we should go surely and quickly to the devil. The influence of these people is still immense, despite Rénan and all the philosophers, and they have many more bitter pills for us to swallow.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. In addition to thinking over the medical portion of my letter, will you also remember that there is in the world a small town called Cannes, where for the last week no cloud has been visible, where it is almost too warm, and where last, but not least, there are some excellent legs of mutton, of which we should be delighted to make you partake.

CCL.

Cannes, November 29, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

I hoped *we* might have bought the Blacas collection. I think you are paying dear for it, but, taking all things into consideration, you have done a good stroke of business. You possessed nothing very remarkable in the way of cameos and engraved stones, and you now have a certain number of admirable specimens, although many of the signatures on the engraved stones are forgeries (this is *inter nos).* The vases are in no way remarkable. The Roman mirror in silver, though of a very recent date, is unique. There is a head of Æsculapius about which much fuss has been made, but which, in my opinion, is mediocre. I have not examined the collection of medals. There is a Roman *suite* in gold, which is said to be very beautiful. To sum up, I offer you my congratulations, and will ask you to convey them to Mr. Newton and Mr. Disraeli.

Your England, my dear friend, is going to the devil. Our late regretted friend, Lord Palmerston, contributed in no slight degree to the result. One

of these days, believe me, his name will be damned for the greatest mistake ever made by a statesman, his refusal to recognise, conjointly with us, the Southern Confederation. You make fun of us over our Mexican mess, out of which we have fortunately extricated ourselves, though with our tail between our legs; but you will have to bear the chief brunt of its consequences.

I wish the Pope was in Abraham's bosom. If he had an ounce of brains under his tiara everything would be settled satisfactorily. The unfortunate part of the business is that he is an honest fool and a good Christian. He is hurried on by our most mortal enemies, who are only anxious for one result—a martyr and relics.

It is only too true that our friend, *Madame de la Rune*,* wants to go to Rome. All the household, especially the principals, oppose the idea as far as they possibly can. I am very much afraid that *Monsieur de la Rune*, who has a horror of scenes, dare not say "no." I leave you to imagine the advice which just now is likely to be given by a person who fears nothing, and looks at everything from a chivalrous point of view!

* The Empress.

There is, as the saying goes, both meat and drink in Ricasoli's circular. If the Romans read it aright I fancy they will turn the Pope out of doors. In itself that proceeding would be eminently pleasing to me, were it not for the sinister consequences which might result from it so far as we are concerned. It is sad to have to confess that we are fools; but I am convinced that nothing could be more disastrous to the reigning dynasty than the flight of this old priest.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You do not say a word about your health or Cannes. We are having too much sun. Therefore come!

CCLI.

Cannes, December 7, 1866.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I was glad to see that last Monday's demonstration passed off so mildly. That does not prevent its being a very serious affair. You have only to notice the way it is spoken of, and the eulogistic terms in which the *Times* alludes to the *intelligent* workmen, &c., who organised and carried out the show. There is much rejoicing

over there having been only five-and-twenty thousand men in the procession; but seventy thousand tickets were sold, and that means a lot of people. What is the truth about Fenianism? Is it a *hoax* into which the Government is falling head foremost, or is the thing really serious? And what is the state of England, and what part is she going to play in the Eastern Question?

Thank God, the journey of Madame de la Rune appears to have fallen through. At all events, I have news from reliable sources that it is no longer talked about. If, as I am inclined to think, the plan was conceived and upset *en famille* and quietly, everything is for the best.

The prosperity of those Yankee cads is alarming. A surplus of nearly a thousand in their budget, and that after four years' war! The speech of President Johnston does not hold out any hope of good things in store for us, or for you either. Whatever you may say, the American Eagle, as Victor Hugo would say, must be crushed in the shell. And if the annexation of Savoy had the influence you say it had on Lord Palmerston, and if it prevented his accepting the offer

of intervention at the common expense, it proves still more clearly that he was very old when he died.

I think the Pope will leave Rome, for he is a fool, and is advised by wicked fools. He will also give us a favourable opportunity of making fools of ourselves. I have still some hope that he will be content with talking about it. Provided he does not carry off the archives of the Vatican, we may console ourselves; at all events I shall, and so will you, I imagine.

We were expecting Du Sommerard here. Just as he was going to start he was put in requisition for the Universal Exhibition, and now he is chained by his leg *in æternum*, that is to say, until the end of next year.

We are told that Cousin and Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire will appear soon. Edouard Fould, with an incomparable cook, will be here on the 20th. Her sauces would make you smack your lips!

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I breathe pretty freely so long as I do not go out in the evening and am careful about everything, sad to say!

What a happy time it will be when no attention need be paid to anything!

CCLII.

Cannes, December 21, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

Nothing as yet is decided as regards the journey which makes us so uneasy. So General Fleury, whom I saw an hour ago, assured me. For my part, I think the preposterous farewell speech made by his Holiness to the French officers has had more effect than all the arguments in the world could have had. The Venetians of yore said that they were Venetians first and Christians afterwards; our august hostess is an Empress first and a Christian afterwards.

General Fleury appeared well pleased with the King, and still better pleased with Ricasoli. He tells me that he is a most consistent man, on whose word the utmost reliance can be placed. Everybody here is delighted with the King's speech at the opening of Parliament.

We are told to expect Lord Russell to-morrow;

he is coming to make a stay, and an attempt is being made to find a house for him, a *rara avis* just at this moment when every one is full. I shall pay my respects as soon as he is settled.

In spite of the sun and moon, I am by no means at my ease as regards my health. Every day I experience greater difficulty in breathing. Sometimes I manage to hold my own, at others it wearies me and gives me the blue devils. I cannot help regretting, like King Alfonso the Chaste, that I was not consulted about the arrangement of this world. It would have been very easy to make it less troublesome, and if the entrance of death upon the scene was a necessity, I should, at all events, have been inclined to omit all suffering.

CCLIII.

Cannes, December 27, 1866.

My Dear Panizzi,

The journey of Madame de la Rune is at an end, and she has given up her idea without losing her temper. The *quomodo* is still a

mystery to me, as I have not been enlightened. Judging from her character, which I know tolerably well, I am inclined to think that tirade of Pio Nono against General Montebello, which was neither charitable, nor Christian, nor polite, nor politic, did more to change her resolution than any arguments. What surprises me is that M. Ricasoli should at first have declared himself in favour of the journey in question; *he expected much from it.* At all events, so he told General Fleury at Florence.

The tranquility which reigns in Rome and Italy is disconcerting our Clericals beyond measure. They would be delighted to have one martyr more to put in their litanies. May it last for many a long day yet. *Non vixerit annos Petri.* When that time comes I trust *that* book may be closed and something else may be invented. Indeed, it would be monstrous to have another Pope with a Sacred College composed, as it now is, of Italians, and Italians to a certain extent *fuorisciti.* I do not think that the Catholic world would submit to it. Either a new application of universal suffrage must be made, or the key must be put

under the door, and we will go and rummage among the archives of the Vatican.

It is qute true that the bill on recruiting for the army, or, rather, the system proposed, is giving rise to much discontent, but principally among the *bourgeoisie*, and it is noticeable that the Orleanist Opposition, of which the *Journal des Dèbats* is the real organ, is everywhere making itself conspicuous by its attacks, after having proclaimed from the house-tops the shortsightedness of the Government in not having armed when it found M. de Bismark on the frontier. It is only too true that, by dint of preaching money as the sovereign good, a great alteration has been made in the warlike instincts of France. I do not say amongst the masses, but among the upper classes. The idea of risking one's life has become most repugnant, and those who call themselves honest men stigmatise it as low and vulgar. These gentlemen will go to such lengths that they will compel the Emperor to throw himself into the arms of the populace, to whom, by the same token, he has always had a certain leaning. My letters tell me that when he returned from

Compiègne to Paris, the workmen and the lower orders received him with an amount of enthusiasm which looked very like a protest against the opposition of the black-coated gentry.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you a happy ending to this year, and a prosperous beginning of the next.

CCLIV.

Cannes, January 7, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I paid a visit the day before yesterday to Lord Russell, whom I found returning from a walk, in the costume of Mr. Punch, accompanied by her ladyship. He seemed to me in better case; not so thin, but nevertheless worn, and with the manner of a man who has nothing left to hope for. I hear several Englishmen say that it is very possible, not to say probable, that Lord Derby will hold his own for another Session. My lord and my lady were very amiable. I could not induce him to talk politics. They have brought a string of children with them.

My news from Paris is tolerably good. The

financial side of it is excellent. The Bill on recruiting is apparently becoming very harmless and in all probability will not arouse much opposition. It will, moreover, have the advantage of not alarming anybody in Europe, which is a great point. In spite of the decadence of the military spirit in France, I think that in case of need we could still lay hands on sufficient forces to collar any opponent.

I look upon Italy as pursuing a very prudent line of conduct, and upon things there as taking a turn in the right direction, although I do not in the least believe in the realization of M. Ricasoli's idea of a free church in a free State. Besides the system never having been relished by the priests, I doubt the prudence of adopting it on the morrow of a revolution. There are so many points of collision between the Government and what these gentlemen are pleased to call religion, that numerous conflicts are inevitable.

They will make them spring up in all directions where they believe themselves to be in force. It appears to me, besides, that the pig-headed old ass in the Vatican is losing ground, even here.

He is by way of being too great an idiot, and is innately possessed of all the calm obstinacy of a sheep.

I am forming plans of travel for this summer. The Universal Exhibition will render Paris uninhabitable by Parisians, and I am rather inclined to spend my holidays in Venice, where a friend of mine is Consul-General. Will you come and eat ices at the Café Florian without running the risk of having them spoiled by the sight of white uniforms? I am told, also, that Venice will be very empty this summer. From a commercial and industrial point of view I do not think she will ever regain her ancient splendour. Ancona, Trieste, and Tarento have too many advantages over her, but she will ever be a charming town, where idlers spend their time after a pleasant fashion.

CCLV.

Cannes, January 20, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We have been for three days without any communication from the North, the snow

having blocked up the line between Avignon and Valence. Within this short space Cousin has died from an almost instantaneous and utterly unforeseen attack of apoplexy. He was in very good spirits at dinner on the previous evening. On the following morning—last Sunday—he complained of having slept badly, but that did not prevent his working as usual throughout the morning. Towards one o'clock he was seized with an unconquerable desire to sleep, which was fully explained by his having had a bad night; he fell asleep on the sofa and never awoke again. In vain was every remedy tried for twelve or fifteen hours. Life was not extinct, but he never regained consciousness, nor did he ever open his eyes. The expression of his face was so perfectly calm that his body probably did not suffer. It was a terrible sight, I assure you, to see the inert body still fighting against death—the slumber of a child and the death-rattle of a dying man.

Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who lived in the same house, and I did not want to summon a priest, still less Monsignor Dupanloup, who was at Nice, and for whom it was suggested we should

telegraph. Cousin had not said anything on the subject, and we were afraid, if the priests appeared on the scene, that they would make a scene after their own peculiar fashion, and Dupanloup especially would have had something of his own to say. As a matter of fact, the poor fellow neither saw nor heard. The *curé* of Cannes, after having displayed considerable ill-humour, particularly, I think, because the funeral was arranged to take place at Paris, nevertheless sent a priest with us to accompany the body to the railway station, so that everything passed off decently and without any scandal.

My letters from Paris bring me all kinds of political rumours, each one announcing a change of system, an important step in a liberal and parliamentary direction. I think that the extent of the change is exaggerated, but that something will be done I am convinced. We have yet to learn whether success will await the new order of things. I rather doubt it, to tell you the truth. The political education of the French people is, in my opinion, very far below the standard of the institutions which it is proposed to bestow upon

them; any concession granted to them now will only be liable to abuse. All this somewhat disheartens me and makes me uneasy as regards the future.

We have in France a numerous class of persons, stronger and cleverer than Mr. Bright, who put their shoulders to the wheel with all their might for the purpose of upsetting the coach, which is already sticking in the mud. Sensible men are scarce, and the majority of them are too devoid of ambition to take any part in public affairs. I will not dwell upon the measures I have alluded to. Everything at present is in too vague a state, and, to all appearance, by the time you receive this letter you will know more than I do.

I hear you have been having horrible weather in London, and snow worthy of Siberia. I hope you were not skating on the Serpentine when so many persons took a cold bath. A great many people seem to have been drowned. Did you know anyone concerned in the dreadful catastrophe?

We have also been paying our tribute to winter. We have had two days' frost, which has injured our flowers to a certain extent and cut down the

young shoots on the orange trees, but, considering all things, the damage is not great. I am afraid that, in consequence of the heavy fall of snow, there will be inundations in the centre of France. M. Dupanloup will tell us that this has to do with the base line of conduct we have pursued towards the Pope. However, he appears to be very comfortable on his throne and is preventing the Scotch from hearing sermons, which will inevitably send them to the infernal regions.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am pretty well, in spite of the trying crisis I have passed through.

P.S.—Your note has just arrived. It pleases me much. I will write to you to-morrow or the day after. The post is closing. Go to the Tuileries about half-past one and send in your card to the Empress's Chamberlain. She will be very pleased to see you.

CCLVI.

Cannes, January 21, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Try to induce Mr. Gladstone to see the Empress. I have written to M. Fould about it. I think I told you yesterday how to set about seeing her. It would perhaps be better for you to write to her the day before you reach Paris, asking permission to pay your respects to her on your way through. Sign your name legibly on the outside of the envelope, and present yourself at half-past one on the following day. She wrote me a charming letter on the occasion of Cousin's death.

As you are not much versed in the epistolary style, I suggest the following—" Madame, on the eve of paying a visit to one of your Majesty's most faithful subjects, at Cannes, I am unwilling to pass through Paris without conveying to him news of your Majesty. I beg, therefore, that I may be permitted to seek it to-morrow, and at the same time to lay at your Majesty's feet the respectful homage," &c., &c.

CCLVII.

Cannes, March 10, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I hope I am right in thinking that you have been snugly ensconced by the fireside during this wretched weather. If you had travelled through this pelting rain you would have beheld the Corniche like the Englishman who wanted to see the Lake of Geneva, and rode round it in a covered carriage with the hood down towards the lake. You might, too, have been stopped by a mountain torrent and been compelled to take refuge in a flea-infested inn with nothing but an old hen to live upon for forty-eight hours. If you have experienced these misfortunes, we decline to pity you, on the ground that you were in too great a hurry to leave us. These are judgments of Providence which may contribute to your amendment.

The rising of the Fenians is assuming shape. I do not think, however, that it is of much importance. I am only afraid that the Government will not put it down with the same strong hand which was visible in India and Jamaica. John Bull,

when he is frightened, is pitiless. In my opinion, a very clever mixture of clemency and severity is necessary in this business, hanging the few and pardoning the many ; above all things hang some of the Americans to discourage the others.

As touching reform, our friend Mr. Lowe seems to me to be still playing the leading part. He alone is in the right road, and has the courage of his opinions. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds is a very difficult thing, and I do not believe in the possibility of any definite reform. You might as well try to stop yourself half way down a glacier as to lay down rules for the franchise for ever, or even for any length of time. If the existing state of things is destroyed, there will be no delaying universal suffrage. It will make its way round the world like the Neapolitan misfortune. The two things are on a par, but the temperature of universal suffrage has not yet been discovered.

You will have seen the draft Army Bill which has appeared in the newspapers. I do not think it is a good one, and I doubt its being adopted without considerable amendment.

The Prince Imperial is suffering from boils,

which prevent him sitting down. Nothing serious. General Froissard, who is to be his Governor, is highly spoken of. He is said to be very firm and straightforward.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Try to induce Garibaldi to leave off scribbling.

CCLVIII.

Cannes, March 28, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Your letter confirms all the newspapers tell us of the weakness of the Italian Chamber and the evil intentions of one portion of the Deputies. I am afraid that beast Garibaldi will compel them to make fools of themselves.

It seems to me that in England also matters are not progressing over favourably. I am told that Lord Derby's Bill will not pass, and that the Government which succeeds him will have all its work to do to avoid manhood suffrage. For some time past I have given up attempting to understand Lord Derby's plan, and it seems to me that nobody in Parliament is any better off than I

am. You are taking a huge leap in the dark, and nobody appears to have any very clear idea of where you will land. In England, thanks to the wealth of the aristocracy, its good sense, and the custom of electoral corruption, the results of universal suffrage may easily be very different from those anticipated by Mr. Bright.

Things are no better with us. The Chamber appears but little disposed to pass the new Bill on the reorganization of the Army, at all events without considerable amendment, and the worst aspect of the affair, in my opinion, is that the proposed amendments will tend rather to diminish than to increase our forces. We are becoming too fond of our comforts.

M. Rouher is reported to have complained bitterly of the stupidity of M. Walewski, the effects of which he will be hard pushed to dissipate. On his side, the majority is furious against the President, who does not know how to preside, and there is every reason to believe than an amend must be made to M. Rouher.

A goodly number of Legitimists have attended the reception of the Duc de Mouchy and have

been conspicuously polite to his wife. This has created some sensation.

CCLIX.

Paris, April 4, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

Here I am in Paris at last, and still suffering. I well nigh expired on the way, but here I am. The Empress caught cold on the occasion of her visit to the Exhibition. The Prince is much better, and his being kept indoors is merely a precautionary measure.

I am quite of your opinion as regards politics. Things are going on as badly as they can. The Luxembourg affair seems to me both stupid and dangerous. The country is not worth a straw, but, so they say, it is a position strategically important, in former days a constant menace against France, and, in our hands, a menace against Belgium and Prussia. Is it to our interest, is it wise, to assume a menacing attitude, divided as we are?

Everybody says that the Bill for the reorganization of the Army will be thrown out by the

Chamber, which energetically disclaims all idea of war.

I am glad to hear that, on your side, Italian affairs are going on more satisfactorily than was anticipated. However, the address of the new Chamber is not passed yet, and it will be a test. Senates, except my own, are always reasonable.

Have you noticed the outbursts of Catholic fervour on the part of our Generals, who shudder at the bare idea of an Arian having been appointed Professor of the Hebrew language? It is almost enough to make one weep. If you go to the root of the matter you will find that stupidity is the crying evil of the present day. We are not *progenies vitiosior*, but *stultior*. Herein lies the great danger. You may make vicious people listen to reason, but fools never. England appears to me to be sailing towards universal suffrage with a wet sail; that is an additional proof of the stupidity of the present generation.

The Emperor had an enthusiastic reception at the Exhibition. He still enjoys an extraordinary prestige among the masses; but the *salons* and

the middle classes are as badly disposed as they well can be. As for the Orleanists, no folly is too foolish for them.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. My rheumatism has disappeared, but I still suffer from a difficulty in breathing.

CCLX.

Paris, April 16, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Prince Imperial is quite well. The only result remaining of his accident is an enforced abstention from horse exercise for another fortnight. His illness will have had one good effect, inasmuch as it has shown their Majesties that they are bringing him up very badly by making him dine at their table, keeping him awake till all hours, and in an atmosphere as hot as is that of the Tuileries. General Froissard appears to be very firm, and much is expected of him. Everybody agrees that he was well chosen. The boy was very patient and very brave throughout his illness. He did not wish to be put under chloroform, and asked that his mother should be kept

in ignorance of the day when the operation was to be performed.

We are at present enjoying an interval of comparative tranquility. The tone of the Prussian newspapers is much less arrogant; that of the Russian and English journals is also more reassuring. To-day the question appears to be reduced to the limits of the retreat of the Prussians from Luxembourg and the destruction of the fortress, which is a standing menace against all around it, ourselves in particular, or its occupation by a Dutch garrison. All the great Powers, it is said, are against M. de Bismark, and I think he will give way.

In spite of that I do not look upon peace as being a certainty. There are several disquieting symptoms. I know on very good authority that a new engine of war, which has been manufactured very mysteriously, is held to bestow an immense advantage upon its possessor. Several batteries of it have been constructed amidst extraordinary precautions, so much so that the workmen who have turned out certain portions of the machine have never seen the rest. The manufacture of

Chassepot rifles and cartridges is also being pushed on with great activity; but nobody really knows what the Emperor intends to do. The middle classes look upon war with horror, but the masses, especially in the eastern departments, are ready to eat the Prussians.

The Bill for the reorganization of the Army will be modified to such a degree as to be no longer recognizable. Military men speak highly of it. Read an article on the subject by General Changarnier in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th. It is somewhat old-fashioned and over-boastful in tone, but has many good points about it.

An appeal from Garibaldi to the Roman refugees in his usual style, that is to say very bad, is published in the newspapers. I hope means will be found to stop him before his words become deeds.

I have given up all idea of understanding the Reform Bill, but to the Tories, apparently, will belong the glory of having set light to the powder train. I cannot see how universal suffrage is to be denied, and before long too. . . .

Good-bye, my dear friend. We are destined, I fear, to witness some extraordinary events.

CCLXI.

Paris, April 27, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I performed a heroic action yesterday by taking the Comtesse Téléki to the Exhibition in spite of the wretched weather. I gave her a very bad breakfast in indifferent society, but she accepted it all most philosophically. She has evidently travelled, and, unlike a certain gentleman of your acquaintance, she does not insist upon everything being after the pattern of Bloomsbury Square.

There is still much uneasiness and a certain amount of agitation. If this goes on much longer I think *that our monkey will be up*, which will be a sincere source of pleasure to me. If we knock under I shall consider that we are lost for ever.

This is the situation just now. The Emperor sent for Lord Cowley and assured him that he had no idea of commencing hostilities or of in-

creasing the territory of France on the German side, that he had nothing to say to the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Luxembourg, but that he was opposed to any foreign power maintaining a garrison outside its own States and on the frontier of France. In conclusion, he asked England to intervene with Prussia on the basis either of razing the fortress and ceding the Duchy to Holland, or of placing a Dutch garrison in it, or of annexing the Duchy to Belgium, but, in any case, of the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison. Lord Stanley, it seems, thought the proposition reasonable, and there is a report to-day that the Queen had written *propriâ manu* to the King of Prussia. In reality, the King aforesaid is the difficulty. M. de Bismark, they say, is very pacific, but it is also true that he rows one way and looks another.

Russia, who at first was somewhat cool, appears at length to have taken England's view of the matter. But, on both sides, England and Russia, a certain delicacy is observed towards us in view of the reopening of the Eastern Question, apparently near at hand. Well-informed people tell

me that the Emperor, as usual, is entirely in accord with England about that infernal Eastern Question, and I am glad of it.

Yesterday I met, at M. Fould's, one of the doctors in attendance on the Prince Imperial, who, so he told us, is going on very well. It appears that they do not wish to dress the wound yet for fear of a recurrence of the previous accident. From the doctor's point of view, that is the luxury of precaution.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. M. Fould has carried off several prizes with the horses you saw at Tarbes, and these triumphs, apparently, completely console him for the loss of his portfolio.

CCLXII.

Paris, May 6, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

Appearances are all in favour of peace, and Lord Stanley deserves most of the credit. Realise to yourself what would have happened had Lord Russell been Foreign Minister.

The arrival of the King of Prussia at the end of this month is announced as almost certain, and,

shortly afterwards that of the Emperor of Russia. With the King of Greece, the brother of the Tycoon of Japan, and the Pasha of Egypt we shall have a dinner party as amusing as the one Candidus stumbled upon at Venice.

Scarcely is one worry got rid of before another springs up. The Eastern Question is coming to a head rapidly, and we shall hear of it before long. Here the reserves have been countermanded, but great activity prevails in the manufacture of rifles; next month it is said that they will be turned out at the rate of six thousand a day. Contracts have been entered into for their supply in all directions, and it is a remarkable fact that the best are made in Spain.

I have been pretty well during the last few days, since Spring has declared itself for good and all. If anything, the weather is too warm. Nevertheless, I am still living the life of an anchorite. I never go out at night, I never dine out, and I have entirely given up society. My servant is ill now, which is a great nuisance. By way of consolation I am told that it is merely an attack of influenza and by no means serious.

Among the petty ills common to human nature there are none more annoying than having to change one's habits or one's servants.

One of the good fellows who occasionally comes to keep me company met Nigra at the house of the Prince de Metternich, where his appearance created a sensation. He appeared to be on a very good footing in the house. I see that M. d'Azeglio is to be a member of the London Congress, and, as I look upon him as one more on the side of peace, I am glad of it.

We are awaiting telegrams from London on the subject of the great Reform demonstration organised by Mr. Beales. Matters seem to me to be going too far, and it is high time to bring the rabble to their senses and teach them not to interfere with what does not concern them.

You, probably, will not reach this place until the beginning of June, for you have plenty of ground to get over, and many reasons for halting. You will arrive with all the crowned heads at the most brilliant period of the Exhibition. I told you that I dined a week ago with their Majesties, who asked after you. If you are in Paris in

June, you will probably be booked for Fontainebleau. The Prince Imperial has gone to Saint-Cloud. He is quite well now.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Amuse yourself enough for two, for I can no longer do anything in that direction.

CCLXIII.

Paris, May 17, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I suppose you are still at Florence waiting for Sir James, but I hope you will not stay until there is no longer anybody in Paris. I am told there is a move towards the country already. The mob of Princes, Emperors, and Tycoons who swarm here are quite enough to scare away all the Parisians.

The article which has created such a sensation here and in London, appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of April, signed "M. Collin." * It deals with Trades Associations and the present state of England. I lent it to the Comtess Téléki, who was very much struck with

* The pseudonym employe by M. Libri.

it, and cannot understand how a foreigner can be conversant with, and understand, so many curious things; but, in my eyes, the article is chiefly remarkable for the mode in which it is written, arrangement, style, &c., &c. I also look upon it as being decidedly out of the common. I am sorry that, instead of devoting himself to mathematics, and especially collecting books, he does not content himself with journalism.

When you come to Paris, you will find a very pretty little house of your own, in the Faubourg Rue Saint Honoré, which M. Fould built for his son before the latter was married, with a mysterious door opening on to the street, which I trust you will not abuse.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. For some days past we have been having winter once again, and I am in despair. I sincerely hope you will be better treated when you appear. I have not heard any mention made of Mr. Gladstone, who has been expected in Paris for the last few days.

CCLXIV.

Paris, May 24, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

It appears to me, with regard to your habitation in Paris, that it will never do for you not to accept the one placed at your disposal by M. Fould. Whence did you get the idea that it is a whole house? It is a small batchelor establishment, which M. Fould arranged, as I have already told you, before his son was married, and it is just the thing for a personage of your importance. M. Fould counts upon you, and, in my opinion, you will be wrong in declining.

The Prince Imperial is going on well. He is fairly settled at Saint-Cloud, which is much better for him than the mode of life in Paris and the Tuileries.

What do you think of the Sultan's visit to Paris? It is rather like an *opera-comique.* I verily believe that all these great people come for the purpose of seeing Mademoiselle Thérésa and Mademoiselle Menken.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. We are having wretched weather. It is colder than on the very

worst day in January at Cannes. We are told by the Institute that it is quite an exceptional year, of which only two happen per century, recurring at regular intervals, and that 1816 has reappeared in 1867. I am sorry that it has fallen to my lot to have experienced such wretchedness twice in my life. By way of consolation, I see that snow has fallen for two consecutive days in London.

CCLXV.

Paris, June 26, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I breakfasted on Saturday with two persons who were very much fatigued by their past terms of hard labour, and were preparing for others to come, *Monsieur* suffering from rheumatism, and *Madame* from a severe cold, but both, notwithstanding, tolerably well. They asked after you. The son is in good health and walks as well as the best of us.

I recommend you to read, in the *Moniteur* of to-day, Sainte Beuve's speech in the Senate. It will amuse you. It could not possibly be more re-

dolent of wit, but he sacrificed the matter to the manner, and said everything he could to render the vote he advocated impossible. Where will the Clericals stop?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do you know anything about the Grand Council which is being held at Rome?

CCLXVI.

Paris, June 30, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

Here is an anecdote which may possibly amuse you. The Prefect of the Seine invited the King of the Belgians to dine with the Municipal Council. He offered his arm without any ceremony to the Queen, and, turning towards the King, said—"King of the Belgians, give your arm to Madame Haussmann."

My health is better, but not sufficiently good to warrant my undertaking a journey to London, and, though we are very great friends, I should not like to trouble you with my carcase, in case I might have to leave it in Bloomsbury Square; besides which, I have to receive an urgent request to be-

take myself to Biarritz. I have declined and shall continue to do so to the best of my ability, but you will easily understand that I cannot well refuse and then go somewhere else. If I could follow my own bent in the matter, I should be off to-morrow without even seeing the Sultan, but I must play my courtier's part.

Madame de Montijo has been in Paris for the last three or four days. She is living in the Avenue Montaigne ; the Duchess de Mouchy and I know not who besides are still staying in her daughter's house. She is very well, and I fancy her eyes are slightly better.

CCLXVII.

Paris, July 5, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Maximilian has shared the fate of many other adventurers. He is one of the victims of our Holy Father the Pope, who has already done so much evil to the family. The devil of it is that, let people say or do what they will, part of the responsibility attaches to us. Yesterday there

was a report, which, fortunately, cannot be traced to any reliable source, that the Mexicans had assassinated our Ambassador at Mexico, and, if it be true, fresh embarrassments will be heaped upon us. It would be a repetition of the case of the Consul taken prisoner by King Theodore of Abyssinia. The Yankees and Lynch law alone can cope with the Mexicans. The breed is so rotten as to be past regeneration. Nothing can be done with the country except by wholesale extermination. I am very much afraid that matters have come to as bad a pass in Spain. Everything that comes to my ears tends to prove that gangrene has set in everywhere.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The Sultan was in a blue funk in the train. He ordered it to stop, he wanted to get out, he shouted and wept as he was whirled along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He is very polite here, and makes amiable speeches to everybody, or Fuad Pasha makes them for him.

CCLXVIII.

Paris, July 11, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not know if you have heard of the wretched quarrel between Sainte Beuve and M. Lacaze in the Senate. It is becoming more and more bitter every day. The scholars in the Normal School, who went in a body to compliment Sainte Beuve, have been expelled. Thanks to the vapourings of the newspapers, the Schools of Law and Medicine are going to carry out a similar demonstration. To add to the embarrassment of the Minister of Public Instruction, his son yesterday proceeded to administer personal chastisement to a journalist, who is to-day looked upon as a holy martyr. Everything now-a-days is in a state of confusion, for want of proper authority.

A Bill on the right of public meetings has been introduced in the *Corps Législatif*, but there is no time to discuss it this year. As if to prove how useful and good a Bill it would be, the workmen of the Faubourg Saint Antoine are asking to be allowed to meet for the pur-

pose of celebrating the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Do you, who know how sensible and orderly our workmen are, do you think that such a meeting would pass off as peaceably as that in Hyde Park last month? These are very ominous symptoms, and the tone of the Opposition newspapers will show you the nature of their plans and hopes.

I am under the impression that the visit of the Emperor of Austria to Paris will not take place, and I do not think that we need distress ourselves to any great extent about it. The less we meddle in the affairs of Germany the better will it be for us.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The Empress is going to pass four days in strict privacy with the Queen. I fancy she will spend a day at least in London. She will be *incog.*, but you will do well to leave your name if she is in your neighbourhood. This between ourselves.

CCLXIX.

Paris, July 19, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I only know one thing, which is, that the Empress is going to spend a few days *tête-à-tête* with the Queen. Of course she will have at least one of her ladies-in-waiting with her. As soon as I know who it is to be I will let you know. It appears very improbable to me that she will go to England without halting for a day in London to give herself a rest after all her fatigues as mistress of the house.

When you see Mr. Lowe, offer him my congratulations on his last speech, which bears a slight resemblance to the Lamentations of Jeremiah, but, in my opinion, is a model of the Parliamentary style. This style, like many other good things, will disappear before the irruption of bad American manners which he predicts, and a great misfortune it will be.

Reports say that the Session will terminate next week, to recommence in November, when the Press and Public Meetings Bills, &c., will be discussed. I think of depriving myself of the plea-

sure of being present if I have enough life left to take me to Cannes.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Our Minister in Mexico, M. Dano, is reported to have been shot by Juarez. It is the worst thing that could happen to us. I do not know whether this is a case in which the Spanish axiom, *siempre lo peor es cierto*, will hold good.

CCLXX.

Paris, July 26, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The *tête-à-tête* at Osborne seems to have been of the most intimate character. I am told that her Majesty did not go to London, so that you could not have done anything.

In spite of all the peaceable visits of Kings and Ministers, there is still much vague uneasiness which, nevertheless, is bearing definite fruit. Enormous sums of money are said to be lying idle, nobody caring to place capital at even a few months' date. Everybody is afraid, although nobody knows precisely what there is to be alarmed

about. We are, in fact, in the strangest possible state, having all the inconveniences of a Parliamentary system without any of its solidity, the inconveniences of absolutism as well as those of liberty.

In the midst of all this, the Emperor maintains his popularity, and, as an instance of it, every time he goes to the Exhibition he receives a kind of ovation at the hands of the imbeciles who vote for Pelletan and Jules Favre. I am afraid it will make him lose his head and prevent his eyes being opened to the very real danger of the situation. The Empress is expected to-morrow evening.

The Princesse —— is scandalising everybody here by her goings on. She makes appointments and does not keep them ; she laughs, cries, scolds, and has paroxysms of anger and tears. I think her extremely pretty, and the whiteness of her skin is simply ravishing.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Read the second article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Trades Associations, signed "Collin." There is also in the same Review, of the 15th of this month, a reply by M. de Haussonville to Prince Napoleon,

in which his Highness appears to me to be hard hit.

CCLXXI.

Paris, August 7, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

The Prince Imperial has returned from Luchon in perfect health, and without the least trace of his illness. Madame de Montijo has been ailing slightly during the past few days, but is better now.

Have you read the letter of my *confrère*, the Bishop of Orleans, on the affairs of Rome and Italy?

He predicts all kinds of disasters. M. de Sartiges, our Ambassador at Rome, who has just arrived (whence I know not), says that the Pope has never been better. I fancy he will outlive *annos Petri*. Is it true that Nigra will not return to Paris? I shall be very sorry personally, and I think that his removal will be a mistake.

I am quite of your opinion with regard to the article in the *Revue*, signed Collin. It is inferior

to the first one, though still very remarkable. If what he says is true, there is little hope of good things being in store for the future. What most astonishes me is to see the British Government, usually so prudent, choosing, for the purpose of making a concession to the Radicals, the very moment when their attitude is most threatening. It is impossible to give way to threats without speedily repenting of not having risked a fight. The worst of doing this is that the fight must come sooner or later, and, when in the end, it is resolved upon, the day is lost. This infernal American system is making daily inroads upon us. I believe, my dear Panizzi, that we were born too late. The good time is past and over, and we shall have some bitter pills to swallow.

I do not relish the Saltzbourg trip, which unfortunately is a settled thing. I look round in vain for a good side to it, and I only see the greatest possible inconvenience. A report is gaining ground that on their return to Paris they will bring back Francis Joseph and the Empress. Both are said to be very mediocre personages, detesting M. de Beust from the bottom of their hearts,

and ready to leave him in the lurch on the first opportunity.

The Grotes have passed through here, I am told, but I am completely ruined in their estimation, and have been so ever since I wrote to tell them that Cousin was the first to say the identical things about Socrates which the German professors invented long afterwards. Madame has never forgiven me for having valued at twelve francs the Titian for which she paid twelve thousand.

CCLXXII.

Paris, August 21, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

One day I am well, and another ill, but never sure of myself from one day to another. I have been recommended to try capsules of essence of terebinth. They have done me good. If it will only last, as Harlequin said when he reached the third floor in his fall from the fifth!

If any credit could be attached to rumour and the newspapers, the Saltzbourg interview would read like a pastoral. The malcontents are afraid

of the last letter addressed to the Minister of Interior on the subject of the parochial roads. They say that an attempt is being made to put them off the scent and create a belief in peace. The worst interpretation is rather willingly placed upon everything.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st of August there was a tolerably good article on the state of Germany, which is attributed to the Comte de Paris. Have you read it? His conclusion is in favour of peace. If it is really his composition, he is stronger than his uncles; but that does not prevent one thinking that a Prince might find something better to do than to publish articles for the intense amusement of idle people.

I dined yesterday with Madame de Montijo, whom I found pretty well. She knew nothing about her daughter except through the newspapers. She appeared to me to be somewhat uneasy about the disturbances which have taken place in Cataluña. They have not assumed very serious proportions as yet, but in a house made of tinder a spark may do much damage.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. What do you

think of the burning of San Pietro Martire at Venice? It would be well, I think, to withdraw the paintings of the old masters from all the old churches throughout Europe? There are no worse custodians than the priests, but nevertheless they would like to get hold of everything.

CCLXXIII.

Paris, September 2, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The truly tropical heat which we have had during the last three weeks has done me good. I am consequently, for the time being, in tolerable health. I have, however, slight suffocating attacks, especially in the evening, but nothing very painful. On the whole, I am better than when you left me. My prudence deserves much credit for the result. I was asked to Biarritz, but this same prudence made me refuse, which did not increase *my* credit. I am just like an invalid cat; I sit in a corner and never stir; besides, I do not feel cheerful enough to join the *mocedades*[1] of Biarritz. I shall, therefore, stay here until winter approaches, and then I shall be-

take myself to Cannes, where I hope to see you soon.

Viollet-Leduc, who accompanied their Majesties on their journey to Lille, Dunkerque, Amiens, &c., says that he has never witnessed such enthusiasm, not to say frenzy. *Les points noirs,* which had a bad effect in Paris, were accepted as a mark of candour. I, too, look upon them in that light. My impression is in favour of peace. It is true that Europe is full of powder, and that a match would suffice to set everything on fire, but that is precisely what reassures me. Everybody can see very clearly what he has to lose, but very dimly what he can possibly gain. I think that the boldest player, M. de Bismark to wit, would hesitate.

Read an interesting article on the Congress of Moscow, by a Pole, called Kladzko, which appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st of September. Setting aside the exaggerations of an *emigré,* which must be discarded, it contains a very curious summary of the state of Eastern Europe. It reminds me of my standing joke with Lord Palmerston, who never would believe in

the Eastern Question. It is drawing nigh and is no longer confined to Constantinople.

You may, perhaps, have heard about a correspondence of Pascal, discovered by M. Chasles, of the Academy of Sciences, from which it would appear that he had discovered the laws of attraction before Newton. It made a great stir. As far as I am concerned, I never doubted for a moment that it was the work of a forger. You need only read three lines to be convinced that it could not possibly be Pascal's style. Words are to be found in it, such as mystification, which only date from the nineteenth century. In other respects the composition is not wanting in talent, and gives proof of an amount of scientific research which is uncommon. M. Chasles, the owner of the autographs, is, it appears, above all suspicion. Numbers of people assert that it is the work of Libri. I do not believe it for a moment, but as M. Chasles will not say from whom he procured the papers, scandal of all kinds is rife.

Paris is absolutely devoid of Parisians, but foreigners, and ill-favoured ones, too, abound. It is a great nuisance, but I spend my time

very quietly all the same, living in complete solitude.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Is war really and truly going to be made on the King of Abyssinia? It seems to me so un-English, that I am still doubtful, notwithstanding that an officer of my acquaintance says that he hopes to be attached, as a volunteer, to the English head-quarter staff.

CCLXXIV.

Paris, September 13, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I shall not be present at the debates on the Press Bill and the Bill for reorganization of the Army. In fact, when I read the newspapers, I am inclined to ask what necessity there is for a Press Bill at all. Never was there more liberty, even under Louis Philippe, and, I am bound to add, never was it so much abused. As for the Army Bill, I am afraid it will not pass unless it is modified to such an extent as to render it injurious. I have every reason to believe that the inventor of all these fine things bitterly repents

them now, but he is not one of the "Look before you leap" school.

What do you think of Garibaldi and the baptism he proposes? Could anybody possibly be more foolish or a greater idiot? I hope this last *fiasco* will compel him to keep quiet. It is said that he wants to go to London to preach an anti-papist crusade. I doubt his being received as he was on his first visit.

Everything appears at an end in Spain. The moral of the whole business is that, so long as the army remains faithful, Prim will not be able to do anything; but Narvaez is very old and the chaste Isabel very silly.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. What do you say in England about affairs in the East? They are rapidly assuming the proportions of a European question. The Russian newspapers are most warlike. They demand Galicia and Bulgaria to begin with.

CCLXXV.

Paris, September 27, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I hope you reached London in good health after your jaunts in the North. If you were not more favoured by the weather than we were, I pity you. The winter is coming upon us rapidly. Birds of all sorts are to be seen winging their way southwards, and the astrologers predict a rigorous winter for us.

I have been taking an outing into the country to see my cousin, who has a cottage a dozen leagues from Paris. I only remained there for two days, and it did not do me much good. I have come to the conclusion that, after all, the air of Paris is more respirable than that of La Brie. However, I am not very bad after all, considering the weather and the aggravating circumstances. But I have a fresh and serious cause for anxiety; my eyes are troubling me. I wish, and yet I dread, to consult Liebreich, but, on the other hand, if I lose my eye-sight, what the devil is to become of me?

I am very much pleased with the decision ar-

rived at by M. Ratazzi, and I consider that he has done all it was possible for him to do, in a time of revolution, with that *infant terrible* who is too great a blockhead to understand how criminal he is. After the congress of Geneva there was but one mistake left for him to make, and he has made it.

I have had news from Biarritz. Everybody is very well, and the Prince Imperial, who was reported to be ill, is in splendid health. They are, apparently, living a very retired life. The weather is anything but fine, and consequently I am inclined to think that they will return speedily. M. Fould, who wrote to the Emperor from Tarbes, has received a letter from him which has pleased him exceedingly; in other words, it is as pacific as possible, and entirely in accord with the Amiens speech.

Everybody here, nevertheless, believes in war, but, frankly, I do not understand why they should. It appears to me that, the evacuation of Luxembourg having taken place, we have no ground of quarrel with Prussia. To make war upon her because she won the battle of Sadowa would be

too absurd, and the inevitable consequence would be that we should set all Germany against us. From another point of view, I cannot think that M. de Bismark, who is a sensible man, and who has plenty to do, is attempting, by provoking us, to stake his all a second time.

After having preached the doctrine of respecting nationalities, we cannot honestly stand in the way of Germany completing her work of unification, after the example set by Italy. Appearances point to this unification creating a great amount of embarrassment for Prussia, who, after having roused revolutionary passions, now seeks to allay them, and will speedily stir up a tempest. In that case, and in that case only, would the chances be in our favour. Failing that, I believe war to be impossible—that is to say, between Prussia and ourselves, for from the East something might easily come to pass which would bring a wholesale conflagration in its train.

CCLXXVI.

Paris, October, 9, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

There was nothing to foreshadow the death of M. Fould, who appeared to enjoy excellent health, and, who, ever since his retirement, had regained his strength and led the most healthy and active life possible. I know nothing yet of the cause of his death. His doctor, M. Arnal, went to spend a few days at Tarbes, not to attend upon M. Fould, but to give himself the benefit of the mountain air. He left him in good health on the morning of his death. Berger, who returned from Tarbes last week, told me only on Saturday last that he had never seen M. Fould in better health and spirits.

I think the Emperor must feel his loss keenly, and all the more so because he cannot help reproaching himself to a certain extent. When one thinks of the present composition of the Privy Council, which, in the event of a Regency, would be the Government, there is grave cause for fear. M. Fould was the last on whom any reliance could be placed on the score of intelligence and devotion.

His death has created a great sensation here and still further increases the general gloom. The funeral will take place here, I believe, on the 15th, by which time the Court will have returned to Paris. The weather is reported to be very bad at Biarritz and the mode of life there is most retired.

In spite of the first *fiasco* of Garibaldi, the Pope's affairs do not seem to me to be in a healthy condition. Will M. Ratazzi be strong enough to oppose the invasion? Will he be supported? All this is very doubtful. It is said, and I have the fact on tolerably good authority, that attempts are being made to persuade the Pope that he would be acting more wisely, both for himself and for Italy, if he were to permit the Italian troops to occupy the provinces still in his possession, and to content himself with keeping Rome. Everybody must agree that it is difficult, as well as very costly, to maintain an extended *cordon* in a mountainous country, where it is impossible to guard every path, whereas it would be a very easy matter to guard Rome itself. I should not be surprised if we were to fall in with this arrangement here,

but nothing but obstinacy can be expected from the Pope. He is possessed of courage, as well as a leaning towards martyrdom, but he has not even a shadow of common-sense. His head is as hollow as Garibaldi's.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope you are thinking of Cannes this winter. All the astrologers predict that it will be a severe one.

CCLXXVII.

Paris, October 15, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I went to the funeral of our poor friend; it was one of the most mournful sights I have ever seen, in spite of the pomp which the Ministers saw fit to display on the occasion.

As regards the cause of M. Fould's death, nobody seems to know anything at all, and the doctors do not appear to me to be any wiser. He complained of feeling ill before dinner, and went to bed towards five o'clock. He partook of some soup, smoked a cigar, and settled himself to sleep, telling his valet not to go into his room until he

rang. At seven o'clock a telegram arrived. His servant entered his room quietly, thinking he was asleep, and put the telegram on the table at his bedside without making any noise. He went in again an hour-and-a-half later, and found him in exactly the same position, dead and already cold. It was our friend Ellice's death over again, quite as tranquil, but more speedy. He had made all the necessary arrangements in case of his death a long time ago.

Roman affairs are giving rise to uneasiness. M. Ratazzi says that he cannot maintain an impenetrable *cordon* extending over seventy-five leagues, and demands to be allowed to occupy the provinces remaining in the Pope's possession, so as to have only the environs to guard. Here there is a furious outburst of exasperation against the Italian Government, which is accused of want of faith. I believe it to be guilty of weakness rather than of want of faith, but the line of conduct pursued towards Garibaldi is shameful. If that imbecile has the power of setting at defiance laws and treaties, the easiest course would be to make him dictator. It is believed, however, that, if an

insurrection does not break out at Rome, matters may yet be arranged.

Did I tell you what the Prince said at Saint Jean de Luz? Their boat, on a very dark night (there was a priest on board), ran on the rocks. So dark was the night that nobody saw the pilot, who was on the bows, fall, break his head, and roll into the water. The sailors had sprang into the sea, with the water up to their arm-pits and dashing over their heads, when the wave broke. They carried the Prince on to the rocks, wet through to the skin. The Empress called out to him, "Do not be afraid, Louis." He replied, "My name is Napoleon." The tale was told to me by two eye-witnesses, Brissac and M. de la Valette.

CCLXXVIII.

Paris, October 25, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I went last Monday to Saint-Cloud to pay my respects. I found the Emperor stouter and very well. The Prince Imperial is sun-burnt, but he walks now as if he had never had anything

the matter with him. The Emperor and Empress spoke to me of M. Fould in feeling terms, and as if they were fully aware of the loss they had sustained. But the usefulness of certain persons is invariably recognized too late.

The Emperor of Austria has had a most cordial reception ; report says that he is beginning to appreciate M. de Beust. His letter to the Municipal Council of Vienna and his reply to the Bishops are good.

The affairs of Italy are creating much excitement here. They are thought to be settled ; I doubt it. As they would say in Corsica, *si vuol la scaglia.* The *scaglia,* as perhaps you may not know, is the old flint musket of heroic times. It is deplorable that two old fools, one as obstinate as the other, should threaten the peace of the world. I only see one way out of it, and that is to shut them up together on a desert island and leave them there until one has converted the other. Ratazzi is accused of treason. I look upon him as being merely weak and powerless. But how comes it that, in a country where the people are not accustomed, as they are in France, to be satis-

fied with words, the speeches of Garibaldi and Mazzini have so great an effect. Words! words! words! as Hamlet says.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have been suffering for some days past, although the weather is fine enough and not cold.

CCLXXIX.

Cannes, November 28, 1867.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am sorry to hear that you are suffering from rheumatism and melancholy into the bargain. Politics, undoubtedly, are not calculated to make anybody very cheerful, but one must let *reges delirare* and console oneself by hissing them.

There are a great many Englishmen here and still more Englishwomen. We are told that Lady Palmerston is not coming, and that her little girl is not in a fit state to stand the journey. Lady Houghton is here, but I have not seen her. Her husband, I perceive, looks with an unfavourable eye upon the Abyssinian Expedition. Who is the Napier who is in command? And what relation is he to the William Napier I know, the author of

the "Peninsular War?" I hope sincerely he may succeed, but I would rather not stand in the shoes of the English Consul and the collectors of plants and insects whom King Theodore holds in durance vile.

Our newspapers think there has been too much hanging at Manchester. The hanging seems to have been badly managed, but if the Government had given way and granted a pardon after the processions and the fuss made at the Home Office, nothing would have been left for it but putting the key under the door. I am inclined to think that the lesson will be useful, and it was richly deserved.

I suppose a great amount of nonsense has been talked in the Senate to-day, and my colleagues are sure to have omitted nothing necessary to their canonization. It furnishes me with one more reason for rejoicing over my absence from Paris. I do not know whether interpellations will be allowed in the *Corps Législatif*, but, should they be so allowed, you may rest assured that the same language will be held, and that the majority will be far more Papist than the Government. It

is, in reality, the opinion of the great majority, and the opposing party are for the most part worse than the Papists. Thanks to the war carried on by the newspapers, there are but two parties, Clericals and Fenians. When you want to steer between Scylla and Charybdis you are sure to have all the world against you.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Make haste and cure yourself, and make up your mind that you will be much better here than in Bloomsbury Square.

CCLXXX.

Cannes, December 16, 1867.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I think you display great courage in accepting at this moment what is offered you.* I believe I advised you to accept on the first occasion. The same reasons which led you to refuse still exist, and, in my opinion, you exaggerated

* It may be remembered that, some years previously, the post of Senator was offered to Mr. Panizzi by the Italian Government, and that he then thought it his duty to decline that honour. But, the offer having been repeated, he changed his mind and was appointed to the Senate on the 12th of March, 1868.

the importance of those reasons. It is, however, exceedingly probable that you will be useless now that matters have gone so far. But the only valid objection in my eyes is, that your English habits and your respect for the law will be a source of serious annoyance to you in the midst of the revolutionary party. If you were younger I should say to you, Fight! Now that you have won your spurs in the matter of fighting, and have gained your *otium cum dignitate*, I should be sorry to see you descend to the arena. Heaven only knows what the future has in store for us. It seems gloomy enough to me. The struggle is commencing between two breeds, both of which I detest equally, the Revolutionists and the Clericals. To the follies of the former is due the great power of the latter, power in all probability ephemeral, but destined to be succeeded by anarchy of the most terrible type. And the saddest part of it all is that, turn which way I will, I cannot see any political heads capable of leading such people as are honest. Our Chambers have arrived at a pitch of incredible excitement, and hurry the Government on. Nigra had good

reason for saying that the Emperor was the only friend possessed by Italy in France. Garibaldi and the majority are bent upon thwarting his plans.

We have a great many English here. I met Lord and Lady Elcho, with a very pretty daughter, yesterday. He expressed himself as being alarmed by what is going on in England and by the progress which democracy is making there. Fenianism is no joke. I see by my newspaper that these gentlemen have blown up some buildings, and either killed or wounded a number of people for the sake of releasing one of their own men from Clerkenwell Prison. The tone of the Irish newspapers, the funeral processions, and the exhortations to assassination are novelties in England. Let us hope they will not take root there.

When you see Lady Palmerston will you take an opportunity of remembering me to her and assuring her of my sympathy.

It has been snowing here for a whole day! But the rest of the world has been frozen for ever so long! Here the snow has only done harm to the insects and to me. I am still a great sufferer.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi, but not for long, I hope. You cannot possibly avoid halting here on your way to Florence.*

CCLXXXI.

Cannes, March 8, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have been told of a curious remedy, which has cured a friend of mine. It consists of baths of compressed air, for which there is an establishment at Montpellier. My friend assures me that, after passing twelve hours under a bell, where the air is compressed, his lung was entirely free from an emphysema which had compelled him to give up his practice of a barrister and had caused him every imaginable suffering. I think of trying it in the spring. If you like to bear me company, you will find a very fine library, belonging to the Duchesse d'Albany, some fine pictures, and capital cooking, besides a splendid country.

I grieve to say that I am in your debt to the extent of fourteen shillings. If you do not come

* Mr. Panizzi was at this time seriously ill in London, and the correspondence was interrupted until March, 1868.

to France this year, tell me how I can repay you; otherwise, should the air bell fail to perform its office, I very much fear I shall die in your debt. I should like, by way of discharging it, to leave you all the works of devotion I possess.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Edouard Fould has come to spend a few days with us pending the suspension of the sittings of the Chamber. I was expecting Du Sommerard, but he is ill from the effects of the Exhibition. I shall do my best to remain here for the rest of the month, but that depends to a certain extent upon the will of Jupiter.

CCLXXXII.

Cannes, March 19, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You accepted just at the right moment. The important feature in the case is that you will use your curule chair just as I do mine, when your health will permit of it. M. d'Azeglio had already informed me of your appointment, and it has been announced in a French newspaper. I

am sure everybody will approve of it, on the other side of the Channel as well as here.

I do not know whether you follow the debates in our Chambers. The Government is furnishing whips for its own castigation to people who lay hold of them eagerly, with the worst possible grace and without saying, "Thank you."

With the exception of an unimportant Republican-legitimist disturbance at Toulouse, the law on recruiting for the army has been very favourably received, and, for this country, with a species of enthusiasm. The same spirit appears to prevail everywhere, and the bellicose bump of the Gauls has not disappeared; but there is no question of war yet, and I even hope that the question will not arise, *me vivo.* European affairs are not nearly so involved as was feared, and Russia herself seems to be drawing in her horns for the nonce. The reason is that everybody has enough business of his own to attend to.

I heard an amusing anecdote to-day about Mrs. Norton and Lord Suffolk. She wanted him to buy her something or other at a charity bazaar. He backed out of it under the plea that it was too

dear. "Don't you know I am the prodigal son?" said he. "No, I thought you were the fatted calf," was the reply.

CCLXXXIII.

Cannes, April 4, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

How is the spring treating you? And, first of all, have you any spring? I hear all sorts of frightful tales about the weather you are having in the North. That is just what has compelled me to stay here, and I am none the worse for it. Besides, I am not quite sure what I shall do. I am halting between returning to Paris and going to Montpellier or Lyons to try the compressed air, although I do not anticipate any good result from the experiment. If I go direct to Paris, I shall be obliged to betake myself later on to Montpellier, but in that case I shall at all events have fulfilled my senatorial obligations, and should be suffocated with a good conscience. I am not sure whether that would be any great consolation after all.

I am reading the debate in Parliament with

interest. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Stanley are able speakers. It seems to me that both of them, according to Parliamentary custom, are entirely beside the question. Everything is fiction in the constitutional system, and one of these days a somewhat curious history will be written of the questions which have been dealt with in this world without anybody having mentioned them. Besides, who is deceived? as Basile says. Everybody knows precisely what he is about. The only certainty I can perceive is that a living in Ireland is not worth very much at present. But will the inevitable concession satisfy the Irish? I doubt it very much, and, moreover, I am not sure that they are the sort of people ever to be satisfied.

I am very much struck by seeing how rapidly the old English edifice is tumbling to pieces. The first symptom of it which I noticed was when people were allowed to go in boots to the opera. It is the same all over Europe, and on the other side of the Atlantic as well. The famous American Constitution is going to the devil, and the Civil War just ended is only a prelude, believe me, to other vagaries of a similar kind.

With us the petty Republican disturbances at Toulouse and Bordeaux have shown that the "Red" party is still active, as senseless and stupid as of yore; but everything is done to make the way smooth for them.

It seems that our Holy Father the Pope the other day had a narrow escape of passing to a world more worthy of him. At one moment serious fears were entertained, but he is going on all right now. He has something or other the matter with his legs which may carry him off suddenly. He is, however, rapidly approaching the years of St. Peter. *Non videbis annos Petri.* Would it not be a veritable miracle if he disappointed the prediction?

The reception of the Abbé Gratry has taken place at the Academy. I suppose you do not read these nonsensical trifles. Never were more platitudes uttered. Never did any village priest preach a more vulgar sermon.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I should much like to know your plans for this summer, for it is a long time since I set eyes on you, and I have become so immovable that the most trivial journey

frightens me. Could not we both arm ourselves with our lofty courage and arrange to meet on some Field of the Cloth of Gold? To all appearances, our Session will last until July. Shall you go and see the end of yours? I beg of you not to stay in London until the winter at the risk of those relapses of rheumatism from which you are sure to suffer.

CCLXXXIV.

Montpellier, April 25, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

You may perhaps have read the speeches of Jules Favre and de Rémusat at the Academy. To you, who knew Cousin, they ought to be amusing. And it is thus that history is written.

My friend, Narvaez, has just entered Paradise, with a special absolution from the Pope. It is a great loss to Spain, where *pronunciamentos* are certain to ensue. Narvaez was not always on such good terms with our Holy Mother Church. Some years ago, in consequence of a quarrel with Rome, he laid hands upon the money *de la bula de*

cruzada. Pious people in Spain pay fifteen *sous* to avoid abstaining from meat, and this permission is called *la bula de cruzada*, because in order to secure permission to eat meat, the people undertake either to engage in a crusade or pay fifteen *sous.* Narvaez, finding himself in possession of a good round sum, made good use of it. He bestowed pensions on all his friends, male and female. There was not a single improper person in Madrid who did not receive a pension from *la bula.* This will show you how forgiving the Holy See can be.

Not one whit less curious than this is the letter of Kerveguen to Mazzini, and the reply of the latter stating that the Italian secret fund is made use of to pay French journalists. What a shocking set of rascals they are to lead public opinion in Europe and decide public affairs. But this consideration does not prevent every petty tradesman who takes in his solitary daily paper adopting, at the end of a month, the opinions of his organ and voting in accordance with it.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The present proceedings in England astonish and alarm me; on

the one hand, a Ministry in a decided minority, but refusing to resign ; on the other, concessions made to Ireland and the Catholics, acknowledged by fresh Fenian risings. How very unlike the old England of days gone by! Are there any prophets clear-sighted enough to tell what the result of the next elections will be? It seems to me, my dear friend, that Vesuvius has a great explosion in preparation. In the days when I could boast of having lungs such a prospect would have attracted me. I confess that I should now prefer the explosion being postponed until after my funeral.

CCLXXXV.

Paris, May 28, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have been in Paris for some days and should have written to you at the earliest possible moment had I been capable of it, but I have spent my time in smothering my rage, and have felt as if I must eat a cardinal.

If you have read our newspapers, you will have

noticed the sayings and doings of these gentlemen, and their pretension that doctors should be orthodox and good Catholics. There is in the Senate a proportion of old Generals, who, after having used and abused their lives, are at present tormented by the fear of the *grim gentleman below*, and with whom the Clericals do as they please. If our cardinals were not such second-rate men they would have gained the day, but they were so clumsy and careless that they made a shameful *fiasco* instead.

Can you understand a man like Dupanloup himself saying and writing in all seriousness that it is horribly impious to believe that nothing can either be created or destroyed? They would like to have professors of chemistry of their own to propagate, I presume, the contrary theory. M. de Bonnechose accuses a physician of materialism, because he said that man was a bimanous mammiferous animal. You will observe please, that the definition he made use of is borrowed from Cuvier, who believed in God. If you could have seen the outburst of fury indulged in by our Senators on the mere mention

of bimanous mammifers you would have laughed, as did the gods of Homer.

I have been to the Tuileries, where I was asked to breakfast quietly. All are very well. The Prince has grown and is now full of health and activity. It appeared to me, also, that he was being managed better than in days gone bye. During breakfast, the Emperor sent for him to come and see me. The reply was that the Prince was at work and would not be at liberty for half-an-hour. That pleased me and showed me that General Froissard was doing his duty.

After having taken twenty-eight baths of compressed air at Montpellier, I reached Paris in a far better state than I was when last I wrote to you. I am not cured altogether. I still have fits of suffocation, but they are of very short duration, and the weakness of respiratory power which used to be my ordinary condition is now unusual. Moreover, I had an emphysema, and my lungs performed their functions so badly that there was no visible movement of my chest even when I took a deep breath. All this is changed. I breathe more easily, my chest works regularly,

and neither my doctor in Paris nor Doctor Maure, who is here now, can find any trace of emphysema. By this you will see that I have made material and considerable progress.

I shall do my very best to spend a few days with you at the end of next month or the beginning of July. The present difficulty has nothing to do with my health, but I am entrusted with the preparation of several reports to the Senate, two of which, dealing with the repression of irreligion, are rather serious. After the hard fighting of the last few days it is by no means probable that any further debate of importance will take place, and I think my conclusions, to send the petitioners *al carajo*, will be adopted. Nevertheless, I cannot absent myself until the question is disposed of. In any case, if I come, my visit will take place before your trip into Scotland, on which I am rather sorry to see you so bent. Would you not be acting more wisely by going to Ems or Hombourg than by setting off in quest of fogs and the damp atmosphere of the lakes.

CCLXXXVI.

Paris, June 11, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The Emperor has been suffering from rheumatism, contracted during his visit to Rouen. That ass, Cardinal de Bonnechose, must needs make him a speech in the porch of the church, and kept him standing in a bitter cold wind with the sun striking down upon his head. I heartily wish his illness may cure him of any desire for a closer acquaintance with the cardinals. The Empress and the Prince Imperial are in capital health. She is reported to be meditating a journey, at which I am not best pleased, but there is no talk of Rome this time.

In spite of all the predictions and the inventions of the newsmongers, I believe we shall finish this year without war, and even without any disturbance elsewhere than in Spain, where, now that Narvaez is dead, such a thing is very probable ; but I do not think that any fear need be entertained with regard to the remainder of Europe. M. de Bismark is knocked up, which is another guarantee of peace for the poor world. You

know the proverb, "When the cat's away the mice will play." Besides, he must very often find it necessary to display the evil disposition attributed to him, and, further than that, he has quite enough to do at home.

I hope the Queen will send Theodore's cast-off clothes to the British Museum, and that I shall have the first use of them. I do not think the poor devil was altogether wrong in putting the missionaries in the cage.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Keep in your room when the wind is in the East.

CCLXXXVII.

Paris, June 16, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We are having wonderful weather here and an extraordinary abundance of fruit. The harvest promises equally well, which is a great point in connection with the approaching elections. The prevailing idea is that they will take place under rather favourable conditions, if the chapter of accidents does not bring about some complication or other at the last moment.

I do not know whether you have seen the account of an occurrence in the country where the best brandy is made. A priest had placed in his church a St. Joseph holding a lily in his hand. The parishioners looked upon it as meaning the return of the Bourbons, and they smashed the windows. Then, with the rapidity of an epidemic, all the peasants took it into their heads to fancy that a certain *picture* was going to be hung up in the churches, the result of which would be that sales of national property would no longer be legal, that tithes would be re-imposed, &c., &c. In consequence of all this they wished to proceed to the extermination of the priests, and the military had to be called in. All the windows were smashed and the priests chased with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The amusing part of the affair is that one of the rioters was unable to explain what the picture was of which they were all so afraid. This notion is so peculiar that it cannot be supposed to have been invented by the "Reds." It is evidently a natural product of the country, and shows the feeling of the people towards the priests.

It seems to me that everything is quieting down wonderfully in the House of Commons. After the storm comes the calm. I should not have thought that Women's Rights would have had in England the success they boast in America.

If you could see Paris now, it would certainly make you long to spend the beginning of the summer here. Nothing could be prettier or more brilliant, not to mention any quantity of lovely women with prodigious toilets. I neither know nor understand how they all contrive to eat and dress, but it certainly proves that the world is very vicious.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Do people in London think that the assassination of the Prince of Servia will set the East in a blaze?

CCLXXXVIII.

Paris, July 18, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

You are very much mistaken if you think I left London without there being any necessity for my departure. I can assure you that I regretted it extremely. But I had promised my

President that I would return and I was compelled to keep my promise, all the more so, indeed, because the heat, harvest-time and fatigue had so reduced our numbers that it was doubtful whether the necessary *quorum* for the Budget could be formed. As I had taken very long leave during the winter I was especially bound to be punctual.

I am going on Wednesday to spend a few days at Fontainebleau, where my presence is requested. I am promised complete liberty. Apparently, there is not anybody, or scarcely anybody, there. I am tolerably well, and the intensely hot weather we are having, which is making the rest of the world ill, suits me to a nicety.

The other day I consulted, on your behalf, my doctor, Robin, who is a frightful Positivist and has been excommunicated, as you know, by Monsignor de Bonnechose. He says you ought to try electricity, and he told me of some marvellous cures effected by it. It appears that the machines now in use are of the most perfect description, and convey the shocks and currents to the precise muscle to be operated on. He says

that there must be some of these machines in London. We have them in Paris. He considers that Turkish Baths are good, but that they ought to be supplemented by electricity. Consult your doctor on that point.

Do your Italian letters by any chance mention the Duchesse Colonna? She has disappeared, and I should very much like to know where she is. I lost trace of her at Rome.

I am very uneasy about the goings on in Spain. That the Duc de Montpensier should become a pretender to the throne astonishes me. I know he is universally detested—first of all, because he is a Frenchman; secondly, because he lost his wife in 1858; and, lastly, because he pays too much attention to his sheep and oxen in Andalucia, where he has a large property. But the Queen is so cordially hated that the devil himself would be preferred to her, I think.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself and try electricity. Try it—that is the main point. When a man has no more pretensions to Christian virtues than you have, he should never give in.

CCLXXXIX.

Fontainebleau, July 24, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

A line in haste. The Empress desires me to ask you whether you will come and spend a little time with her. There are no strangers in the Palace, only the Maréchale de Malakoff and myself. The weather is magnificent, and the walls are so thick and the rooms so high up that we do not suffer much from the heat. We dine early and drive in the evening. Her Majesty says that it would be a good way of preparing yourself for the baths at Wiesbaden.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. If this letter finds you in London, reply at once, and I think you would do well in any case to write a few lines to her Majesty to thank her.

CCXC.

Fontainebleau, August 2, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am too discreet to ask you any questions about that widow, as helpful as the one of

Jericho, who procured a bed for you. I do not see that, after all, there is anything so very formidable in the prospect of a month at Wiesbaden in the society of the *vedova innominata* and other people of good lives and manners, under the protection of his Majesty the King of Prussia, and with the natural saline water you are longing for. It is quite possible that you would benefit by a sojourn there, and I am sure the change of air would do you good.

What an extraordinary trip the Queen of England has taken. It seems that at first she wanted to pass through Paris absolutely *incog.*; and it was only in consequence of certain representations made to her that she consented to halt for an hour or two. Rumour has it that she is going to establish herself at Lucerne, that she does not intend to see anybody nor to stir out, and that she will lead that kind of life for a month. I pity Lord Stanley, who is in responsible charge.

Nothing can be more disgusting than the flood of insignificant newspapers which the Press Bill has created. And the most melancholy feature in the case is the utter absence of wit in them.

Never have we been so stupid and vulgar. We are rapidly approaching the American style.

There has been a slight disturbance at Nîmes on the occasion of a meeting of electors. It is a very singular circumstance that the new law, published three weeks ago, which everybody must have read, appears to have been completely ignored by the rioters. They were very quickly turned into the street, but, in my opinion, this is a bad beginning.

CCXCI.

Fontainebleau, August 11, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am very glad to hear that you are installed at Wiesbaden, which, thanks to M. de Bismark, is no longer in Nassau. I hope, nevertheless, that its waters will continue to be of good effect.

The Emperor returned here from Plombières a day or two ago in very good health, better than I have seen him for many a long day. You know that, among other points of resemblance to him, you possess that of suffering from rheumatism.

The waters of Plombières have done him a great deal of good. You might, perhaps, do worse than try them also.

Queen Victoria merely passed through Paris and did not stir out of the Embassy. She was suffering from cholerine, if reports speak truly.

Last Saturday we had at dinner Lord Lyons and Lord Stanley. The former looks like a substantial farmer, and, at first sight, the latter appeared to everybody to be an imbecile. The Empress, who conversed with him, did not find him so. I met him at Scheveningue some years ago, and we renewed our acquaintance without, however, talking politics.

The distribution of prizes at the *Concours Général* took place yesterday, the Prince Imperial and his Governor being present. It appears that he was received coldly, whereas, on the other hand, pupils bearing the names of Cavaignac and Pelletan were cheered to the echo. The Minister of Public Instruction, in the course of his speech, paid a compliment to the Prince. He was hissed. As you know, on these occasions, a handful of rascals is quite enough to drag all the others after

them. The Prince was so impassive during this little scene that his Governor even, who knows him well, was under the impression that he had not comprehended the meaning. But, when they got back to the Tuileries, the poor boy's firmness gave way, and he burst into tears. Yesterday he was still so upset that he could not appear at dinner. His mother was no less so when she was told of the occurrence. I think it just as well that he should be accustomed to the occasional absence of roses on his path, and this lesson is as good as any other.

I am not fond, as you know, of forming plans; nevertheless, I should like to go to Montpellier in October and be at Cannes in November. You might arrange so as to pass by Montpellier, which would not be very much out of your way, and consult the doctors there, in whom I have great faith. They are certainly better than those of Paris, because, having fewer patients to attend to, they pay more attention to those they have. Besides this, there are among them men who are really distinguished in the medical profession, and I believe their school to be a good one, inasmuch

as they have no grand scientific theories such as their brethren in Paris have, but regulate their treatment in accordance with their own observations. The town is not the gayest of the gay; however, there is a tolerable library, that of Alfieri, and a certain number of manuscripts bequeathed by him to the Comtesse d'Albany.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Remember me to the nymphs of Wiesbaden and your widow.

CCXCII.

Paris, August 20, 1868.

My Dear Panizzi,

A complete dearth of news. There is no longer any talk of war. Everybody appears very peaceable, even in Prussia, and here, with the exception of the young officers, people have always been so.

My evening newspaper tells me that the Queen in person has deigned to pass through Paris without anybody knowing anything about it. Lord Stanley preceded her. He is said to have manifested great confidence in the result of the next

elections. It is his business to do so, and it means nothing at all.

I meet Americans who are very uneasy and look upon another civil war as possible. It seems that the minds of the people over there are in a state of diabolical excitement. Do you not think that civil war is an endemic disease of the new world? Look at the old Spanish colonies. There is material proof of the justice of M. Talleyrand's saying about the Americans, "They are awful beasts, but very proud beasts."

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I think the Empress will leave for Biarritz to-morrow or the day after. She was good enough to ask me to accompany her, and I was prudent enough to decline. I am not, as you are, *adequato* to an ascent of La Rune. Your grey horse was still alive last year. I think that this piece of news may, possibly, please you and take a load off your conscience.

CCXCIII.

Paris, September 1, 1868.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I suppose you are duly re-installed in Bloomsbury Square with Mr. Fagan, and are trying to find out whether the baths at Wiesbaden have done you any good. I hope that such is the case, although it very frequently happens that their good effects are not felt all at once.

I heard of your coming across M. Libri on your travels. That furnishes one more proof of the truth of the saying that the world is very small, seeing that so many people meet who are not in search of each other.

I thoroughly believe in the sincerity of the King of Prussia, as regards his conversation with Lord Clarendon. Only, he is mistaken if he thinks that the French Government either would or could make war of its own accord. If the Opposition should become very powerful in the approaching elections—and the thing is not impossible—I have no doubt that any attempt to provoke a war would result in a catastrophe at home. But what the King of Prussia did not say, though it is true, is

that in his own country he has a very powerful party in favour of war. It is the party of the old Prussians, who swear only by Frederick the Great, and who, ever since the battle of Sadowa, have been persuaded that nothing can stand against their needle-guns. M. de Bismark, who is a man of good sense, is the cork which prevents the explosion of this bellicose effervescence. If he were to die, and he is said to be seriously ill, the situation would be enormously aggravated. The Prussian Ambassador here, M. de Goltz, who is very ill and almost past recovery, is a very prudent man, and does everything in his power to lessen the friction between the two countries. If his successor is not after his model—more especially if he belongs to the old Prussian party—peace may be very easily endangered. But, however that may be, I do not think that the rupture, should it take place, would be of our seeking. It would be the work of the sword-bearers of Berlin.

How are the elections in England going on? We hear no end of contradictory reports on the subject. The only conclusion I can come to is

that nobody has any positive knowledge as to what is to be expected from the new electors. The probabilities are in favour of Mr. Gladstone; but, if the resistance is at all strenuous, I fear he will be carried far onward in the Radical direction, which means that he will go to the devil, where, in truth, all Europe is in a fair way to go.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Give me timely notice of your departure, so that I may take the necessary steps, and, possibly, entrust you with a commission.

CCXCIV.

Cannes, January 22, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I did not reply to you the other day, because Mr. Childe, in person, was taking you the news, and I have refrained from sympathising with you in your misfortunes ever since he told me that you negotiate eighty-four stairs a day to dine with Doctor Pantaleoni.

Miss Lagden continues to progress favourably towards convalescence. She had an egg for breakfast to-day, and a small piece of fowl for dinner.

The fever has left her, and her state generally is very satisfactory. As for myself, I have caught a severe cold, which will probably result in my losing all I gained from my recent course of treatment. My cough tires me dreadfully, especially at night; but I prefer that to the anxiety I have passed through during the last few days.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has returned. Edouard Fould is at Marseilles, but is expected to-morrow. Mrs. Ewer has not succumbed to fatigue, and, as well as Miss Lagden, desires to be remembered to you.

CCXCV.

Cannes, March 15, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The newspapers have killed me over and over again. M. Guizot announced my death to the Academy, and delivered himself of an obituary oration. That, apparently, was not an unhealthy proceeding, for I am none the worse for it.

You seem to be having wretched weather, and we are in the same state. I have just been reading

of a fall of snow in Calabria. The machinery of this world is palpably out of order.

I have news from Spain, where they are daily expecting an outbreak. They generally reserve that sort of thing for the spring. The winter in Madrid is too cold, and the summer too warm, to permit of any indulgence in such amusements. I have no doubt that the Duc de Montpensier will be elected after he has spent all his money, and then he will be kicked out, if not shot.

Good-bye, my dear friend. What is Nigra going to do at Florence?

CCXCVI.

Cannes, March 23, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not think the future is quite so black as you paint it. Moreover, I do not believe in war, because I look upon it as impossible. It takes so much money now-a-days to fight, that unless you have a treasury such as the King of Prussia had before Sadowa, or an exceedingly pliant Parliament, *rara avis in terris*, you are without the means of firing a shot. In short, the

hatred and fear of war are so great here, that whoever provokes it will be sure to rouse the world against him.

I am glad to see Victor Emmanuel and Francis Joseph so polite to each other. The great thing in these days is to look after the finances, for the moment any monarch poses as a man of peace, the capitalists flock round him.

The Emperor has had an attack of influenza, but is all right again. The Empress has been suffering from mumps, but she, too, is well now. She wrote me a very kind letter when I was ill. She proposes that I should translate and publish the correspondence of the Duke of Alba with Philip II., and offers to furnish me with such parts of it as are in the hands of her brother-in-law. There are some queer things in it.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am charged with all sorts of kind messages to you from the Countess de Montijo and Ragell, who gave us a good breakfast at Bagnères-de-Bigorre, and who writes to congratulate me on being still on this side the Acheron.

CCXCVII.

Cannes, April 6, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

Did I tell you that I lost my cousin in the very house where I now am? It means the snapping asunder of a friendship of fifty years' standing. Happy they who die young.

What do you think of the affection displayed by the King of Italy for the Emperor of Austria? Is it genuine? I doubt it. It is impossible to assume a virtue for any length of time if you have it not. It always ends in a regular fit, either of anger or laughter. I think the former course, which is undoubtedly the better of the two, has been adopted. I believe less and less in war; but I do believe in the progress of the Revolution and Socialism. I think the whole world is bowing down before the monster, which increases in size and strength day by day. Society in the present day, with its love of money and material pleasures, is conscious of its weakness and stupidity. A well-organised aristocracy alone would make head against it; but where can you find one? It is losing ground even in England. Everybody tells

me that the House of Lords will yield without a semblance of resistance. Will the Irish become more tractable? I very much doubt it; but the Yankees will become ten times more insolent. I fear the Gladstone Cabinet will have to swallow many bitter pills, such as would have turned Lord Palmerston's stomach.

Here the elections are beginning to put the country in a fever. The Opposition is opening fire all along the line, and displays plenty of audacity. Arms have been given to it, and it is making use of them. As far as I can judge, the Government will have a respectable majority, but only on great questions. Add to this a troublesome Chamber, split up into many sections and by no means versed in either politics or business, and you are in possession of the probabilities.

An outbreak is imminent in Spain. I am surprised that Madrid has not been the scene of disturbances before this. It proves that Prim has the army still under his finger and thumb.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I hope you, like ourselves, are having fine weather. I wish you better health than falls to my lot. I have never

been in such suffering as I have experienced since the sun re-appeared.

CCXCVIII.

Cannes, April 22, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I had a visit yesterday from Prince Napoleon, who appeared to me to have grown very thin, but is quite recovered. Not a word was said about politics, as you may well imagine, but he did say a few words which pleased me and seemed to prove that he is mending his ways. He is going to the Adriatic for a cruise in his yacht. My newspaper tells me—but *credat Judæus Apella*—that the Princesse Clotilde is to join him at Venice.

Could you send me, to Paris, the two volumes of Bergenroth, the German who died in Spain in the arms of his concubine, abandoned by all God-fearing Englishmen, after having justified Queen Jeanne, wrongly called *La Folle*. I think it will cost me something like a couple of guineas, unless your magnanimity moves the compassionate bowels of your library.

CCXCIX.

Paris, May 7, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

The Empress is going for a trip to Egypt, to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal. She asked me to accompany her, but, to my great regret, I was obliged to decline. I am far too great an invalid to undertake such a journey, and I should only be a source of embarrassment to my companions. I am afraid, too, that the trip will be a longer one than would be desirable in my case.

An immense amount of agitation in connection with the elections. Wonderful Deputies are expected here—I mean in Paris. Thiers is a Reactionary, Garnier-Pagès an old Moderate, Emile Olivier a Bonapartist. I have reason to believe that the managers of the Republican party are afraid of a *fiasco* in the rest of France. The third party will, in all probability, gain a few votes, and the Government have made a great mistake in not resigning themselves philosophically to it. A dynastic Opposition is not very dangerous, and, by opposing its candidates too

vigorously, they run the risk of embittering them and converting them into irreconcilable enemies.

The Irish do not appear to me to be very grateful to Mr. Gladstone. An increase of Fenianism and assassinations. Democracy is on the eve of taking a long leap forward. Lord Russell's proposal to create life peerages, if it is not a mere threat destined to remain a *gladius in vaginâ*, means the destruction of the House of Lords. Old England is rapidly nearing the descent towards which all Europe is drawn, and in my opinion this descent leads to the devil.

The electoral struggle at Cannes is keen. M. Méro is giving five-and-twenty francs to all the priests for nine masses to be said in his favour. A mass costs seventy-five *centimes; ergo*, each priest will pocket eighteen francs, twenty-five. Now that we have universal suffrage, I do not think the idea a bad one.

CCC.

Paris, May 22, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

At last we are free from election meetings. With the exception of a few unimportant processions, plenty of shouting, and some railings broken in the Place Royale, everything passed over harmlessly. The speeches, as a rule, were eulogies of the Republic, and nearly always contained an expression of regret that the guillotine was only in operation in the middle of 1793. These gentlemen do not attempt to catch their flies with honey, as the proverb recommends. Their proceedings have infused courage into the middle classes. There were no moderate candidates, to begin with, in the majority of the districts of Paris, but some have been improvised now. I do not think they have much chance of success, but, at all events, there will be a struggle.

It is said that Thiers will be elected, but not without some trouble and a "Red" subsidy at the last moment. He is now heart and soul with the Revolution. He appeared to me to have aged

very much the last time I saw him, about a fortnight ago. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire is canvassing in the department of Seine-et-Oise, and I am told he has some chance of success.

Universal suffrage is the unknown quantity, and the result may take everybody by surprise. However, there is every reason to suppose that the new Chamber will be very nearly the same as the old one, but with this difference, that the Deputies will be under far more Liberal instructions than were their predecessors. The wind is favourable for Parliamentary Government, one of the worst governments possible for a country where there is not a strong aristocracy.

Nevertheless, it appears that for some time past a remedy for universal suffrage has been forthcoming. I mean electoral corruption. The expenses of the candidates this year are said to be very large. One of them keeps open house, makes his electors drunk, fetches them in carriages, and gives them plaids and comforters to keep them warm on their return home. He has set up an office at one end of a bridge where toll has to be paid, and on reaching it each

peasant receives back the *sou* he paid at the other end.

CCCI.

Paris, June 9, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am still much the same, coughing, perhaps, more than usual, suffering frequently from oppression, having no appetite and getting little sleep.

Doctor Maure is not coming to Paris this year. He has spent his leisure time in electioneering and has contributed in no slight degree to the defeat of the Mayor of Cannes, M. Méro. The two sons of M. Fould have been elected, one in the Basses-Pyrénées, the other in the Hautes-Pyrénées. Edouard did not stand; he has given himself up entirely to racing, but his horses do not win.

On Sunday there was a fine display of second-class patriotism. The Grand Prix, given by the Emperor, was won by a French horse, whereas, for some years past it has been farmed by the English. The *lorettes* and pretty women were

remarkably enthusiastic, and embraced each other in celebration of the national victory.

In Paris there is much congratulation over the non-success of Raspail, Rochefort, and Alton-Shée. People are beginning to be very easily pleased. There is no idea now of a short session in July for the verification of powers. The session will not commence till November; at all events, that was the arrangement yesterday, though everything may be altered to-day.

I think you can easily get hold of the last report of M. Fiorelli on the excavations at Pompeii. It would be a highly meritorious work on your part to tell me what it is like when you get back to Bloomsbury Square.

Nigra has just published a very learned book, in Latin, on the ancient language of Ireland.

CCCII.

Paris, June 29, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am going to St. Cloud, instead of to Fontainebleau, the day after to-morrow. In consequence of the attempted disturbances it is

considered prudent not to go very far away from Paris. On my own account I am very glad of it, because, in the event of my being taken ill I could get back to my house in an hour. I am told that the Duchesse de Malakoff and I are to be the only guests.

If there is no riot in the street, there will certainly be a row in the Chamber, inasmuch as the irreconcilables are anxious to perform the promises made to their supporters. Moreover, as there are several double returns, it is probable that the "Reds" will elect to sit for the provinces, so as to plunge Paris once more into a vortex of excitement, electioneering meetings, speeches, &c., &c. All this promises us a tolerably agitated summer. As for war, there is less talk than ever of it. Where can one go to be quiet? If anybody asked me that question I should be puzzled to find a reply. Perhaps in Egypt, although even there somebody wanted to make an end of the Pasha.

The Duc de Montpensier is injuring himself in public opinion dreadfully. He wants to be king *per fas et nefas*, and he may possibly be so for a

few months provided he pays a high enough price. But has he the money, and will he part with it?

Madame de Montijo, who always asks after your health, is in the country, and is giving a series of private theatricals just as if nothing were going on. She has pretty women for actresses, and, consequently, no lack of visitors. There is an idea here that Queen Isabella wants to abdicate in favour of the Prince of Asturias. If it be true, it will have some effect in Madrid.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I still owe you the volume of Bergenroth. He is a regular impostor, who thought he could conciliate the devout by making Jeanne la Folle a Protestant.

CCCIII.

Saint Cloud, July 11, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am witnessing a very curious spectacle here. I am, as it were, in the front row of the dress circle, but I hear nothing, and can see but little. The piece is being performed behind the curtain. There is no doubt about the prevalence of extraordinary excitement throughout the

country. It is said to be produced by the love of liberty. I beg leave to doubt it, because it seems to me that we have too much liberty as it is, and that we make rather a bad use of it. In France people go wild over a word without taking very much trouble to find out what it means. The Chamber, and, perhaps, the majority in the country, want a little gratification. Nothing will do but this kind of thing. "Personal government has had its day; now it is the country's turn to govern." The experience of the various attempts at self-government are forgotten. The wind is in the direction of the Parliamentary system, to the faults in which nobody can be blind. On the other hand, people seem to me to forget that when once you have caught your finger in a cog-wheel the whole arm must go after it. Every concession has only served to make people ask for more with redoubled ardour, and to render any refusal more difficult. You remember the story of the harlequin who gave his children a drum and a trumpet, and said to them, "Amuse yourselves, and don't make a noise."

My impression is that there is a disposition to

yield on all points, except that of the responsibility of Ministers, or, at any rate, that is the point on which most stress is laid. It is quite true that, in France, Ministerial responsibility did not prevent Charles X. and Louis Philippe being turned out of doors; and that there never was a despotic King yet who failed to find as many Ministers as he wanted. On the one hand, a radical change in the Constitution is demanded; on the other, it is asserted that the Constitution is compatible with perfect liberty. Which will give way? That is the question, and it may easily bring about a catastrophe. The situation is similar to the commencement of a riot. The mob of inquisitive and indifferent by-standers affords no inconsiderable support to the rioters. A factious minority may drag the crowd of indifferent people along with it, and when once the mass is set in motion the latter are got rid of in a twinkling.

There is an idea that a statement will be made to-day by the Government in the *Corps Législatif*, announcing certain reforms. I doubt if that will be enough. A position will be surrendered which will enable the enemy to attack more advan-

tageously. In my opinion the *tiempo al tiempo* course would be the most prudent one; change the Ministry when you are tired of it; get another which will make people regret the old one, and so go on, living from hand to mouth.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi; I know on good authority that North Germany is no less agitated than we are, and that M. de Bismark is asking us to come to some mutual understanding in opposition to the common enemy. But that enemy is very strong, and I much fear he will eat us up.

CCCIV.

Saint Cloud, July 26, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Sir James is fortunate in being able to take a rose-coloured view of things. With you they are sombre enough, but with us the tint is a very sinister one, at all events through my glasses.

There are such things as timely concessions, but I don't believe that those which have been made here were either desirable or necessary. The

desire of gaining a certain amount of popularity appears to me to have been the real motive, and the result has failed to realize any of the expectations which could possibly have been entertained. Weapons have been placed in the hands of the Opposition—that is certain. They have been asked to sit down to a game in which they wanted to have all the rules in their own favour and to reserve to themselves the right of cheating. This, if I am not mistaken, is the situation. The concessions have given the Opposition a powerful lever wherewith to incite the mind of the public, and the effect of this was felt in the elections. The character of the Government majority is changed. They have all done like St. Peter, and have denied their master. The Duc de Mouchy is one whose name is appended to the request for an interpellation.

July 27.—I was at the second page of my letter when the Queen of Spain and all her family arrived. I found her in better condition than I expected, that is to say, not so fat. She has a good presence and is very polite. She was shown over the Trianon and asked to dinner, after having

been treated to a regular downpour of rain between Versailles and Saint Cloud.

I resume the subject of politics in order to tell you that next week we are going to pass a *senatus-consultum*, giving the Chamber of Deputies the right of electing its own President, making interpellations, and a few other items of which I am in ignorance. Personally, I see no inconvenience in this except that, if the Chamber is too hostile to elect the Government candidate, the policy must either be changed or a *coup d'état* must be carried out.

The great difficulty will be in connection with the responsibility of Ministers, to which the Emperor is very much opposed. As a matter of fact, it will always exist so long as there is a leader in a Parliament. It might be openly announced in a country where, as in England, the law is obeyed; with us no hesitation has ever been displayed in holding the Sovereign responsible for the acts of his Ministers.

I may as well confess that my only hope rests upon the follies which the "Reds" will commit. They are beginning tolerably well, and it is pos-

sible that in a short time they may frighten the country to such an extent that they themselves may cease to be alarming.

Good-bye. Congratulate Mr. Gladstone for me, and commend me to the prayers of your spiritual director.

CCCV.

Paris, August 16, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,*

I have resumed my compressed air-baths. There is an establishment here larger and more luxurious than that of Montpellier. The bells are so large that they hold three people comfortably. The doctor who manages the establishment has an asthmatical daughter, really very pretty, but they do not "embell" us together, much to my regret.

I paid a visit a day or two ago to Saint Cloud, where many enquiries were made about you. I mean the heads of the house, and do not allude to the household, particularly to Madame Lour-

* Mr. Panizzi was made a K.C.B. on the 27th July, 1869.

niel. I believe she has set out for her native Brittany.

Who is the Lord —— who, according to the newspapers, has been killed in a duel by an ill-conditioned husband? I am rejoiced to hear that Mr. Gladstone has recovered from his fatigues, but I fear he will have many more before he succeeds in setting matters straight. The Irish do not appear to be satisfied. You will tell me that they will never be satisfied, but, at all events, they need not kill so many agents and landlords.

You know the proverb, *Oignez vilain, vilain vous poinct.* This proverb will possibly serve as a reply to your question on the subject of the recent concessions granted by the Emperor. However, I am bound to add that, things being such as they are, he could not act otherwise. In the second place, it is quite possible that, by means of mingled firmness and skill, the Chamber, which, after all, is at heart Conservative, may be managed. Unfortunately we are destitute here of skilful trimmers. The Emperor has large ideas, and does not pay sufficient attention to petty details. There is a chance, and a very probable one, that the "Reds"

may commit so many blunders and show their ears to such an extent that a reaction will take place in the public mind. I believe it will. We have to learn whether any advantage will be taken of it.

The Carlist insurrection seems to be a *fiasco*. The old leaders have no longer any legs where-with to climb the mountains, and the young men are not acquainted with them. To all appearances the Carlists of 1840 are the Republicans of to-day. The most dangerous ordeal through which the new Government is about to pass is bankruptcy. What I want to know is where Prim and Serrano find the money to pay for the dinners they give and for the soldiers who prevent the outbreak of a Repub-lican or Isabelline revolution in Madrid. I am told that both these great men lead a merry life, and scatter money out of the windows.

Did I tell you of the domestic tribulation which has befallen me since my return? My cousin, who, as you know, lives with me, has gone mad. She turned her husband's servants out of doors and engaged a score of others, whom she dis-charged one after the other. She labours under

the delusion that everybody wants to rob her, and she bars and bolts herself in her room every night. All her friends say that I ought to put a stop to these proceedings. I have no authority over her, as I am not even a relative of hers.* I found myself the other day without a porter. I fear she will burn herself one of these days, and me too. I hope she will betake herself to the country, but she probably thinks that, if she does so, I shall take advantage of her absence to carry off her house.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not drink too much. What do you think of the nun of Cracow?

CCCVI.

Paris, August 26, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

I went to breakfast at Saint-Cloud on Sunday, and made your homage. The master of the house was still ill. Do you think he is suffer-

* She was not, in reality, an actual relative of Mérimée; she was his cousin's wife.

ing from an excommunication by our Holy Father the Pope?

Yesterday we received a capital report from M. Devienne on the *senatus-consultum.* I think it will pass without the additions which the bigwigs of the Senate want to tack on to it. It already possesses enough of that sort of thing.

The Prince Imperial has been very successful at the camp of Châlons. He displayed such dash, and held his own so well that we thought it might have brightened up his father to a certain extent. Buchon, his groom, whom you know, says that no Prince in the world can hold a review as he does, mounted on a tall, prancing horse, and passing along a line of infantry at an even pace, without the reflection of the sun on the bayonets causing him to swerve an inch.

I met Monnier yesterday, and he asked after you. He is surprised to find that the world has not behaved any worse since he left his pupil, in whom, he told me, he still takes a lively interest.

Among the persons I meet who ask me about your sayings and doings is the Princesse Mathilde, whom I saw yesterday. She told me she was

fifty years old, but she does not look it in any way.

My cousin is becoming more and more unbearable. To-day she discharged her thirtieth maid within a month, and on the staircase I met a locksmith bringing with him the most extraordinary machines to lock her up. I am afraid of discovering, one of these days, that she has starved herself, and that the only means of getting at her would be to call in the assistance of a company of engineers.

Good-bye, my dear Sir Anthony. Present my homage to those ladies who are kind enough to remember me.

CCCVII.

Paris, September 7, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

We passed the *senatus-consultum* yesterday by a hundred and thirteen votes against three. Simultaneously with that there was an alarming panic on the Bourse. The health of the Emperor is giving rise to serious anxiety. If I may believe those who are best informed on

the subject, such as Nélaton and General Fleury, there is nothing dangerous in his state ; he suffers every now and then from pains in the bladder. This is not very alarming, but his being ill is quite enough to set people thinking what might happen if he were dead. I am assured that the journey to the East which the Empress was meditating will not take place, and a good thing too.

Prince Napoleon has been complimented by his cousin on his speech, which had, in truth, many good points about it. If he had displayed more tact and method, it would have been excellent. Taking all things into consideration, the *senatus-consultum* appears to have produced a soothing effect, especially among the middle classes. The devil will, however, lose no ground, and the next Session will be an arduous one, with a Chamber devoid of experience and puffed up with a feeling of its own omnipotence. It is a Convention, and may do many stupid things, both through ignorance and malice prepense. There was once a Tribune who said that he had nothing to give the people *præter cœlum et cœnum*. That is very much our case.

The Duchesse Colonna writes to me from Rome to tell me that the Pope has engaged a professor of theology in view of the Council. The professor discourses on his own particular subject, and the Pope interrupts him to enquire whether there will be seats enough for everybody. We shall have several very bad bishops at the Council, but the majority will be against innovations and hard and fast rules. That, at all events, is reported to be the line which the Germans will adopt. As for the Spaniards, there is no knowing whether Prim will let them go.

I do not believe in the possibility of any reconciliation between England and Ireland. She will be to all eternity like an ill-conditioned wife who cannot be divorced, or a second Poland without the English having at their command the means of which the Russians make use.

I am sorry you do not care about journeying southwards. It appears to me that the sun is a capital doctor, almost the only one in whom I have any confidence.

CCCVIII.

Paris, September 15, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

I have had a visit from Louis Fagan, who dined with me on Sunday. He seemed to me to have grown and developed in every way, still the same nice lad and retaining, despite all the nationalities he has mixed with, the manner of an English boy.

Have you seen the end of the history of M. Chasles and his autographs? Among those which he presented to the Institute, there were some sheets which appeared to bear a faded impression of the stamp of the Imperial Library. It was at once evident that somebody had helped himself to an outside sheet on which the stamp of the Library had faded into indistinctness. On finding this out, Taschereau set his spies to work, and, as soon as he thought he had hit upon the thief, he had him arrested in the street. He was carrying a somewhat heavy portfolio in which was found, first of all, a letter from Galileo in *course of preparation*; then an outside sheet on which were two different autographs, but the rough edges of

the sheet fitted exactly and corresponded in every way. Besides this, there were tracings of signatures, pieces of old papers, in short, more than enough to secure a conviction. This fine fellow calls himself Vrain-Lucas. M. Chasles had paid him a hundred and fifty-three thousand francs for the collection; *bagatella*. His excuse is that he has a mistress, and that such luxuries are expensive. Chasles does not know where to hide his head; he is overwhelmed with shame, although he still tells his friends that he is convinced that Vrain-Lucas has not invented everything. The man is in prison, and will be put on his trial. It is a delicate question; that he will be found guilty of swindling is beyond a doubt, but there is some talk of indicting him for perjury, in which case I am not so sure about the verdict. People who put a mark which is not their own on champagne corks are indicted for forgery. Had not you a case of this kind in England, and what was the fate of the guilty one?

I have just heard of the death of Lady Palmerston. She had lived her allotted time. She has died, surrounded by the glory of her husband,

and she did not live long enough for it to be contested.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I start in three weeks' time at the very latest for Cannes. The winter is already announcing itself by means of frightful squalls. I wish I knew that you were basking in the sun, or at all events in Bloomsbury Square.

CCCIX.

Paris, October 2, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

Pious people are horror-struck by the letter of Father Hyacinthe, which you have in all probability read. The day before yesterday, Father Gratry, who sits next to me in the Academy, asked me what I thought of that fashion of writing letters to the newspapers. I replied that Father Hyacinthe and Monsignor Dupanloup seemed to me to bear a very close resemblance to the editors of the *Tintamarre* and the *Figaro* abusing each other by way of attracting subscribers. He protested against the comparison, but, as he detests Dupanloup, I fancy he was not

very much disgusted. All this proves that there will be an Opposition in the Council. Father Hyacinthe wants to be a second Luther, but he is not strong enough for the situation, and the time for great schisms has gone by, at all events for the present. The probability is that the labours of the Council will be in vain.

Who is the Prince whom Prim wishes to make King, or, rather, whose son is he, and who will guide him? Report says that he is only sixteen years of age, and that he has received a good education. In the days of Joseph Bonaparte the Spaniards said—

> Que aqui no queremos rey
> Que no diga bien, "Carajo!"

The Empress says she will be back on the 25th of November, which takes for granted a sea unvaryingly Bonapartist and an utter absence of the unforeseen. *Fiat!*

It is now thought likely that the *Corps Législatif* will be summoned early in November. In my opinion, the best plan would be to let it construct a Ministry, and when it had accomplished that, to dissolve it and convoke a fresh Chamber.

It would most probably be better than this one, whose least fault is inexperience. But I doubt this course being adopted. The present idea is to form a stronger Ministry before Parliament meets. Will that succeed? I have no idea but, in any case, it would be better to throw the whole responsibility on to the present Deputies.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Have you read my *Ours?**

CCCX.

Paris, October 9, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Poor Libri has crossed the Acheron. Here, nearly everybody believes that he it was who sent Vrain-Lucas to M. Chasles, by way of revenging himself upon him. I do not believe a word of it. The aforesaid Vrain-Lucas denies that he sold autographs to M. Chasles. According to his tale, he sold copies, which were facsimiles. "An autograph of Molière," he said, "merely his signature on a receipt, fetches more than a thousand francs. I sold him for less than

* Now included in the *Dernières Nouvelles* under the title of *Lokis*.

two thousand francs twenty exact copies of letters of Molière." I do not think this defence will obviate his being sent to makes shoes in some prison or other.

The Great Republican Demonstration, announced to take place on the 26th, will not come off. The chiefs have turned tail. That does not prevent the situation being anything but brilliant. The Ministry is weak, and nobody can be found to reinforce it. On the other hand, the middle classes are beginning to show signs of alarm.

The goings on in Spain afford food for reflection. Madame do Montijo sends me the most distressing accounts. Spain is at the present moment divided into three zones, running from east to west. 1st. Catalaña and Galicia, Republican system; devoted to burning churches, archives, and castles. 2nd. Madrid and the centre, Parliamentary system; stupid but not vicious, and, after all, tolerable. 3rd. Andalucia; Socialism and Communism. All landowners are ruined. The peasants gather in the harvest from the land belonging to the rich, and occasionally compel them to buy this harvest. These proceedings are

accompanied by assassination, theft, and outrage, crimes indigenous to so warm a country.

The Comte de R., having been inquisitive enough to open a casket belonging to his wife, was surprised to find therein several masculine effusions in four different handwritings, unsigned but all alike using the second person singular. He took possession of the handwriting with which he was most familiar, or, as some say, the most recent in point of date, and identified it with that of a very young man, M. de X., whom he most unmistakably ran through the body; he then displayed himself at the Opera with his wife, *magnâ comitante catervâ.*

CCCXI.

Cannes, October 28, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

I insisted on the Maids of Honour to the Empress, as well as her two nieces, taking the most awful oath to write to me from every port into which the Imperial yacht might put; but, up to the present time, I have only had a letter from Venice. It was full of notes of admiration.

The serenades, the excursions in a gondola, the ices, and the enthusiasm of the public have made a great impression upon all the fair travellers. Madame de Nadaillac is, I believe, the only one of them who has paid the slightest attention to Titian and Paul Veronese.

I am awaiting news from Constantinople with much curiosity, especially with regard to the two Turkish girls who have been presented to her Majesty. It seems that they speak French very well, but I am curious to know if they think in Turkish and translate it literally. Besides, the ladies of Constantinople who have seen Caragheuz in their harems ever since they were infants, talk about all sorts of mysterious subjects with perfect freedom. I fancy our Maids of Honour will find plenty of nice things to learn.

The 26th passed over very quietly. The *chassepots* were all ready, but not displayed. The public seemed inclined to ridicule the Republic. They would not listen to an old woman and a lunatic, called Gagne, who proposed to cut everybody's corns, beginning with the *Corps Législatif*,

and, moreover, as a measure of economy, to eat all who die from the operation.

It seems to me that a very dangerous experiment is under trial now. The nation is being presented with an amount of liberty which it has never yet possessed, and is expected to refrain from excesses. It is rather like the clever idea of a master, who, in order to cure his pupil of drinking, made him drunk every day. It may succeed, but granting the *anima stupida* on which experience is based, there is every reason to fear both for the patient and the doctor, especially for the latter.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Take care of yourself, and do not spend the winter in Scotland. As for the pains in your wrist which prevent your writing, this kind of rheumatism is called by the best authors *pigritia prava.* Above all things, take care of yourself.

CCCXII.

Cannes, November 7, 1869.

My Dear Don Antonio,

I have declined to dine this evening with the Princess Royal of Prussia, to whom I sent a bouquet this morning. That will show you that I am really ill. If I were well enough to go from castle to castle, eating pheasants and grouse, I should not try to move people to pity my fate under the pretext that I had rheumatism in my right hand. The gist of the matter is that I suffer as soon as ever I have eaten, and that I am not worth a rap.

I dined three days ago at Maure's with Thiers. He is very much changed and very much aged, but he is beginning to show signs of returning to the fold. Very soon there will only be two parties: the one consisting of those people who have breeches and want to keep them; the other, of those who have no breeches of their own and want to get hold of other people's. I think, with you, that the *chassepot* and the Socialists will come to blows. The main point is to know whether the *chassepot* will be ready for use. That weapon, you

must know, deprived of its appurtenances, its cartridges, its needle, &c., &c., is decidedly inferior to a stick. Cowardice prevails on both sides. My impression is that the excesses of the "Reds" have begun to alarm the middle classes. If at this moment disturbances were to break out, they (the middle classes) would be on the side of the *chassepot*.

CCCXIII.

Cannes, December 4, 1869.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I suppose you are back in London and enjoying the delights of home, whose charms are always more readily perceived after a long absence. How are the fogs treating you? That is the question. Here, neither the sun nor the fine weather does me any good. I go from bad to worse, growing weaker and weaker every day. My doctors waste their Latin over my case. They tell me that, if I eat, I shall be better; but I do not eat because I am not well. That is the vicious circle in which I am. The gist of the whole matter is that my old carcase is nearing its end.

I must bear it as best I may. Besides, the world is not going on so wonderfully well that one need regret it very much.

The Government and the Opposition might be vieing with each other in the matter of clumsiness and stupidity. The great evil is the absence of a *man*. Orators, on the contrary, abound. My letters from Paris say that the Emperor is displaying much calmness, and even cheerfulness. One needs to have had a goodly supply in the first instance to have any left now.

The Irish have soon taken a lesson from our "Reds," but I do not think that Mr. O'Donovan Rossa will be treated by the Government as Rochfort was here. What I want to know is this—is the very threatening attitude of the populace throughout Europe a proof of its strength, or is it due to the leniency with which all attempted violence is treated now-a-days? In all probability there is any amount of cowardice, both on the part of the rabble and the Government.

Mr. Gladstone is having hard work to find Peers. Why did Edward Ellice decline? Because his father refused in days gone by? The same

motives, possibly, did not actuate him. I am told that Mr. Grote also declined. It is a sign of the times and of the immense progress which democracy has made on the classic ground of the aristocracy.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. The *Ours* I mentioned to you is the hero of a work which I read to you at Montpellier, but I suspect you were fast asleep the whole time.

CCCXIV.

Cannes, December 26, 1869.

My Dear Panizzi,

As I cannot eat, I am very weak, but not nearly so weak as I ought logically to be. The truth is that the animal is fading away, and, if he were less tough, he would have handed in his resignation long ago. I often think of that moment, and I ask myself if it will be very distressing, if ideas will present themselves unlike those one holds in health; in a word, if it is very hard to die. You will tell me that there are deaths and deaths, and that it is a lottery in which

one gains and another loses. The difficulty is to hit upon a good number.

A certain Prussian has invented a drug called chloral, which is spoken of as being a marvel. It will make you sleep through all the sufferings imaginable. Doctor H. tried it here the other day upon poor Munro, but he applied the remedy improperly, and caused a kind of volcano in the arm into which he had injected the chloral aforesaid. I hope that before the time comes for me to make use of it a better experience will have been gained as to the mode of applying it.

I have some rather interesting news from Rome. The Opposition is composed of German bishops, with a few French and Spanish. The most outrageous are the American bishops—the Yankees, I mean—and after them the English. My correspondent, whom I believe to be well-informed, says that the infallibility of the Pope and all *facetiæ ejusdem farinæ* are sure to be passed. Things in the Council will resemble the Corso during the *Ripresa de' Barberi*. Worn-out screws that can hardly raise a trot, take to galloping like fury by dint of emulation. In the same way the

seven hundred bishops are ready to face death itself, incited thereto by the contagion of example. Besides the bishops, there are a great many fools who firmly believe that the Council can put an end to the general uneasiness and cure all the ills of society. These fools help in no small degree to turn the heads of the mitred fools, as well as that of the respectable Father who wears three crowns, and whose chief endeavour is to assure the happiness of the human race. Some great blunder will probably be the outcome of all this. Is a schism possible in these days? I do not think so; but great difficulties will arise in the bosom of many families, on account of the women being so dreadfully afraid of being excommunicated. The chances are very much in favour of all the Catholic Governments siding against the Pope.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I write about the Council because politics horrify me. We are going to the devil as fast as we can.

CCCXV.

Cannes, January 6, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I wish you a happy New Year, to be followed by many others. I am in a bad way. Nothing relieves me ; I do not eat anything and I have an extraordinary distaste for all kinds of nourishment. A bad symptom. It would not matter if I did not suffer, but my days are full of pain and my nights even worse. How can one help it? It is a tedious voyage towards a country which, after all, is not so very agreeable.

I think you make a mistake in abusing the Jesuits. Not that I wish to defend them, but they are not the worst among the Fathers of the Council. Fanaticism has not always been characteristic of the Jesuits. Quite the contrary. They endeavour to live on good terms with the world, and they have, or *had*, sense enough not to row against the stream. They know how to conform themselves to times and customs. In these days, and particularly in the Council, there is a majority of fanatical fools. The German bishops and our own are, I believe, either Jesuits or sympathizers

with them ; nevertheless, they are altogether opposed to the infallibility and other *prepotenze* of the fanatical bishops. The majority is composed of bishops *in partibus*, creatures of the Pope, or Italian, Spanish, and American bishops, all of them more or less irritated against their own Governments. They are, as it were, *emigrés* who only care about wreaking their own particular vengeance, and are not sufficiently enlightened to know how to set about it. The upshot of the infallibility and the manifesto against the political laws of constitutional countries—an upshot which, in my opinion, is very likely to come to pass—will be the separation of the Church from the State. In that case, the aristocratic *abbé* will make plenty of money, and the village priest will starve. It will, also, very probably be necessary to increase the police and the *gendarmerie*.

The new Ministry appears to be causing great rejoicing. The funds have gone up two francs. So much the better! One third of the new Ministry are Orleanists, another third Republicans, but I see no business men among them. Even their eloquence seems to me to be prob-

lematical. They are going to have Thiers as their mentor, and at first will only have to fight the irreconcilables. I fancy that in a short time they will succeed in rendering administration impossible, and the result will be a crisis very favourable to Socialism. There you have my predictions! Pray that they may not be fulfilled!

CCCXVI.

Cannes, January 16, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

Fructus Belli, le fruit des Belles, according to the version of a gouty individual whose sufferings were on a par with your own. Your painless want of sleep makes me envious. Mine is very painful, but do not let us talk about our ills. Let us do our best to bear up against them, and let us hope that, through the intercession of our Saints, we may emerge from the whole business without an excess of suffering.

Do you know this Prince Pierre Bonaparte? He is a thoroughly unique mixture of the Roman Prince and the Corsican, a very good fellow but

destitute of brains. A few years ago, during the very cold weather, when all the roads were covered with snow, his valet was seized with cholera. The Prince jumped on a bare-backed horse and rode off in search of a doctor ; at the first turn in the road his horse fell with him and broke his leg. There you have the man. A glance at the two depositions will suffice to make you believe his, although the other man begins by saying that he has never told a lie. If Prince Pierre were judged as a simple citizen by a jury of petty tradesmen, the verdict undoubtedly would be, served him right. But now-a-days, Princes are without the pale of the law, and I doubt his coming across judges courageous enough to acquit him.

I have put the question which you suggest *à propos* of this matter to myself, and this is what I have done. I have written to the Princesse Mathilde and to a certain member of the Empress's household, who will probably show her my letter. I think you might write to Piétri, the Emperor's Secretary, and tell him what decent people in England think about the whole affair. He will

not fail to communicate your letter to the Emperor, who, I feel sure, will be pleased to see it. At present one may be polite to crowned heads without running the risk of being thought a toady. In a very short time, even that will require a considerable amount of courage.

Is it not absurd to ask anybody living in London for a classical quotation? But there is not a single book here or for twenty leagues round about. It is a simple question of getting hold of the passage in the *Electra*, where Ægisthus says that he has been informed that Orestes has been killed by a fall from his chariot. He died from an *equestrian shipwreck* ἱππικοῖς ναυαγίοις. I want the entire passage. I imagine that the first person you meet in the British Museum will find it for you. Excuse my giving you this trouble; there is no hurry about it.

CCCXVII.

Cannes, February 3, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

Thanks for your letter and your Greek quotation, which is just what I wanted. Have

you not been astonished to find that *concetti* have been common ever since the time of Sophocles? Ægisthus says that Orestes suffered an *equestrian shipwreck* because he broke his neck through tumbling out of a chariot. There is nothing new under the sun.

I have no satisfactory news for you about my health. What a sorry invention that human machine of ours is! It dies by inches instead of disappearing like a broken soap-bubble.

I do not know if you have followed the debates in the *Corps Législatif.* If a Parliamentary Government was ever made for the good of a nation, ours is assuredly not that nation. After twenty-four years' experience we are no more learned in it; in fact, we positively hate it. The innate feeling of every Frenchman is against his taking an initiative of any sort, but at the same time it impels him to criticize all that goes on around him. He believes everything that is gratifying to his vanity and disowns everything that rubs him the wrong way. Have you ever seen anything more melancholy than this debate on the Treaty of Commerce, in which everybody wants to have his say;

everybody cites some petty fact which he has not taken the trouble to verify, and nobody is capable of looking at things calmly and dispassionately?

Reports says that the Emperor has maintained his wonted calmness, and that his new Ministers are delighted with him. If things would only go on thus smoothly for a short time, it is quite possible that, as was the case in 1849, a profound distaste for the Parliamentary system may succeed the ultra-Liberal fever which is raging now. But therein lies another danger; perhaps before that happens, the "Reds" will be guilty of some stupendous folly. If they can only learn to wait, Parliamentary anarchy will in a few years hand a defenceless society over to their tender mercies.

A day or two ago I met Bixio's brother here, and he seemed to me to be more reasonable than I anticipated. He says that as long as France is quiet, Italy will be so too, but that if there should be a revolution here, it would cross the Alps at once and do irretrievable harm. He says, besides, that no attention is paid to the Council outside Rome, and that nobody believes that the infallibility of the Pope will be seriously proposed.

Pantaleoni, who also came to see me, is very nearly of the same opinion. My *confrère*, Dupanloup, appears now and then to have an idea of turning Protestant.

The daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, who married the Prince de Monaco and is *enceinte*, has left her husband and gone to Nice. On the other hand, the people of Monaco threaten to revolt. Import duties have been abolished, but the only effect of that has been to increase their appetite. Their present demands are that the authorities of the gaming-tables shall not employ as *croupiers* any but citizens of Monaco ; that as little as forty *sous* may be staked at *trente-et-quarante*, and, lastly, that an iron bridge shall be built. *Oignez vilain, vilain vous ponict.*

CCCXVIII.

Cannes, February 27, 1870.

My Dear Sir Anthony,

The present proceedings in Paris are not calculated to contribute to the happiness of those people who are blessed with nerves. What a sorry sight the *Corps Législatif* presents

at this moment! Nobody to transact business, everybody wanting to speak, the Ministry devoid of political ideas, the Chamber destitute of experience, the majority divided—that is the sum total of the situation.

In this infernal country people are always parading grand principles and making no end of fuss about them without bothering their heads to any great extent as to how they are to be put in practice. One of the Ministers, a man with plenty of common sense, M. Chevandier de Valdrôme, says that the Cabinet does not wish to influence the elections, but that it reserves to itself the right of pointing out to the electors which candidates it looks upon as friends, and which as enemies. That is practical, and is done in England as well as in America. But nothing except grand theories will go down with us. M. Ollivier steps forward to contradict his colleague and declares that he will have nothing to do with the elections. Hence the divided state of the majority and the increase of pretension on the part of the Left. Where will it stop?

Do you remember that Doctor ——, who lived

at the *Hôtel Chauvain* and gave me a consultation at your house last year? He ordered me some pills, which did me much good. My stock being exhausted, I was anxious to get some more, and I wrote to the chemist. The latter asked for a prescription from Doctor ——, who refuses to give me one. I do not know what he has against me. He would not take money; perhaps he expected a present, but in that case, why did he not say so? Since the time of M. Purgon, I have never set eyes on such a fool of a doctor.

CCCXIX.

Cannes, March 5, 1870.

MY DEAR DON ANTONIO,

The winter, which even here has been very severe, has done me much harm. It is a great pity that Egypt is so far away. It seems that one has to reach the second cataract before saying good-bye to winter, and cold is decidedly the greatest of all evils. Dante was quite right when he placed baths of ice in hell for the use of the damned!

So Garibaldi is coming out as a writer of books. It would seem as if people invariably turned authors when there is nothing else they can do. Although I do not expect a masterpiece, I shall certainly read it.

A person whom I have every reason to believe well-informed tells me that the Emperor is in perfect accord with his Ministers. He makes no complaint about the situation in which he has been placed, and he intends to be strictly constitutional. The Ministers, who, on their first introduction, were strongly prejudiced against him, are now delighted with his straightforwardness and his manner of doing things. Will this last any length of time? I have no idea, but it is a dangerous experiment to hand over full power to people who are not practical, and who, above all things, seek for popularity. I have never yet seen in any history an instance of the character of a nation having been changed by its institutions, more especially when concessions which ought to be gradual are granted all at once. We are somewhat frisky horses to harness. There is every reason to fear that we shall upset the State coach,

and take the same opportunity of breaking our own necks.

Apropos of the Council, I think the decision not to have anything to do with its vagaries is the most reasonable that could have been adopted. It still seems very doubtful whether the Jesuits will succeed in going to the extremes at which they are aiming; but what appears to me to be certain is that, if they should succeed, the ruin of Catholicism will result. The majority of our bishops are already half Protestants, so I am told, and their conversion is due to the Society of Jesus, which has lost the tact that formerly distinguished it. In openly breaking with modern civilization it loses the greater portion of its power.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have a very good bust of Mr. Gladstone here, which ornaments my drawing-room and is decked by the ladies with anemones and mimosa blossoms, for all the world like the statue of a little saint.

CCCXX.

Cannes, March 20, 1870.

My Dear Don Antonio,

I am still very poorly, in spite of the magnificent weather. To me my case seems hopeless.

A few days ago I received a very kind letter from our hostess of Biarritz. She asks my advice about a novel by Madame Sand,* in which she appears in a very bad light. Madame Sand has on several occasions had recourse to her, and has received favours at her hands. She wanted somebody to ask the author to declare that the allusion was not to her. You will divine the advice I gave her—*de minimis non curat prætor.*

What do you think of the repetition of Eteocles and Polynices which was given at Madrid the other day? A fatality hangs over the Bourbon race. I had a sufficient experience of Don Enrique at Biarritz. He was stupid enough certainly, but I never thought he would have met his end after that fashion, especially at the hands of a man who does not enjoy a reputation for

* *Malgrétout.*

liking the sports of Mars. I do not know if the affair will have an injurious effect on the pretensions of the Duc de Montpensier. They were compromised enough as it was. He has the double fault of being a Frenchman and fond of money, like his father. He spends plenty, but in the midst of his liberality, he has fits of economy which spoil all and make the money he has spent of no account. The great men of Spain have all received money from him, but not enough. On the score of corruption he should not have anything to repent of.

I receive very contradictory news from Paris about the Council. It appears that M. Daru, who is a good Catholic, after the fashion of Montalembert and Dupanloup, has evinced a desire to send an Ambassador to the Council, and that without consulting his colleagues, who, for the most part, are of the contrary opinion. It is palpable that the presence of a French Ambassador will not change the will of the Holy Spirit who inspires the Fathers of the Council. He would not obtain any concession from that obstinate set, and the only result would be to make it very plain that

we did not enter into their calculations. Although many of the newspapers say that it will be so, I do not believe that an Ambassador will be sent to Rome. Strong representations have undoubtedly been made, but, as you may well understand, without effect. I am at a loss to see what we have to do with the infallibility. As for the Syllabus, it is a direct attack upon our institutions, and, if it is decreed, the Government will forbid its publication.

And now, what will the *Corps Législatif* do? Will it recall the division from Civita-Vecchia? That is still doubtful, for it is said that the Catholics have a majority in the Chamber. What will the Italian Government do? Nothing good can come out thence. Garibaldi is reported to be engaged exclusively in writing novels.

CCCXXI.

Cannes, March 30, 1870.

MY DEAR DON ANTONIO,

I received your letter with great pleasure. I see by it that you are spending your time pleasantly enough, that you are in good

company, and that your dinners are appreciated as of yore. You are still alive. As for me, I am as ill as I can be. I try all sorts of remedies, and none succeed. I have scarcely strength to read; more than that, very frequently I do not understand the page which is before me, and my thoughts, very sadly occupied, are a thousand leagues away. The singular feature in my condition is the aversion to all nourishment which takes possession of me towards sunset. If I attempt to eat, my throat closes and I am unable to swallow. In the morning I manage to eat a little, but only by dint of a severe moral effort. You will not be surprised to hear that in consequence of this regimen I am very weak indeed. I think I have performed an extraordinary feat of strength, if I walk as far as the Grand Hôtel. This state of things will last, I suppose, until it can last no longer. Among the few regrets I have in leaving this world, one of the greatest is lest I should not shake hands with you.

We are having rather disagreeable weather; not an atom of sun, and occasionally too much wind; but it is snowing at Paris, it is snowing at

Pau, and the winter does not seem inclined to depart. In any case, the weather is better here than it is in the north.

At the sale of the library of Saint-Beuve a volume of Chateaubriand was sold, covered with notes and *addenda* in his own handwriting, all very irreligious. It seems that the book was bought in by his family, but not without a protest, seeing that it was knocked down for three thousand some hundred francs. I fear it will be destroyed, which would be a pity. If I had thought about it, I would have written on the subject to the British Museum. Whether it would have been willing to give three thousand francs for any lucubration by Chateaubriand is quite another question.

When does the Comtesse Téléki return? I fancy she will speedily have had enough of the sun, the mummies, and the monks *in naturalibus*. Do you know whether my letter to M. Mariette has served any useful purpose?

CCCXXII.

Cannes, April 20, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

Our poor friend, Madame de ——, is dead. She went mad a month or so ago. Her insanity was ushered in by a rather ludicrous scene. She threw her arms round the Emperor's neck and asked him to make her happy, *hic et nunc.* It was with great difficulty that he was torn from her arms. During my last sojourn with her at Biarritz she gave me reason to suppose that she was a little *male tectæ mentis*, but that passed over; and last year, at Saint-Cloud, I found her sensible enough.

Talking of lunatics, I have just had a letter from my cousin, whose head is completely gone. I was in hopes she would leave her Paris house and betake herself to the country, but it appears that she will not stir. It will be a great nuisance for me when I go back to Paris if, indeed, I do go back.

Yesterday I had a letter from Madame de Montijo, who asks after you. She is suffering from an obstinate cold, and, contrary to her custom, she

is not yet installed in her country house. Nothing, she says, can give any idea of the mess Spain is in, and there is not a single man to take the helm. Robbery is prevalent everywhere ; the most extraordinary thing being that there should be anything left to steal.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am very sorry I was not able to be in Paris for the debate on the *senatus-consultum ;* now that it is over I see no use in hurrying myself. I shall not start until my health is sufficiently established to prevent all fear of a third relapse.

CCCXXIII.

Cannes, May 4, 1870.

My Dear Sir Anthony,

What do you think of the goings on here ? The Republicans do not wish to keep the cat in the bag, but are giving us a foretaste of their method of government. The sorry part of the business is that these abominations neither excite surprise nor horror. The moral sense of this country seems to be entirely perverted. The abolition of capital punishment is demanded by

people who have assassins as their political allies. Ledru-Rollin, who had returned to Paris, left suddenly for London on the eve of the discovery of the picrate of potassium bombs.

The Emperor, the same day, advised General Froissard to stop the Prince Imperial going out. The General asked him if any plot was on foot against the Prince. "No," replied the Emperor, with the unmoved countenance you know so well, "the bombs are intended for me, but a mistake might be made about the carriage."

Good-bye, my dear Sir Anthony. I trust that next week we may still belong to the world.

CCCXXIV.

Cannes, May 21, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I shall find annoyances enough and to spare on my return to Paris. I told you about my cousin's state of health. She gets worse every day, and I am afraid of some accident happening. Her relations, whom she cannot bear, but who, nevertheless, are her heirs, have commenced proceedings to place her under legal guardianship.

I hope the poor woman will not be shut up, as that would in all probability kill her. As regards the estate, I came to a resolution long ago on that subject, and I have never regretted it.

Another worry, equally great and one which you will appreciate, awaits me. I must change my rooms, and find some not quite so high up. Where one has books and a mass of old rubbish to which one is attached there is nothing more painful than having to move.

The plebiscite is over, thank God, but the situation is not much better. M. Emile Ollivier is convinced that he is the greatest statesman of the age, and that he can do anything. He reminds me of Lamartine in 1848, who also thought himself master of the situation. In the meanwhile conspiracies pursue the tenor of their way, and the International Working Men's Society gives them a European character. Our workmen, fortunately, have not yet learnt from the Trades Unions how to blow up their masters' houses, but that will come all in due time. It is positively melancholy to see the support which is given by so-called honourable men to the levellers in every

country. There are not many degrees, believe me, between these theoretical Liberals and the assassins who kill and murder in the name of liberal ideas. What is all this I hear about an affair with the red shirts in Italy?

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. Du Sommerard tells me that he found you well, except that you would not go in for a running match.

CCCXXV.

Cannes, May 29, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I have just received your letter, and I regret extremely to hear of the death of Comtesse Téléki. I only knew her slightly, but she was one of those people whom one does not forget. What was she doing at Damas? In her state of health it was imprudent enough to venture into Egypt. But to run the risk of fever in Syria, to say nothing of the certainty of unwonted fatigue, was the act of a lunatic. I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart on the loss of so good a friend. Such things are not easily replaced.

I leave to-morrow for Marseilles, where I shall

stay the night. I purpose leaving for Paris in the afternoon of the following day, and I shall arrive at my destination at 8.30 A.M. Beyond that I have no plans, and, with my health, it would be absurd to form any. The Empress has written to say that she wishes me to stay with her at Saint-Cloud for a few days, but I doubt if I shall be in a fit state.

Poor Madame de Montebello, if she is not dead by this time, is beyond all hope of recovery.

Doctor Maure, who desires to be remembered to you, was to have left for Paris with me, but the elections for the *Conseil Général* are about to take place, and he will be engaged in canvassing here until the middle of June.

Although my experience has been such as to warrant me in not believing in doctors, I am still disposed to think well of those who have not prescribed for me. Chepmell has been mentioned to me as a clever man, and the idea of consulting him has occurred to me. I think that, if you were to write to him, he would give me an appointment without any delay, and that would be a great advantage. You might tell him that I had no small

share in securing his medical footing in Paris, and that he ought to cure me for my trouble.

My letters have tired me dreadfully, but I could not help writing to tell you how I sympathize with you in the loss of the poor Countess Téléki.

CCCXXVI.

Paris, June 7, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Thanks for your photographs. I can quite see that a mistake has been made. The majority of the people to whom I showed them were deceived by them. But is it true that these gentlemen belong to the world of society?

I breakfasted on Sunday with the Emperor and Empress; both were very well, and the Emperor is much stouter and in capital spirits. The Prince Imperial has grown slightly, and is improved in appearance. He has changed his style of dress, and wears the uniform of the Infantry of the Line, which suits him very well. The Empress brought a large monkey back with her from Egypt, and it has become a great favourite. It sits on the Emperor's back, pulls his moustaches, and eats

out of his plate. It is the very image of the monkeys you see on the Egyptian monuments.

I am still very ill. By way of leaving no stone unturned, I am anxious to consult Chepmell, so will you kindly write to him. If he will name his own day and hour I will go to his house; but if he prefers to come to me I shall like it still better. The great thing is to know when he will come. I never go out, except to the Senate; and in a few days I propose giving the compressed air-baths another trial. I need not tell you that I shall be ready for M. Chepmell at any hour he likes to name, if he will only give me notice. You say that his fee is twenty francs, but that seems very little for a consultation. Would it not be better to give him forty francs?

The poor Comtesse de Montebello died this morning, after long and painful suffering.

At Saint-Beuve's sale I bought the letters of Horace Walpole, which amuse me greatly. I am sorry that the passages marked in pencil, which were shown to us on the occasion of our visit to Strawberry Hill, have not been inserted as foot notes. He was more a Frenchman than an Eng-

lishman, I think; but, in every way, a very taking man, and free from modern prejudices. How far back does Biblical despotism in English society go?

Doctor Maure will be here in a week's time. His election for the *Conseil Général* is certain, but he is very glad to "make it sicker," as the great ancestor of the Empress used to say.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I gave your message yesterday, when a desire was expressed that you would come and spend a few days here. I replied that you had become very lazy. How does electricity suit you? Take care of your health and stick to cold drinks.

CCCXXVII.

Paris, July 7, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Our warlike nation does not relish the idea of a war. You will have read of the panic which took place on the Bourse yesterday in consequence of the statement of M. de Gramont! I cannot understand even the possibility of war unless, for some reason unknown to me, M. de Bis-

mark is absolutely desirous of it. By simply leaving the field free for the Carlists and Alfonsists, he would light up a civil war in Spain, and, if we were to play our cards moderately well, I think it would be possible to detach the Basque Provinces from the rest of the Peninsula, and create a small independent state under our protection. I think it probable, however, that the affair will come to nothing, by means of the intervention of all the Powers. The part played by our Opposition is as bad as it can be.

I am so utterly worn out that I am actually tired with writing these few lines to you. Miss Lagden and Mrs. Ewer send their kind regards. You can have no idea of their kindness. They watch over me by day and night.

CCCXXVIII.

Paris, July 17, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

I do not like M. de Gramont's first speech any more than you do. The only excuse for it was the bad humour caused by the constant recurrence of unfortunate events. This Spanish

business, for instance, coming after the non-performance of the Treaty of Prague, the Roumanian affair, that of Luxembourg, and the Swiss railways question. If I had been summoned to the Council, I should have confined myself to proposing a despatch couched in these terms:—"In the event of the Prince of Hohenzollern being elected, I shall allow Carlists and Alfonsists, guns, powder, and horses to enter Spain."

Here, for the time being, the war is very popular. There are any number of voluntary enlistments, and the soldiers march off in high spirits and full of confidence. It is asserted that we have as complete a superiority in the matter of arms as the Prussians had in 1866. I fear the generals are not geniuses. The one in whom I have most faith is Palikao, and I am glad to see that an important command has been given to him.

CCCXXIX.

Paris, July 25, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

Everybody tells me that I am better, but I myself cannot see it. I have very bad nights, I am always coughing, and my strength does not come back. The exceptional weather we are having leaves my bronchial tubes alone. How will it be with them next winter? I do not suppose I shall see another. Among my sources of regret is that of departing without saying good-bye to you—I mean without passing a pleasant evening with you, and chatting *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis.*

We are in the midst of warlike enthusiasm here. Within the last week there have been five thousand voluntary enlistments. The *garde mobile* march off in high spirits, and young men who have spent their lives in primrose kids, on the *boulevards* in the society of *lorettes*, are to be seen, knapsack on back, wending their way to the railway station *du Nord.* Even the Carlists are enlisting or sending their sons to the ranks, *proh*

pudor! Horresco referens! The Papal Zouaves are leaving Rome for the banks of the Rhine.

The anti-French enthusiasm in Northern Germany appears to be no less intense. In the South the same alacrity is not displayed. Mohl, whom you know, I fancy—he is one of our great Orientalists, a Wurtemberger by birth and a Frenchman by adoption—Mohl has just returned from Stuttgard, and is of opinion that all this is hastening, by twenty years, the advent of a Republic in Germany; he might easily add, and in Europe also.

If, as I sincerely hope, we gain the day, do not labour under the impression, as some of the newspapers assert, that liberty will be the loser. She will become more exacting and more powerful. On the other hand, a defeat will plunge us into a Republic headlong; in other words, into the most abominable and inextricable mess.

I am not sure that even peace, which the English Cabinet adopts as its first principle, will turn out to their advantage. England has lost her *prestige* in Europe. Some years ago she would have prevented this war. By joining with France

she could have divided America into two rival States for ever and a day; she could have prevented the scandalous invasion of Denmark, and we might in all probability have been at peace to-day.

You may accept the following anecdote as a fact:—The Secretary who conveyed the declaration of war went to take leave of M. de Bismark, with whom he had been on very friendly terms. M. de Bismark said to him, "It will be a source of livelong regret to me that I was not with the King at Ems when M. Benedetti arrived there."

People who ought to know say that hostilities will not commence for a fortnight. Our soldiers are brimful of confidence in the superiority of their weapons. They killed a Badener across the river, whereas they say the enemy's bullets fell into the water.

CCCXXX.

Paris, July 27, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Is M. de Bismark or an editor of the *Times* the inventor of the treaty for the annexa-

tion of Belgium? How is it that Mr. Gladstone did not say that he was unaware of how far the point might have been raised between France and Prussia after Sadowa, but that the diplomatists of both countries were not in the habit of committing to paper their proposed dealings in connection with the bear's skin, even though they wanted to sell it? The *Moniteur* of this morning denies it *in toto*.

The Emperor sets out to join the army at six o'clock to-morrow morning. The enthusiasm is still intense. A hundred and fifteen thousand voluntary enlistments. Military men are very confident, but I am dreadfully afraid.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I have just sent five hundred francs in aid of the wounded, and I am ready to give a thousand to assist in killing the Prussians.

CCCXXXI.

Paris, August 11, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Accuse us of folly, overwhelming self-confidence, cowardice if you like; we have

deserved all these reproaches, but do not believe that silly nonsense about Belgium. Have you read General Turr's letter? Even admitting the existence of a desire to take possession of Belgium, who could have opposed it with the connivance of Prussia?

I saw the Empress the day before yesterday. She is as firm as a rock, although she makes no attempt to conceal the horror of her situation. I fully expect to hear of the Emperor's death, for he could only return here as a conqueror, and victory is impossible. Nothing is in readiness; everything is wanting all at once. Disorder everywhere. If we had only generals and Ministers nothing would be lost, for there is assuredly plenty of enthusiasm and patriotism in the country. But, in a time of anarchy, the most favourable elements are of no use. Paris is quiet, but if, as Jules Favre suggests, the *faubourgs* are supplied with arms, we shall have a Prussian army of another sort upon us.

I am suffering from a fresh relapse in consequence of having been to the Senate yesterday and the day before, but I do not think it is serious this time.

Good-bye, my dear friend. My heart is too full to let me write any more. Do not show my letter, I beg of you.

CCCXXXII.

Paris, August 16, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

Time passes with us in a sort of agony. We try to think of other things, but the same sad thoughts pursue us unceasingly. Military men, however, appear to entertain some hope still, but disorder everywhere reigns supreme. At this moment there are two Governments which are far from helping each other. The patriotic movement is grand—there is no doubt about that; but I am very much afraid that it is devoid of intelligence. Even supposing our army, under the present most unfavourable conditions, were to achieve some grand success—suppose it compelled the Prussians to recross the Rhine—our situation would still be very serious. Or, assuming that peace, whether honourable or disgraceful, had been concluded, what Government could exist in the face of the stupendous national

insurrection, armed and wrought to the highest pitch of excitement? We are, perforce, on the high road to a Republic, and what a Republic!

I can conceive of nothing more truly admirable than the bearing of the Empress at this juncture. She does not deceive herself in the least, but yet she maintains a really heroic composure, an effort for which, I feel sure, she will pay dearly.

I am quite certain that the Emperor will meet death half way. He has taken the Prince Imperial with him, undoubtedly because he thinks the army alone can protect him; but will the army remain devoted to him? Every day some fresh stupidity of the last Government is brought to light. Here, an absence of provisions; there, no ammunition; everywhere, complete illusion as to the numerical strength of the army.

In the midst of the sad reflections which crowd upon us I reproach myself sometimes for thinking about myself. I do not know what particular form my ruin, amid so many others, will take. The moment is unfortunate, but I shall in all probability not have long to suffer, for my health grows worse every day.

CCCXXXIII.

Paris, Sunday, August 21, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

Finis Galliæ! We have brave soldiers but not a single general. It is 1866 over again.

I can see nothing here but disorder and stupidity. The Chambers, which are summoned to meet, will lend powerful aid to the Prussians. I think the Emperor is doing his best to be killed. I expect to hear the Republic proclaimed within a week, and to see the Prussians within a fortnight. I envy those men, I assure you, who have fallen on the banks of the Rhine.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I wish you would tell me what people think in England, whether our misfortunes excite joy or pity. I have no strength to write more.

CCCXXXIV.

Paris, August 22, 1870, Evening.

My Dear Panizzi,

I have seen our hostess of Biarritz. She is admirable, and gives me the idea of a saint.

Poor M. Tripet, whom you met at Cannes, has a son in the regiment which suffered so severely in the battle of the 16th; he has not heard a word about him.

Every day brings me news of some friend or other being either killed or wounded. A young sub-lieutenant, the son of one of my comrades, had one bullet in his helmet, another in his cuirasse, whilst a third struck the boss of his horse's breastplate. Both man and beast are perfectly well. The reports say that such bloody battles were never seen.

I am still very ill, and I would not back myself in a race against you.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Do your best to prevent Delane* writing such hateful articles against us.

CCCXXXV.

Paris, August 24, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

I am still very ill, and the anxiety amidst which we have been living for the last month

* Editor of the *Times*.

is not calculated to make me any better. This war is horrible. Frightful details reach us in connection with the recent engagements. These battles, all of them very bloody, have infused new hope into us. We are beginning to get accustomed to the idea of seeing the enemy before Paris, and military men do not hesitate to say that, once they get there, the chances are in our favour. They have already a large proportion of sick, and their best troops have suffered enormous loss.

Come what may, the country is in a sorry plight, and, as our friend of Biarritz says, the army which M. de Bismark has in Paris is the most formidable of all.

There can be nothing more melancholy than being ill in such times as these. The consciousness of one's uselessness adds to all the other torments which have to be undergone.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. There is still no news about M. Tripet's son. The whole family is in a state of utter despair.

CCCXXXVI.

Paris, August 25, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

I am deeply sensible of your generous offers. I know what a good friend you are, and how true to your word. I should indeed like to shake hands with you before I die, but, in my deplorable state of health, there is little likelihood of that.

You are quite wrong in accusing our despatches of lying. *We have no despatches of any kind.* It is a new system, which I understand as little as I did the old one. To judge from the Prussian despatches, their victories have to be discounted to a considerable extent; and when they state that they took the positions occupied by Marshal Bazaine, they naïvely add that they have asked for a truce to bury their dead. How came it that their dead were on our ground? One thing never varies, and that is the fearful carnage on both sides. We expect to see the Prussians outside Paris, and we are getting accustomed to the idea. If the "Reds" do not spoil everything, I think

we shall win the game. But our poor friends of Biarritz have lost theirs.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I thank you again for all you say about your friendship for me. I rely upon it, believe me, as you, should the opportunity offer, might rely upon me.

CCCXXXVII.

Paris, August 26, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

There is still an utter dearth of news. It is very sad for those who have friends in the army. Poor Tripet has not heard a word about his son, except that his regiment was the only one engaged, and that the General who commanded his brigade was killed. Both father and mother are like souls in purgatory.

The armament of Paris is being pushed on very rapidly. Up to the present, the populace has shown great confidence in General Trochu, in spite of the bad style of the proclamations. It appears that Marshal Bazaine does not wish to risk an engagement until he gets under the walls of Paris.

A siege does not seem to me to be at all probable, because the investment would necessitate a force of six hundred thousand men, who could be beaten in detail by a hundred thousand concentrated within the walls. But God only knows what follies the Chamber may commit in presence of the enemy.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I do not thank you, because you do not wish me to do so.

CCCXXXVIII.

Paris, August 28, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

We expect to see the fires of the enemy's camp from the towers of Notre-Dame before next month, and, strange to say, there is not any very great amount of uneasiness among the people of Paris. Military men lose themselves in arguing about the siege of Paris. According to some, eight hundred thousand men will be required for its investment, and they are not supposed to be able to bring more than three hundred thousand, who would be incapable of being distributed. None of the forts could be taken under

a fortnight, and it is difficult to bring any siege artillery into position. We have plenty of guns and eight thousand picked sailors to serve them. Soldiers are not wanting, to say nothing of the *Garde Nationale*, who seem to be in high spirits. Finally, we have still more than two hundred and fifty thousand men in the field who are being reinforced every day. I should really believe that all the chances were in our favour if we were only united, and if we had not within our walls that fourth Prussian army, about which I wrote to you a few days ago in the words of a lady of our acquaintance.

You are quite right in saying that I can be of no use here, but, first of all, I am not in a fit state to travel, and, secondly, there is a certain sense of decency which alone would compel me to stay where I am. I shall, therefore, remain and await the end, whatever it may be. The question will probably be decided next month. Either *finis Galliæ*, or the enemy will be hurled across the Rhine, in which case we shall secure a glorious peace. But, put it how you may, we are only at the prologue of a tragedy which is about to begin.

What Government could possibly exist in Paris simultaneously with universal suffrage complicated by the arming of a portion of the population? And the means of altering that, where are they? Have you pictured to yourself what the temper of this country will be after so much bloodshed and so much money spent? In truth, nothing seems to me to be possible.

Neither do I see what is to become of *our friend.* I do not think it probable that she will go to England, and, if I were asked to give her any advice on so delicate a subject, I should not propose any such plan to her. I should prefer the Far West, I think, or some unknown spot on the Adriatic. However, we shall see what we shall see. I am not over eager to see the end, and I do not think I shall see it.

CCCXXXIX.

Paris, Sunday, September 4, 1870.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,

A line in haste. I have no strength for more. The direst anticipations that the most gloomy imagination could invent has been sur-

passed by the reality. It is one huge collapse. A French Army capitulating and an Emperor allowing himself to be taken prisoner. Everything gone at one fell swoop.

I am writing to you from the Senate. I am going to try to get as far as the Tuileries. I am told that the Prince Imperial is in Belgium staying with the Prince de Chimay. Marshal MacMahon has died from the effects of his wound. It is better so.

As I write the *Corps Législatif* is invaded and can deliberate no longer. The *Garde Nationale*, to whom arms have just been handed over, are assuming the Government.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. You know all my suffering.

CCCXL.

Cannes, September 13, 1870.

My Dear Panizzi,

You are the man to whom I should have recourse in case of need with absolute confidence and no hesitation. But we are not so badly off as all that. You are taking care of something

for me at your bank. I have still some shares left in the railway *du Nord*, which will bring me in four or five thousand francs a year; besides that, I have from the *rentes* an income of about sixteen or eighteen thousand francs. How much of the *rentes* will remain? Enough, I think, to bury their owner, who is very ill and nearing his end.

Good-bye, my dear Panizzi. I am truly grateful to you. I am going to live here like a philosopher in the sun. Would that I could fall asleep like Epimenides!

I am told that *our friend* is close to you, in Hamilton Palace. If such is the case, you should write to her and take her to Invergarry, where she would much like to be, I think.

Good-bye, once more. I am too ill to write more on this topic.

END OF THE LETTERS.

APPENDIX.

A few hours after the death of Mérimée, Miss Lagden, one of the two faithful friends who had tended him with such devotion, wrote the following letter to Sir A. Panizzi :—

Cannes, September 24, 1870.

DEAR SIR,

You were very fond of my dear Prosper and he was very fond of you. I know how grieved you will be to hear that he is no more. He died last night without a struggle. All that devoted affection and care could do for him was done. These dreadful political events shortened his days. I need not tell you how unhappy I am. We are at Cannes without a friend, for Doctor Maure is at Grasse, and none of our acquaintances have yet arrived. Dear Prosper often wondered and regretted that you had not written to him since he left Paris. I presume his letters went astray, but I trust you will receive these few lines.

J. LAGDEN.

THE END.

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